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SELECT REVIEWS, of literature

AND

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

BY

E. BRONSON, AND OTHERS.

"THE WHEAT FROM ALL THESE PUBLICATIONS SHOULD, FROM TIME TO TIME, BE WINNOWED, AND THE CHAFF THROWN AWAY."

.....EXTERNO ROBORE CRESCIT.....CLAUD.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA:

FROM THE LORENZO PRESS OF E. BRONSON.

PUBLISHED BY EDWARD EARLE,
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1810.

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SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR JULY, 1810.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Advice to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind. 8vo. London. 1808.

MR. BROADHURST is a very good sort of a man, who has not written a very bad book upon a very important subject. His object (a very laudable one) is to recommend a better system of female education than at present prevails in this country; to turn the attention of women from the trifling pursuits to which they are now condemned; and to cultivate faculties which, under the actual system of management, might almost as well not exist. To the examination of his ideas upon these points, we shall very cheerfully give up a portion of our time and attention.

A great deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women; as if women were more quick, and men more judicious; as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, every body, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none, surely, which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning, in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon. Taking it, then, for granted, that nature has been as bountiful of understanding to one sex as the other, it is incumbent on us to consider what are the principal objections commonly made against the communication of a greater share of knowledge to women, than commonly falls to their lot at present; for though it may be doubted whether women should learn all that men learn, the immense disparity which now exists between their knowledge, we should hardly think could admit of any rational defence. It is not easy to imagine that there can be any just cause why a woman of forty should be more ignorant than a boy of twelve years of age. If there be any good at all in female ignorance, this (to use a very colloquial phrase) is surely too much of a good thing.

Something in this question must depend, no doubt, upon the leisure which either sex enjoys for the cultivation of their understandings; and we cannot help thinking, that women have fully as much if not more idle

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time upon their hands, than men. Women are excluded from all the serious business of the world; men are lawyers, physicians, clergymen, apothecaries, and justices of the peace; sources of exertion which consume a great deal more time than producing and suckling children; so that, if the thing is a thing that ought to be done, if the attainments of literature are objects really worthy the attention of females, they cannot plead the want of leisure as an excuse for indolence and neglect. The lawyer, who passes his day in exasperating the bickerings of Roe and Doe, is certainly as much engaged as his lady who has the whole of the morning before her to correct the children and pay the bills. The apothecary, who rushes from an act of phlebotomy in the western parts of the town to insinuate a bolus in the east, is surely as completely absorbed as that fortunate female who is darning the garment, or preparing the repast of her Æsculapius at home; and, in every degree and situation of life, it seems that men must necessarily be exposed to more serious demands upon their time and attention, than can possibly be the case with respect to the other sex. We are speaking always of the fair demands which ought to be made upon the time and attention of women; for, as the matter now stands, the time of women is considered as worth nothing at all. Daughters are kept to occupations in sewing, patching, mantuamaking, and mending, by which it is impossible they can earn ten pence a day. The intellectual improvement of women is considered to be of such subordinate importance, that twenty pounds paid for needle work would give to a whole family leisure to acquire a fund of real knowledge. They are kept with nimble fingers and vacant understandings, till the season for improvement is utterly passed away, and all chance of forming more important habits completely lost. We do not, therefore, say that women have more leisure than men, if it be necessary they should lead the life of artisans; but we make this assertion only upon the supposition, that it is of some importance women should be instructed; and that many ordinary occupations, for which a little money will find a better substitute, should be sacrificed to this consideration.

We bar, in this discussion, any objection which proceeds from the mere novelty of teaching women more than they are already taught. It may be useless that their education should be improved, or it may be pernicious; and these are the fair grounds on which the question may be argued. But those who cannot bring their minds to consider such an unusual extension of knowledge, without connecting with it some sensation of the ludicrous, should remember, that, in the progress from absolute ignorance, there is a period when cultivation of mind is new to every rank and description of persons. A century ago, who would have believed that country gentlemen could be brought to read and spell with the ease and accuracy, which we now so frequently remark; or supposed that they could be carried up even to the elements of ancient and modern history? Nothing is more common, or more stupid, than to take the actual for the possible; to believe that all which is, is all which can be; first to laugh at every proposed deviation from practice as impossible, then, when it is carried into effect, to be astonished that it did not take place before.

It is said, that the effect of knowledge is to make women pedantick and affected; and that nothing can be more offensive, than to see a woman stepping out of the natural modesty of her sex, to make an ostentatious display of her literary attainments. This may be true enough; but the answer is so trite and obvious, that

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we are almost ashamed to make it. All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms; because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which every body possesses. Who ever heard a lady boast that she understood French?—for no other reason, that we know of, but because every body, in these days, does understand French; and though there may be some disgrace in being ignorant of that language, there is little or no merit in its acquisition. Diffuse knowledge generally among women, and you will at once cure the conceit which knowledge occasions while it is rare. Vanity and conceit we shall of course witness in men and women as long as the world endures; but by multiplying the attainments upon which these feelings are founded, you increase the difficulty of indulging them, and render them much more tolerable, by making them the proofs of a much higher merit. When learning ceases to be uncommon among women, learned women will cease to be affected.

A great many of the lesser and more obscure duties of life, necessarily devolve upon the female sex. The arrangement of all household matters, and the care of children, in their early infancy, must, of course, depend upon them. Now, there is a very general notion, that the moment you put the education of women upon a better footing than it is at present, at that moment there will be an end of all domestick economy; and that, if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aërial and unsatisfactory diet. These, and all such opinions, are referable to one great and common cause of errour; that man does every thing, and that nature does nothing; and that every thing we see is referable to positive institution, rather than to original feeling. Can any thing, for example, be more perfectly absurd than to suppose, that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children, depends upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematicks; and that she would desert an infant for a quadratick equation? We seem to imagine, that we can break in pieces the solemn institution of nature, by the little laws of a boarding-school; and that the existence of the human race depends upon teaching women a little more, or a little less; that Cimmerian ignorance can aid parental affection, or the circle of arts and sciences produce its destruction. In the same manner, we forget the principles upon which the love of order, arrangement, and all the arts of economy depend. They depend not upon ignorance nor idleness; but upon the poverty, confusion and ruin which would ensue from neglecting them. Add to these principles, the love of what is beautiful and magnificent, and the vanity of display; and there can surely be no reasonable doubt, but that the order and economy of private life is amply secured from the perilous inroads of knowledge.

We would fain know, too, if knowledge is to produce such baneful effects upon the maternal and the household virtues, why this influence has not already been felt? Women are much better educated now than they were a century ago; but they are by no means less remarkable for attention to the arrangements of their household, or less inclined to discharge the offices of parental affection. It would be very easy to show, that the same objection has been made at all times to every improvement in the education of both sexes, and all ranks; and been as uniformly and completely refuted by experience. A great part of the objections made to the education of

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women, are rather objections made to human nature, than to the female sex; for it is surely true, that knowledge, where it produces any bad effects at all, does as much mischief to one sex as to the other; and gives birth to fully as much arrogance, inattention to common affairs, and eccentricity among men, as it does among women. But it by no means follows, that you get rid of vanity and self-conceit, because you get rid of learning. Self-complacency can never want an excuse; and the best way to make it more tolerable, and more useful, is to give to it as high, and as dignified an object as possible. But at all events, it is unfair to bring forward against a part of the world an objection which is equally powerful against the whole. When foolish women think they have any distinction, they are apt to be proud of it; so are foolish men. But we appeal to any one who has lived with cultivated persons of either sex, whether he has not witnessed as much pedantry, as much wrongheadedness, as much arrogance, and certainly a great deal more rudeness, produced by learning in men, than in women; therefore, we should make the accusation general, or dismiss it altogether; though, with respect to pedantry, the learned are certainly a little unfortunate, that so very emphatick a word, which is occasionally applicable to all men embarked eagerly in any pursuit, should be reserved exclusively for them: for, as pedantry is an ostentatious obtrusion of knowledge, in which those who hear us cannot sympathize, it is a fault of which soldiers, sailors, sportsmen, gamesters, cultivators, and all men engaged in a particular occupation, are quite as guilty as scholars; but they have the good fortune to have the vice only of pedantry; while scholars have both the vice, and the name for it too.

Some persons are apt to contrast the acquisition of important knowledge with what they call simple pleasures; and deem it more becoming that a woman should educate flowers, make friendship with birds, and pick up plants, than enter into more difficult and fatiguing studies. If a woman has no taste and genius for higher occupations, let her engage in these, to be sure, rather than remain destitute of any pursuit. But why are we necessarily to doom a girl, whatever be her taste or her capacity, to one unvaried line of petty and frivolous occupation? If she is full of strong sense, and elevated curiosity, can there be any reason why she should be diluted and enfeebled down to a mere culler of simples, and fancier of birds? why books of history and reasoning are to be torn out of her hand, and why she is to be sent, like a butterfly, to hover over the idle flowers of the field? Such amusements are innocent to those whom they can occupy; but they are not innocent to those who have too powerful understandings to be occupied by them. Light broths and fruits are innocent food only to weak or to infant stomachs; but they are poison to that organ in its perfect and mature state. But the great charm appears to be in the word *simplicity:* simple pleasures! If by a simple pleasure is meant an innocent pleasure, the observation is best answered by showing, that the pleasure which results from the acquisition of important knowledge is quite as innocent as any pleasure whatever; but if by a simple pleasure is meant one, the cause of which can be easily analyzed, or which does not last long, or which in itself is very faint, then simple pleasures seem to be very nearly synonymous with small pleasures; and if the simplicity were to be a little increased, the pleasure would vanish altogether.

As it is impossible that every man should have industry or activity sufficient to avail himself of the advantages of education, it is natural that

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men who are ignorant themselves, should view, with some degree of jealousy and alarm, any proposal for improving the education of women. But such men may depend upon it, however the system of female education may be exalted, that there will never be wanting a due proportion of failures; and that after parents, guardians, and preceptors have done all in their power to make every body wise, there will still be a plentiful supply of women who have taken special care to remain otherwise; and they may rest assured, if the utter extinction of ignorance and folly is the evil they dread, that their interests will always be effectually protected, in spite of every exertion to the contrary.

We must, in candour, allow, that those women who begin, will have something more to overcome than may probably, hereafter, be the case. We cannot deny the jealousy which exists among pompous and foolish men, respecting the education of women. There is a class of pedants, who would be cut short, in the estimation of the world, a whole cubit, if it were generally known that a young lady of eighteen could be taught to decline the tenses of the middle voice, or acquaint herself with the Œolick varieties of that celebrated language. Then women have, of course, all ignorant men for enemies to their instruction, who being bound (as they think) in point of sex, to know more, are not well pleased, in point of fact, to know less. But, among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm.

There is, in either sex, a strong and permanent disposition to appear agreeable to the other: and this is the fair answer to those who are fond of supposing, that a higher degree of knowledge would make women rather the rivals than the companions of men. Presupposing such a desire to please, it seems much more probable, that a common pursuit should be a fresh source of interest, than a cause of contention. Indeed, to suppose that any mode of education can create a general jealousy and rivalry between the sexes is so very ridiculous, that it requires only to be stated in order to be refuted. The same desire of pleasing secures all that delicacy and reserve which are of such inestimable value to women. We are quite astonished, in hearing men converse on such subjects, to find them attributing such beautiful effects to ignorance. It would appear, from the tenour of such objections, that ignorance had been the great civilizer of the world. Women are delicate and refined, only because they are ignorant; they manage their household, only because they are ignorant; they attend to their children, only because they know no better. Now, we must really confess, we have all our lives been so ignorant as not to know the value of ignorance. We have always attributed the modesty and the refined manners of women, to their being well taught in moral and religious duty; to the hazardous situation in which they are placed; to that perpetual vigilance which it is their duty to exercise over thought, word, and action, and to that cultivation of the mild virtues, which those who cultivate the stern and magnanimous virtues expect at their hands. After all, let it be remembered, we are not saying there are no objections to the diffusion of knowledge among the female sex. We would not hazard such a proposition respecting any thing; but we are saying, that, upon the whole, it is the best method of employing time; and that there are fewer objections to it than to any other method. There are, perhaps, 50,000 females in Great Britain, who

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are exempted, by circumstances, from all necessary labour; but every human being must do something with their existence; and the pursuit of knowledge is, upon the whole, the most innocent, the most dignified, and the most useful method of filling up that idleness, of which there is always so large a portion in nations far advanced in civilisation. Let any man reflect, too, upon the solitary situation in which women are placed, the ill treatment to which they are sometimes exposed, and which they must endure in silence, and without the power of complaining, and he must feel convinced that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased, in proportion as education has given to her the habit and the means of drawing her resources from herself.

There are a few common phrases in circulation, respecting the duties of women, to which we wish to pay some degree of attention, because they are rather inimical to those opinions which we have advanced on this subject. Indeed, independently of this, there is nothing which requires more vigilance than the current phrases of the day, of which there are always some resorted to in every dispute, and from the sovereign authority of which it is often vain to make any appeal. "The true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber," "Nothing so honourable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all." These two phrases, the delight of *Noodledom*, are grown into common places upon the subject; and are not infrequently employed to extinguish that love of knowledge in women, which, in our humble opinion, it is of so much importance to cherish. Nothing, certainly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent virtues; but time cannot be filled up, and life employed, with high and impassioned virtues. Some of these feelings are of rare occurrence—all of short duration—or nature would sink under them. A scene of distress and anguish is an occasion where the finest qualities of the female mind may be displayed; but it is a monstrous exaggeration to tell women that they are born only for scenes of distress and anguish. Nurse father, mother, sister and brother, if they want it;—it would be a violation of the plainest duties to neglect them. But, when we are talking of the common occupations of life, do not let us mistake the accidents for the occupations;—when we are arguing how the twenty-three hours of the day are to be filled up, it is idle to tell us of those feelings and agitations, above the level of common existence, which may employ the remaining hour. Compassion, and every other virtue, are the great objects we all ought to have in view; but no man (and no woman) can fill up the twenty-four hours by acts of virtue. But one is a lawyer, and the other a ploughman, and the third a merchant; and then, acts of goodness, and intervals of compassion and fine feeling, are scattered up and down the common occupations of life. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night;—and what are they to do in the interval? This is the only question we have been putting all along, and is all that can be meant by literary education.

Then, again, as to the notoriety which is incurred by literature.—The cultivation of knowledge is a very distinct thing from its publication; nor does it follow that a woman is to become an author, merely because she has talent enough for it. We do not wish a lady to write books; to defend and reply; to squabble about the tomb of Achilles, or the plain of Troy; any more than we wish her to dance at the opera; to play at a publick concert; or to put pictures in the exhibition, because she has learned musick, dancing and drawing. The great use of

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her knowledge will be, that it contributes to her private happiness. She may make it publick: but it is not the principal object which the friends of female education have in view. Among men, the few who write bear no comparison to the many who read. We hear most of the former, indeed, because, they are, in general, the most ostentatious part of literary men; but there are innumerable men, who, without ever laying themselves before the publick, have made use of literature to add to the strength of their understandings, and to improve the happiness of their lives. After all, it may be an evil for ladies to be talked of: but we really think those ladies who are talked of only as Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Hamilton are talked of, may bear their misfortunes with a very great degree of Christian patience; and such singular examples of ill fortune may, perhaps, render the school of adversity a little more popular than it is at present.

Their exemption from all the necessary business of life is one of the most powerful motives for the improvement of education in women. Lawyers and physicians have, in their professions, a constant motive to exertion. If you neglect their education, they must, in a certain degree, educate themselves by their commerce with the world: they must learn caution, accuracy, and judgment, because they must incur responsibility. But if you neglect to educate the mind of woman, by the speculative difficulties which occur in literature, it can never be educated at all: if you do not effectually rouse it by education, it must remain for ever languid. Uneducated men may escape intellectual degradation; uneducated women cannot. They have nothing to do; and if they come untaught from the schools of education, they will never be instructed in the school of events.

Women have not their livelihood to gain by knowledge; and that is one motive for relaxing all those efforts which are made in the education of men. They certainly have not; but they have happiness to gain, to which knowledge leads as probably as it does to profit; and that is a reason against mistaken indulgence. Besides, we conceive the labour and fatigue of accomplishments to be quite equal to the labour and fatigue of knowledge; and that it takes quite as many years to be charming, as it does to be learned.

Another difference of the sexes is, that women are attended to, and men attend. All acts of courtesy and politeness originate from the one sex, and are received by the other. We can see no sort of reason, from this diversity of condition, for giving to women a trifling and insignificant education; but we see in it a very powerful reason for strengthening their judgment, and inspiring them with the habit of employing time usefully. We admit many striking differences in the situation of the two sexes, and many striking differences of understanding proceeding from the different circumstances in which they are placed: but there is not a single difference of this kind which does not afford a new argument for making the education of women better than it is. They have nothing serious to do;—is that a reason why they should be brought up to do nothing but what is trifling? They are exposed to greater dangers;—is that a reason why their faculties are to be purposely and industriously weakened? They are to form the characters of future men;—is that a cause why their own characters are to be broken and frittered down as they now are? In short, there is not a single trait in that diversity of circumstances, in which the two sexes are placed, that does not decidedly prove the magnitude of the errour we commit in neglecting (as we do neglect) the education of women.

If the objections against the bet-

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ter education of women could be overruled, one of the great advantages that would ensue, would be the extinction of innumerable follies. A decided and prevailing taste for one or another mode of education there must be. A century past, it was for housewifery; now it is for accomplishments. The object now is, to make women artists,—to give them an excellence in drawing, musick, painting, and dancing,—of which, persons who make these pursuits the occupation of their lives, and derive from them their subsistence, need not be ashamed. Now, one great evil of all this is, that it does not last. If the whole of life, as somebody says, were an Olympick game,—if we could go on feasting and dancing to the end,—this might do: but this is merely a provision for the little interval between coming into life, and settling in it; while it leaves a long and dreary expanse behind, devoid both of dignity and cheerfulness. No mother, no woman who has passed over the few first years of life, sings, or dances, or draws, or plays upon musical instruments. These are merely means for displaying the grace and vivacity of youth, which every woman gives up as she gives up the dress and the manners of eighteen. She has no wish to retain them; or, if she has, she is driven out of them by diameter and derision. The system of female education, as it now stands, aims only at embellishing a few years of life, which are in themselves so full of grace and happiness, that they hardly want it; and then leaves the rest of existence a miserable prey to idle insignificance. No woman of understanding and reflection can possibly conceive she is doing justice to her children by such kind of education. The object is, to give to children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will meliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and therefore death less terrible: and the compensation which is offered for the omission of all this, is a short-lived blaze,—a little temporary effect, which has no other consequence than to deprive the remainder of life of all taste and relish. There may be women who have a taste for the fine arts, and who evince a decided talent for drawing or for musick. In that case, there can be no objection to their cultivation; but the errour is, to make these things the grand and universal object; to insist upon it that every woman is to sing, and draw, and dance; with nature, or against nature; to bind her apprentice to some accomplishment, and, if she cannot succeed in oil or water colours, to prefer gilding, varnishing, burnishing, box-making, or shoe-making, to real and solid improvement in taste, knowledge, and understanding.

A great deal is said in favour of the social nature of the fine arts. Musick gives pleasure to others. Drawing is an art, the amusement of which does not centre in him who exercises it, but is diffused among the rest of the world. This is true; but there is nothing, after all, so social as a cultivated mind. We do not mean to speak slightingly of the fine arts or to depreciate the good humour with which they are sometimes exhibited; but we appeal to any man, whether a little spirited and sensible conversation, displaying, modestly, useful acquirements, and evincing rational curiosity, is not well worth the highest exertions of musical or graphical skill. A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her for half an hour with great brilliancy; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastick spring which the love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach; not collecting its force into single and in-

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sulated achievements, like the efforts made in the fine arts, but diffusing equally over the whole of existence, a calm pleasure, better loved as it is longer felt; and suitable to every variety and every period of life. Therefore, instead of hanging the understanding of a woman upon walls, or hearing it vibrate upon strings; instead of seeing it in clouds, or hearing it in the wind, we would make it the first spring and ornament of society, by enriching it with attainments upon which alone such power depends.

If the education of women were improved, the education of men would be improved also. Let any one consider (in order to bring the matter more home by an individual instance) of what immense importance to society it is, whether a nobleman of first rate fortune and distinction is well or ill brought up; what a taste and fashion he may inspire for private and for political vice; and what misery and mischief he may produce to the thousand human beings who are dependent on him! A country contains no such curse within its bosom. Youth, wealth, high rank, and vice, form a combination which baffles all remonstrance and invective, and beats down all opposition before it. A man of high rank who combines these qualifications for corruption, is almost the master of the manners of the age, and has the publick happiness within his grasp. But the most beautiful possession which a country can have, is a noble and a rich man, who loves virtue and knowledge; who, without being feeble or fanatical is pious; and who, without being factious, is firm and independent; who, in his political life, is an equitable mediator between king and people; and, in his civil life, a firm promoter of all which can shed a lustre upon his country, or promote the peace and order of the world. But if these objects are of the importance which we attribute to them, the education of women must be important; as the formation of character for the first seven or eight years of life seems to depend almost entirely upon them. It is certainly in the power of a sensible and well educated mother to inspire, within that period, such tastes and propensities as shall nearly decide the destiny of the future man; and this is done, not only by the intentional exertions of the mother, but by the gradual and insensible imitation of the child; for there is something extremely contagious in greatness and rectitude of thinking, even at that age; and the character of the mother with whom he passes his early infancy, is always an event of the utmost importance to the child. A merely accomplished woman cannot infuse her tastes into the minds of her sons; and, if she could, nothing could be more unfortunate than her success. Besides, when her accomplishments are given up, she has nothing left for it but to amuse herself in the best way she can; and, becoming entirely frivolous, either declines the fatigue of attending to her children, or, attending to them, has neither talents nor knowledge to succeed: and, therefore, here is a plain and fair answer to those who ask so triumphantly: Why should a woman dedicate herself to this branch of knowledge? Or why should she be attached to such a science?—Because, by having gained information on these points, she may inspire her son with valuable tastes, which may abide by him through life, and carry him up to all the sublimities of knowledge; because she cannot lay the foundation of a great character, if she is absorbed in frivolous amusements, nor inspire her child with noble desires, when a long course of trifling has destroyed the little talents which were left by a bad education.

It is of great importance to a country, that there should be as many understandings as possible active-

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ly employed within it. Mankind are much happier for the discovery of barometers, thermometers, steam engines, and all the innumerable inventions in the arts and sciences. We are every day and every hour reaping the benefit of such talent and ingenuity. The same observation is true of such works as those of Dryden, Pope, Milton and Shakspeare. Mankind are much happier that such individuals have lived and written. they add every day to the stock of publick enjoyment, and perpetually gladden and embellish life. Now, the number of those who exercise their understandings to any good purpose, is exactly in proportion to those who exercise it all; but as the matter stands at present, half the talent in the universe runs to waste, and is totally unprofitable. It would have been almost as well for the world, hitherto, that women, instead of possessing the capacities they do at present, should have been born wholly destitute of wit, genius, and every other attribute of mind, of which men make so eminent a use: and the ideas of use and possession are so united together, that, because it has been the custom in almost all countries to give to women a different and a worse education than to men, the notion has obtained, that they do not possess faculties which they do not cultivate. Just as, in breaking up a common, it is sometimes very difficult to make the poor believe it will carry corn, merely because they have been hitherto accustomed to see it produce nothing but weeds and grass: they very naturally mistake its present condition for its general nature. So completely have the talents of women been kept down, that there is scarcely a single work, either of reason or imagination, written by a woman, which is in general circulation, either in the English, French, or Italian literature; scarcely one that has crept even into the ranks of our minor poets.

If the possession of excellent talents is not a conclusive reason why they should be improved, it at least amounts to a very strong presumption; and, if it can be shown that women may be trained to reason and imagine as well as men, the strongest reasons are certainly necessary to show us why we should not avail ourselves of such rich gifts of nature; and we have a right to call for a clear statement of those perils which make it necessary that such talents should be totally extinguished, or, at most, very partially drawn out. The burthen of proof does not lie with those who say: Increase the quantity of talent in any country as much as possible; for such a proposition is in comformity with every man's feelings; but it lies with those who say: Take care to keep that understanding weak and trifling, which nature has made capable of becoming strong and powerful. The paradox is with them, not with us. In all human reasoning, knowledge must be taken for a good, till it can be shown to be an evil. But now, nature makes to us rich and magnificent presents; and we say to her: You are too luxuriant and munificent: we must keep you under, and prune you: we have talents enough in the other half of the creation: and, if you will not stupify and enfeeble the mind of women to our hands, we ourselves must expose them to a narcotick process, and educate away that fatal redundance with which the world is afflicted, and the order of sublunary things deranged.

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation; and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge; not that we should meet together to talk of alkalis and angles, or to add to our stock of history and philology; though a little of all these things is no bad ingredient in conversation. But, let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the con-

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versation of those who have been well educated, and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigour, fancy, words, images and illustrations; it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling, without being undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be wanted, upon which the talents of an educated man have been exercised; but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really nothing can be farther from our intention than to say any thing rude and unpleasant; but we must be excused for observing, that it is not now a very common thing to be interested by the variety and extent of female knowledge; but it is a very common thing to lament, that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength.

The pursuit of knowledge is the most innocent and interesting occupation which can be given to the female sex; nor can there be a better method of checking a spirit of dissipation, than by diffusing a taste for literature. The true way to attack vice, is by setting up something else against it. Give to women, in early youth, something to acquire, of sufficient interest and importance to command the application of their mature faculties, and to excite their perseverance in future life; teach them, that happiness is to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the gratification of vanity; and you will raise up a much more formidable barrier against dissipation, than a host of invectives and exhortations can supply.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate man gets drunk with very bad wine, not to gratify his palate, but to forget his cares: he does not set any value on what he receives, but on account of what it excludes; it keeps out something worse than itself. Now, though it were denied that the acquisition of serious knowledge is of itself important to a woman, still it prevents a taste for silly and pernicious works of imagination; it keeps away the horrid trash of novels, and, in lieu of that eagerness for emotion and adventure, which books of that sort inspire, promotes a calm and steady temperament of mind.

A man who deserves such a piece of good fortune, may generally find an excellent companion for all the vicissitudes of his life; but it is not so easy to find a companion for his understanding, who has similar pursuits with himself, or who can comprehend the pleasure he derives from them. We really can see no reason why it should not be otherwise; nor comprehend how the pleasures of domestick life can be promoted by diminishing the number of subjects in which persons who are to spend their lives together take a common interest.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge, is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard every thing upon one cast of the die; when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing; either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely, or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accom-

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plishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relicks of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and, even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.

There is no connexion between the ignorance in which women are kept, and the preservation of moral and religious principle; and yet certainly there is, in the minds of some timid and respectable persons, a vague, indefinite dread of knowledge, as if it were capable of producing these effects. It might almost be supposed, from the dread which the propagation of knowledge has excited, that there was some great secret which was to be kept in impenetrable obscurity; that all moral rules were a species of delusion and imposture, the detection of which, by the improvement of the understanding, would be attended with the most fatal consequences to all, and particularly to women. If we could possibly understand what these great secrets were, we might, perhaps, be disposed to concur in their preservation; but, believing that all the salutary rules which are imposed on women are the result of true wisdom, and productive of the greatest happiness, we cannot understand how they are to become less sensible of this truth in proportion as their power of discovering truth in general is increased, and the habit of viewing questions with accuracy and comprehension established by education. There are men, indeed, who are always exclaiming against every species of power, because it is connected with danger. Their dread of abuses is so much stronger than their admiration of uses, that they would cheerfully give up the use of fire, gunpowder, and printing, to be freed from robbers, incendiaries and libels. It is true, that every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power; and its value depends on its application. But, trust to the natural love of good where there is no temptation to be bad: it operates no where more forcibly than in education. No man, whether he be tutor, guardian, or friend, ever contents himself, with infusing the mere ability to acquire; but, giving the power, he gives with it a taste for the wise and rational exercise of that power; so that an educated person is not only one with stronger and better faculties than others, but with a more useful propensity; a disposition better cultivated, and associations of a higher and more important class.

In short, and to recapitulate the main points upon which we have insisted: why the disproportion in knowledge between the two sexes should be so great, when the inequality in natural talents is so small; or why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles, when nature has made it capable of higher and better things, we profess ourselves not able to understand. The affectation charged upon female knowledge is best cured by making that knowledge more general; and the economy devolved upon women is best secured by the ruin, disgrace, and inconvenience which proceeds from neglecting it. For the care of children, nature has made a direct and powerful provision; and the gentleness and elegance of women is the natural consequence of that desire to please, which is productive of the greatest part of civilisation and refinement, and which rests upon a foundation too deep to be shaken by any such modifications in education as we have proposed. If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying, beyond measure, the chances of human improvement, by preparing

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and medicating those early impressions, which always come from the mother; and which, in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of men; if women knew more, men must learn more, for ignorance would then be shameful, and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topicks upon which the two sexes take a common interest; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favours publick morals; it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and the best; and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of every thing, and neglected by all; but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge, diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Victor Alfieri. Written by Himself. 2 vol. 8vo. pp. 614. London, 1810.

THIS book contains the delineation of an extraordinary and not very engaging character; and an imperfect sketch of the rise and progress of a great poetical genius. It is deserving of notice in both capacities; but chiefly in the first, as there probably never was an instance in which the works of an author were more likely to be influenced by his personal peculiarities. Pride and enthusiasm, irrepressible vehemence and ambition, and an arrogant, fastidious, and somewhat narrow system of taste and opinions, were the great leading features in the mind of Alfieri. Strengthened, and in some degree produced, by a loose and injudicious education, those traits were still further developed by the premature and protracted indulgences of a very dissipated youth; and when at last they admitted of an application to study, imparted their own character of impetuosity to those more meritorious exertions; converted a taste into a passion; and left him for a great part of his life, under the influence of a true and irresistible inspiration. Every thing in him, indeed, appears to have been passion and ungoverned impulse; and while he was raised above the common level of his degenerate countrymen by a stern and selfwilled haughtiness, that would have better become an ancient Roman, he was chiefly distinguished from other erect spirits by the vehemence which formed the basis of his character, and by the uncontrolled dominion which he allowed to his various and successive propensities. So constantly and entirely, indeed, was he under the influence of these domineering attachments, that his whole life and character might be summed up by describing him as the victim of a passion for horses, a passion for travelling, a passion for literature, and a passion for what he called independence.

The memoirs of such a life, and the confessions of such a man, seem to hold out a promise of no common interest and amusement. Yet, though

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they are here presented to us with considerable fulness and apparent fidelity, we cannot say that we have been much amused or interested by the perusal. There is a proud coldness in the narrative, which neither invites sympathy, nor flatters the imagination. The author seems to disdain giving himself *en spectacle* to his readers; and chronicles his various acts of extravagance and fits of passion, with a sober and languid gravity to which we can recollect no parellel. In this review of the events and feelings of a life of adventure and agitation, he is never once betrayed into the language of emotion: but dwells on the scenes of his childhood without tenderness, and on the struggles and tumults of his riper years without any sort of animation. We look in vain through the whole narrative for one gleam of that magical eloquence by which Rousseau transports us into the scenes he describes, and into the heart which responded to these scenes; or even for a trait of that sociable garrulity which has enabled Marmontel and Cumberland to give a grace to obsolete anecdote, and to people the whole space around them with living pictures of the beings among whom they existed. There is not one character attempted from beginning to end of this biography; which is neither lively, in short, nor eloquent; neither playful, impassioned, nor sarcastick. Neither is it a mere unassuming outline of the author's history and publications, like the short notices of Hume or Smith. It is, on the contrary, a pretty copious and minute narrative of all his feelings and adventures; and contains, as we should suppose, a tolerably accurate enumeration of his migrations, prejudices, and antipathies. It is not that he does not condescend to talk about trifling things, but that he will not talk about them in a lively or interesting manner; and systematically declines investing any part of his statement with those picturesque details, and that warm colouring, by which alone the story of an individual can often excite much interest among strangers. Though we have not been able to see the original of these memoirs, we will venture to add, that they are by no means well written; and that they will form no exception to the general observation, that almost all Italian prose is feeble and deficient in precision. There is something, indeed, quite remarkable in the wordiness of most of the modern writers in this language; the very copiousness and smoothness of which seems to form an apology for the want of force or exactness; and to hide, with its sweet and uniform flow, both from the writer and the reader, that penury of thought, and looseness of reasoning, which are so easily detected when it is rendered into a harsher dialect. Unsatisfactory, however, as they are in many particulars, it is still impossible to peruse the memoirs of such a man as Alfieri without some interest and gratification. The traits of ardour and originality that are disclosed through all the reserve and gravity of the style, beget a continual expectation and curiosity; and even those parts of his story which seem to belong rather to his youth, rank, and education, than to his genius or peculiar character, acquire a degree of importance, from considering how far these very circumstances may have assisted the formation, and obstructed the development of that character and genius; and in what respects its peculiarities may be referred to the obstacles it had to encounter, in misguidance, passion, and prejudice.

Alfieri was born at Asti, in Piedmont, of noble and rich, but illiterate parents, in January 1749. The history of his childhood, which fills five chapters, contains nothing very remarkable. The earliest thing he remembers, is being fed with sweetmeats by an old uncle with square

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toed shoes. He was educated at home by a goodnatured, stupid priest; and having no brother of his own age, was without any friend or companion for the greater part of his childhood. When about seven years old, he falls in love with the smooth faces of some male novices in a neighbouring church; and is obliged to walk about with a green net on his hair, as a punishment for fibbing. To the agony which he endured from this infliction, he ascribes his scrupulous adherence to truth through the rest of his life;—all this notwithstanding, he is tempted to steal a fan from an old lady in the family, and grows silent, melancholy and reserved. At last, when about ten years of age, he is sent to the academy at Turin.

This migration adds but little to the interest of the narrative, or the improvement of the writer. The academy was a great, ill regulated establishment; in one quarter of which the pages of the court, and foreigners of distinction, were indulged in every sort of dissipation; while the younger pupils were stowed into filthy cells, ill fed, and worse educated. There he learned a little Latin, and tried, in vain, to acquire the elements of mathematicks; for, after the painful application of several months, he was never able to comprehend the fourth proposition of Euclid; and found, he says, all his life after, that he had "a completely anti-geometrical head." From the bad diet, and preposterously early hours of the academy, he soon fell into wretched health, and, growing more melancholy and solitary than ever, became covered over with sores and ulcers. Even in this situation, however, a little glimmering of literary ambition became visible. He procured a copy of Ariosto from a voracious school fellow, by giving up to him his share of the chickens which formed their Sunday regale; and read Metastasio and Gil Blas with great ardour and delight. The inflammability of his imagination, however, was more strikingly manifested in the effects of the first opera to which he was admitted, when he was only about twelve years of age.

"This varied and enchanting musick," he observes, "sunk deep into my soul, and made the most astonishing impression on my imagination; it agitated the inmost recesses of my heart to such a degree that for several weeks I experienced the most profound melancholy, which was not, however, wholly unattended with pleasure. I became tired and disgusted with my studies, while at the same time the most wild and whimsical ideas took such possession of my mind, as would have led me to portray them in the most impassioned verses, had I not been wholly unacquainted with the true nature of my own feelings. It was the first time musick had produced such a powerful effect on my mind. I had never experienced any thing similar, and it long remained engraven on my memory. When I recollect the feelings excited by the representation of the grand operas, at which I was present during several carnivals, and compare them with those which I now experience, on returning from the preformance of a piece I have not witnessed for some time, I am fully convinced that nothing acts so powerfully on my mind as all species of musick, and particularly the sound of female voices, and of *contre-alto*. Nothing excites more various or terrifick sensations in my mind. Thus the plots of the greatest number of my tragedies were either formed, while listening to musick, or a few hours afterwards." p. 71–73.

With this tragick and Italian passion for musick, he had a sovereign contempt and abhorrence for dancing. His own account of the origin of this antipathy, and of the first rise of those national prejudices, which he never afterwards made any effort to overcome, is among the most striking and characteristick passages in the earlier part of the story.

"To the natural hatred I had to dancing, was joined an invincible antipathy towards my master, a Frenchman new-

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ly arrived from Paris. He possessed a certain air of polite assurance, which, joined to his ridiculous motions and absurd discourse, greatly increased the innate aversion I felt towards this frivolous art. So unconquerable was this aversion, that, after leaving school, I could never be prevailed on to join in any dance whatever. The very name of this amusement makes me shudder and laugh at the same time; a circumstance, which is by no means unusual with me. I attribute, in a great measure, to this dancing master the unfavourable, and perhaps erroneous, opinion I have formed of the French people, who, nevertheless, it must be confessed, possess many agreeable and estimable qualities; but it is difficult to weaken or efface impressions received in early youth. Reason lessens their influence as we advance in life; yet it is necessary to watch over ourselves, in order to judge without passion, and we are frequently so unfortunate as not to succeed. Two other causes also contributed to render me from my infancy disgusted with the French character. The first was the impression made on my mind by the sight of those ladies who accompanied the dutchess of Parma in her journey to Asti, and were all bedaubed with rouge; the use of which was then exclusively confined to the French. I have frequently mentioned this circumstance several years afterwards, not being able to account for such an absurd and ridiculous practice, which is wholly at variance with nature; for when either sick, intoxicated, or from any other cause, human beings besmear themselves with this detestable rouge, they carefully conceal it, well knowing that, when discovered, it only excites the laughter or pity of the beholders. These painted French figures left a deep and lasting impression on my mind, and inspired me with a certain feeling of disgust towards the females of this nation.

"From my geographical studies resulted another cause of antipathy to that nation. Having seen on the chart the great difference in extent and population between England or Prussia and France, and hearing every time news arrived from the armies that the French had been beaten by sea and land; recalling to mind the first ideas of my infancy, during which I was told that the French had frequently been in possession of Asti, and that during the last time they had suffered themselves to be taken prisoners to the number of six or seven thousand, without resistance, after conducting themselves while they remained in possession of the place with the greatest insolence and tyranny; all these different circumstances being associated with the idea of the ridiculous dancing master, tended more and more to rivet in my mind an aversion to the French nation." p. 83–86.

At the early age of fourteen, Alfieri was put in possession of a considerable part of his fortune, and launched immediately into every sort of fashionable folly and extravagance. His passion for horses, from which he was never entirely emancipated, now took entire possession of his soul; and his days were spent in galloping up and down the environs of Turin, in company chiefly with the young English, who were resident in that capital. From this society, and these exercises, he soon derived such improvement, that in a short time he became by far the most skilful jockey, farrier, and coachman, that modern Italy could boast of producing.

For ten or twelve years after this period, the life of Alfieri presents a most humiliating, but instructive picture of idleness, dissipation and *ennui*. It is the finest and most flattering illustration of Miss Edgeworth's admirable tale of lord Glenthorn; and, indeed, rather outgoes than falls short of that high coloured and apparently exaggerated representation. Such, indeed, is the coincidence between the traits of the fictitious and the real character, that if these memoirs had been published when Miss Edgeworth's story was written, it would have been impossible not to suppose that she had derived from them every thing that is striking and extraordinary in her narrative. For two or three years, Alfieri contented himself with running, restless and discontented, over the different states and cities of Italy, almost ignorant of its language, and utterly indifferent both to its literature and its arts. Consumed, at every moment of inaction,

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with the most oppressive discontent and unhappiness, he had no relief but in the velocity of his movements and the rapidity of his transitions. Disappointed with every thing, and believing himself incapable of application or reflection, he passed his days in a perpetual fever of impatience and dissipation; apparently pursuing enjoyment with an eagerness which was in reality inspired by the vain hope of escaping from misery. There is much general truth, as well as peculiar character, in the following simple confession.

"In spite, however, of this constant whirl of dissipation; my being master of my own actions; notwithstanding I had plenty of money; was in the heyday of youth, and possessed a prepossessing figure; I yet felt every where satiety, ennui and disgust. My greatest pleasure consisted in attending the opera buffa, though the gay and lively musick left a deep and melancholy impression on my mind. A thousand gloomy and mournful ideas assailed my imagination, in which I delighted to indulge by wandering alone on the shores near the Chiaja and Portici." I. p. 128.

When he gets to Venice, things are, if possible, still worse; though, like other hypochondriacks, he is disposed to lay the blame on the winds and the weather. The tumult of the carnival kept him alive, it seems, for a few days.

"But no sooner was the novelty over, than my habitual melancholy and ennui returned. I passed several days together in complete solitude, never leaving the house, nor stirring from the window, whence I made signs to a young lady who lodged opposite, and with whom I occasionally exchanged a few words. During the rest of the day, which hung very heavy on my hands, I passed my time either in sleeping or in dreaming, I knew not which, and frequently in weeping without any apparent motive. I had lost my tranquillity, and I was unable even to divine what had deprived me of it. A few years afterwards, on investigating the cause of this occurrence, I discovered that it proceeded from a malady which attacked me every spring, sometimes in April, and sometimes in June; its duration was longer or shorter, and its violence very different, according as my mind was occupied.

"I likewise experienced that my intellectual faculties resembled a barometer, and that I possessed more or less talent for composition, in proportion to the weight of the atmosphere. During the prevalence of the solstitial and equinoctial winds, I was always remarkably stupid, and uniformly evinced less penetration in the evening than the morning. I likewise perceived that the force of my imagination, the ardour of enthusiasm, and capability of invention, were possessed by me in a higher degree in the middle of winter, or in the middle of summer, than during the intermediate periods. This materiality, which I believe to be common to all men of a delicate nervous system, has greatly contributed to lessen the pride with which the good I have done might have inspired me, in like manner as it has tended to diminish the shame I might have felt for the errours I have committed, particularly in my own art." I. 140—142.

In his nineteenth year, he extends his travels to France, and stops a few weeks at Marseilles, where he passed his evenings exactly as lord Glenthorn is represented to have done his at his Irish castle. To help away the hours, he went every night to the play, although his Italian ears were disgusted with the poverty of the recitation; and,

—"after the performance was over, it was my regular practice to bathe every evening in the sea. I was induced to indulge myself in this luxury, in consequence of finding a very agreeable spot, on a tongue of land lying to the right of the harbour, where, seated on the sand, with my back leaning against a rock, I could behold the sea and sky without interruption. In the contemplation of these objects, embellished by the rays of the setting sun, I passed my time dreaming of future delights." I. 150, 151.

In a very short time, however, these reveries became intolerable; and he very nearly killed himself and his horses in rushing, with incredible velocity, to Paris. This is his own account of the impression

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which was made upon him by his first sight of this brilliant metropolis.

"It was on a cold, cloudy, and rainy morning, between the 15th and 20th of August, that I entered Paris, by the wretched suburb of Saint Marceau. Accustomed to the clear and serene sky of Italy and Provence, I felt much surprised at the thick fog which enveloped the city, especially at this season. Never in my life did I experience more disagreeable feelings than on entering the damp and dirty suburb of Saint Germain, where I was to take up my lodging. What inconsiderate haste, what mad folly had led me into this sink of filth and nastiness! On entering the inn, I felt myself thoroughly undeceived; and I should certainly have set off again immediately, had not shame and fatigue withheld me. My illusions were still further dissipated when I began to ramble through Paris. The mean and wretched buildings; the contemptible ostentation displayed in a few houses dignified with the pompous appellation of hotels and palaces; the filthiness of the Gothick churches; the truly Vandal-like construction of the publick theatres at that time, besides innumerable other disagreeable objects, of which not the least disgusting to me was the plastered countenances of many very ugly women, far outweighed in my mind the beauty and elegance of the publick walks and gardens, the infinite variety of fine carriages, the lofty façade of the Louvre, as well as the number of spectacles and entertainments of every kind." I. 153, 154.

There, then, as was naturally to be expected, he again found himself tormented "by the demon of melancholy;" and, after trying in vain the boasted stimulant of play, he speedily grew wearied of the place and all its amusements, and resolved to set off, without delay, for England. To England, accordingly he goes, at midwinter; and with such a characteristick and compassionable craving for all sorts of powerful sensations, that he rejoiced exceedingly at the extreme cold, which actually froze the wine and bread in his carriage during a part of the journey. Prepared, as he was, for disappointment by the continual extravagance of his expectation, Alfieri was delighted with England. "The roads, the inns, the horses, and above all, the incessant bustle in the suburbs, as well as in the capital, all conspired to fill my mind with delight." He passed a part of the winter in good society in London; but soon "becoming disgusted with assemblies and routs, determined no longer to play the lord in the drawing room, but the *coachman* at the gate:" and accordingly contrived to get through three laborious months, by being "five or six hours every morning on horseback, and being seated on the coach-box for two or three hours every evening, whatever was the state of the weather." Even these great and meritorious exertions, however, could not long keep down his inveterate malady, nor quell the evil spirit that possessed him; and he was driven to make a hasty tour through the west of England, which appears to have afforded him very considerable relief.

"The country then so much enchanted me that I determined to settle in it; not that I was much attached to any individual, but because I was delighted with the scenery; the simple manners of the inhabitants; the modesty and beauty of the women; and, above all, with the enjoyment of political liberty, all which made me overlook its mutable climate, the melancholy almost inseparable from it, and the exorbitant price of all the necessaries of life." I. 162, 163.

Scarcely, however, was this bold resolution of *settling* adopted, when the author is again "seized with the mania of travelling;" and skims over to Holland in the beginning of summer. And here he is still more effectually diverted than ever, by falling in love with a young married lady at the Hague, who was obliging enough to return his affection. Circumstances, however, at last compel the fair one to rejoin her husband in Switzerland; and the impetuous Italian is affected with such violent despair, that he makes a desperate attempt on his life, by taking

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off the bandages after being let blood, and returns sullenly to Italy, without stopping to look at any thing, or uttering a single word to his servant during the whole course of the journey.

This violent fit of depression, however, and the seclusion by which it was followed, led him for the first time, to look into his books; and the perusal of the lives of Plutarch seems to have made such an impression on his ardent and susceptible spirit, that a passion for liberty and independence now took the lead of every other in his soul, and he became for life an emulator of the ancient republicans. He read the story of Timoleon, Brutus, &c. he assures us, with floods of tears, and agonies of admiration. "I was like one beside himself, and shed tears of mingled grief and rage at having been born at Piedmont, and at a period, and under a government, where it was impossible to conceive or execute any great design." The same sentiment, indeed, seems to have haunted him for the greater part of his life; and is expressed in many passages of these memoirs besides the following.

"Having lived two or three years almost wholly among the English; having heard their power and riches every where celebrated; having contemplated their great political influence, and on the other hand viewing Italy wholly degraded from her rank as a nation, and the Italians divided, weak, and enslaved, I was ashamed of being an Italian, and wished not to possess any thing in common with this nation." I. p. 121.

"I was naturally attached to a domestick life; but after having visited England at nineteen, and read Plutarch with the greatest interest at twenty years of age, I experienced the most insufferable repugnance at marrying and having my children born at Turin." I. p. 175.

The time, however, was not yet come when study was to ballast and anchor this agitated spirit. Plutarch was soon thrown aside; and the patriot and his horses gallop off to Vienna. The state of his mind, both as to idleness and politicks, is strikingly represented in the following short passage.

"I might easily, during my stay at Vienna, have been introduced to the celebrated poet Metastasio, at whose house our minister, the old and respectable count Canale, passed his evenings in a select company of men of letters, whose chief amusement consisted in reading portions from the Greek, Latin and Italian classicks. Having taken an affection for me, he wished, out of pity to my idleness, to conduct me thither. But I declined accompanying him, either from my usual awkwardness, or from the contempt which the constant habit of reading French works had given me for Italian productions. Hence I concluded that this assemblage of men of letters, with their classicks, could be only a dismal company of pedants. Besides, I had seen Metastasio, in the gardens of Shoenbrunn, perform the customary genuflexion to Maria Theresa in such a servile and adulatory manner, that I, who had my head stuffed with Plutarch, and who embellished every theory, could not think of binding myself, either by the ties of familiarity or friendship, with a poet who had sold himself to a despotism which I so cordially detested." I. p. 182, 183.

From Vienna he flew to Prussia, which he says, looked all like one great guardhouse; and where he could not repress "the horrour and indignation he felt at beholding oppression and despotism assuming the mask of virtue." From Prussia he passed on to Denmark; where his health was seriously affected by the profligacy in which he indulged; and where the only amusement he could relish, consisted in "driving a sledge with inconceivable velocity over the snow." In this way he wandered on through Sweden and Finland to Russia; and experienced, as usual, a miserable disappointment on arriving at St. Petersburg.

"Alas! no sooner had I reached this Asiatick assemblage of wooden huts, than Rome, Genoa, Venice, and Florence, rose to my recollection; and I could not refrain from laughing. What I afterwards saw of this country tended still more strongly to confirm my first impression, that it merited not to be seen. Every thing except their

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beards and their horses disgusted me so much, that during six weeks I remained among these savages, I wished not to become acquainted with any one, nor even to see the two or three youths with whom I had associated at Turin, and who were descended from the first families of the country. I took no measure to be presented to the celebrated autocratrix, Catherine II; nor did I ever behold the countenance of a sovereign who in our days has outstripped fame. On investigating, at a future period, the reason of such extraordinary conduct, I became convinced that it proceeded from a certain intolerance of character, and a hatred to every species of tyranny, and which in this particular instance attached itself to a person suspected of the most horrible crime—the murder of a defenceless husband." I. p. 194, 195.

This rage for liberty continued to possess him in his return through Prussia, and really seems to have reached its acmé when it dictated the following most preposterous passage, which we cannot help suspecting, is indebted for part of its absurdity to the translator.

"I visited Zorndorff, a spot rendered famous by the sanguinary battle fought between the Russians and Prussians, where thousands of men on both sides were immolated on the altar of despotism, and thus escaped from the galling yoke which oppressed them. The place of their interment was easily recognised by its greater verdure, and by yielding more abundant crops than the barren and unproductive soil in its immediate vicinity. *On this occasion, I reflected with sorrow, that slaves seem every where only born to fertilize the soil on which they vegetate.*" I. p. 196, 197.

After this he meets with a beautiful *ass* at Gottingen, and regrets that his indolence prevented him from availing himself of this excellent opportunity for writing some immeasurably facetious verses "upon this rencounter of a German and an Italian ass in so celebrated a university!" After a hasty expedition to Spa, he again traverses Germany and Holland, and returns to England in the twenty-third year of his age, where he is speedily involved in some very distressing and discreditable adventures. He engages in an intrigue with an English lady of rank, and is challenged, and slightly wounded by her husband. After this eclat, he consoles himself with the thought of marrying the frail fair, with whom he is, as usual, most heroically in love; when he discovers to his infinite horrour and consternation, that previous to her connexion with him, she had been equally lavish of her favours to her husband's *groom*, whose jealous resentment led him to watch and expose this new infidelity. After many struggles between shame, resentment, and unconquerable love, he at last tears himself from this sad sample of English virtue, and makes his way to Holland, bursting with grief and indignation; but without seeming to think that there was the slightest occasion for any degree of contrition or self-condemnation.—From Holland he goes to France, and from France to Spain—as idle, and more oppressed with himself than ever, buying and caressing Andalusian horses, and constantly ready to sink under the heavy burden of existence. At Madrid he has set down an extraordinary trait of the dangerous impetuosity of his temper. His faithful servant, in combing his hair, happened accidently to give him a little pain by stretching one hair a little more than the rest, upon which, without saying one word, he first seized a candlestick, and felled him to the ground with a huge wound in his temple, and then drew his sword to despatch him, upon his offering to make some resistance. The sequel of the story is somewhat more creditable to his magnanimity, than this part of it is to his self-command.

"I was shocked at the brutal excess of passion into which I had fallen. Though Elias was somewhat calmed, he still appeared to retain a certain degree of resentment; yet I was not disposed to display towards him the smallest distrust. Two hours after his wound was dressed I went to bed, leaving the door open, as usual, between my apartment and the

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chamber in which he slept; notwithstanding the remonstrance of the Spaniards, who pointed out to me the absurdity of putting vengeance in the power of a man whom I had so much irritated. I said even aloud to Elias, who was already in bed, that he might kill me if he was so inclined during the night; and that I justly merited such a fate. But this brave man, who possessed as much elevation of soul as myself, took no other revenge for my outrageous conduct, except preserving for several years two handkerchiefs stained with blood which had been bound round his head, and which he occasionally displayed to my view. It is necessary to be fully acquainted with the character and manners of the Piedmontese, in order to comprehend the mixture of ferocity and generosity displayed on both sides in this affair.

"When at a more mature age, I endeavoured to discover the cause of this violent transport of rage, I became convinced that the trivial circumstance which gave rise to it, was, so to speak, like the last drop poured into a vessel ready to run over. My irascible temper, which must have been rendered still more irritable by solitude and perpetual idleness, required only the slightest impulse to cause it to burst forth. Besides, I never lifted a hand against a domestick, as that would have been putting them on a level with myself. Neither did I ever employ a cane, nor any kind of weapon in order to chastise them, though I frequently threw at them any moveable that fell in my way, as many young people do, during the first ebullitions of anger; yet I dare to affirm that I would have approved, and even esteemed the domestick who should on such occasions have rendered me back the treatment he received, since I never punished them as a master, but only contended with them as one man with another." I. 244—6.

At Lisbon he forms an acquaintance with a literary countryman of his own, and feels, for the first time of his life, a glow of admiration on perusing some passages of Italian poetry. From this he returns to Spain, and after lounging over the whole of that kingdom, returns through France to Italy, and arrives at Turin in 1773. Here he endeavours to maintain the same unequal contest of dissipation against ennui and conscious folly, and falls furiously in love, for the third time, with a woman of more than doubtful reputation, ten years older than himself. Neither the intoxication of this passion, however, nor the daily exhibition of his twelve fine horses, could repress the shame and indignation which he felt at thus wasting his days in inglorious licentiousness; and his health was at last seriously affected by those compunctious visitings of his conscience. In 1774, while watching by his unworthy mistress in a fit of sickness, he sketched out a few scenes of a dramatical work in Italian, which was thrown aside and forgotten immediately on her recovery; and it was not till the year after, that, after many struggles, he formed the resolution of detaching himself from this degrading connexion. The efforts which this cost him, and the means he adopted to ensure his own adherence to his resolution, appear altogether wild and extravagant to our northern imagination. In the first place, he had himself lashed with strong cords to his elbow chair, to prevent him from rushing into the presence of the siren; and, in the next place, he cut off his hair, in order to make it impossible for him to appear with decency in any society. The first fifteen days, he assures us, he spent entirely "in uttering the most frightful groans and lamentations," and the next in riding furiously through all the solitary places in the neighbourhood. At last, however, this frenzy of grief began to subside; and, most fortunately for the world and the author, gave place to a passion for literature, which absorbed the powers of this fiery spirit during the greater part of his future existence. The perusal of a wretched tragedy on the story of Cleopatra, and the striking resemblance he thought he discovered between his own case and that of Antony, first inspired him with the resolution of attempting a dramatick piece on the same

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subject; and, after encountering the most extreme difficulty from his utter ignorance of poetical diction, and of pure Italian, he at last hammered out a tragedy, which was represented with tolerable success in 1775. From this moment his whole heart was devoted to dramatick poetry; and literary glory became the idol of his imagination.

In entering upon this new and arduous career, he soon discovered that greater sacrifices were required of him than he had hitherto offered to any of the former objects of his idolatry. The defects of his education, and his long habits of indolence and inattention to every thing connected with letters, imposed upon him far more than the ordinary labour of a literary apprenticeship. Having never been accustomed to the use of the pure Tuscan, and being obliged to speak French during so many years of travelling, he found himself shamefully deficient in the knowledge of that beautiful language, in which he proposed to enter his claims to immortality; and began, therefore, a course of the most careful and critical reading of the great authors who had adorned it. Dante and Petrarca were his great models of purity; and, next to them, Ariosto and Tasso; in which four writers, he gives it as his opinion, that there is to be found the perfection of every style, except that fitted for dramatick poetry; of which, he more than insinuates, that his own writings are the only existing example. In order to acquire a perfect knowledge and command of their divine language, he not only made many long visits to Tuscany, but absolutely interdicted himself the use of every other sort of reading, and abjured for ever that French literature which he seems to have always regarded with a mixture of envy and disdain. To make amends for this, he went resolutely back to the rudiments of his Latin; and read over all the classicks in that language with a most patient and laborious attention. He likewise committed to memory many thousand lines from the authors he proposed to imitate; and sought, with the greatest assiduity, the acquaintance of all the scholars and criticks that came in his way; pestering them with continual queries, and with requesting their opinion upon the infinite quantity of bad verses which he continued to compose, by way of exercise. His two or three first tragedies he composed entirely in French prose; and afterwards translated, with infinite labour, into Italian verse. His whole process of composition, indeed, was very systematical and laborious; and the distinct account he has left of it, is not among the least curious passages in these volumes.

"I ought here to explain to the reader what is meant by the terms *conceive*, *develop*, and *put into verse*, which so frequently occur in the course of this work. All my tragedies, so to speak, have been composed three times. By this method, I at least avoided the errour of too much haste, which should always be carefully guarded against in such productions, since, if they are ill-conceived at first, it is a fault not easily remedied. By the term *conceive*, is to be understood the distributing of the subject into acts and scenes, fixing the number of the personages, and tracing, in two pages of prose, a summary of the plot. By *developing*, I mean the writing dialogues in prose for the different scenes indicated in this rude sketch, without rejecting a single thought; and with as much enthusiasm as possible, without embarrassing myself with the style or composition. By *versifying*, in short, must be understood, not only converting this prose into verse, but also curtailing the exuberances of the style, selecting the best thoughts, and clothing them in poetick language. After these three operations, I proceed, like other authors, to polish, correct, and amend. But if the conception or development of the piece be imperfect, or erroneous, the superadded labour will never produce a good tragedy. In this way did I execute the whole of my dramatick works, beginning with Philippe; and I am con-

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vinced that this constituted more than two thirds of the labour. If, on reperusing the manuscript, after a sufficient period had been suffered to elapse, in order that I might forget the original distribution of the scenes, I felt myself assailed by such a crowd of ideas and emotions as compelled me, so to speak, to take up my pen, I concluded that my sketch was worthy of being unfolded; but if, on the contrary, I felt not an enthusiasm equal at least to what I had experienced on conceiving the design, I either changed my plan, or threw the papers into the fire. As soon as I became satisfied that my first idea was perfect, I expanded it with the greatest rapidity, frequently writing two acts a day, and seldom less than one; so that in six days my tragedy was—I will not say *finished*, but *created*.

"In this manner, without any other judge than my own feelings, I have only finished those, the sketches of which I had written with energy and enthusiasm; or, if I have finished any other, I have at least never taken the trouble to clothe them in verse. This was the case with Charles I. which I began to write in French prose, immediately after finishing Philippe. When I had reached to about the middle of the third act, my heart and my hand became so benumbed, that I found it impossible to hold my pen. The same thing happened in regard to Romeo and Juliet, the whole of which I nearly expanded, though with much labour to myself, and at long intervals. On reperusing this sketch, I found my enthusiasm so much repressed, that, transported with rage against myself, I could proceed no further, but threw my work into the fire." II. p. 48—51.

Two or three years were passed in these bewitching studies; and, during this time, nine or ten tragedies, at the least, were in a considerable state of forwardness. In 1778, the study of Machiavel revived all that early zeal for liberty, which he had imbibed from the perusal of Plutarch; and he composed with great rapidity his two books of "La Tiranide;" perhaps the most nervous and eloquent of all his prose compositions. About the same period, his poetical studies experienced a still more serious interruption, from the commencement of his attachment to the countess of Albany, the wife of the late pretender; an attachment that continued to sooth or to agitate all the remaining part of his existence. This lady, who was by birth a princess of the house of Stalburg, was then in her twenty fifth year, and resided with her ill-matched husband at Florence. Her beauty and accomplishments made, from the first,* a powerful impression on the inflammable heart of Alfieri, guarded as it now was with the love of glory and of literature; and the loftiness of his character, and the ardour of his admiration, soon excited corresponding sentiments in her, who had suffered for some time from the ill temper and gross vices of her superannuated husband. Though the author takes the trouble to assure us that "their intimacy never exceeded the strictest limits of honour," it is not difficult to understand, that it should have aggravated the ill humour of the old husband; which increased, it seems, so much, that the lady was at last forced to abandon his society, and to take refuge with his brother, the cardinal York, at Rome. To this place Alfieri speedily followed her; and remained there, divided between love and study, for upwards of two years, when her holy guardian becoming scandalized at their intimacy, it was thought necessary for her reputation, that they should separate. The effects of this separation he has himself described in the following short passage.

* His first introduction to her, we have been informed, was in the great gallery of Florence; a circumstance which led him to signalize his admiration by an extraordinary act of gallantry. As they stopped to examine the picture of Charles XII. of Sweden, the countess observed, that the singular uniform in which that prince is usually painted, appeared to her extremely becoming. Nothing more was said at the time; but, in two days after, Alfieri appeared in the streets in the exact *costume* of that warlike sovereign, to the utter consternation of all the peaceful inhabitants.

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"For two years I remained incapable of any kind of study whatever, so different was my present forlorn state from the happiness I enjoyed during my late residence in Rome; there the Villa Strozzi, near to the warm baths of Dioclesian, afforded me a delightful retreat, where I passed my mornings in study, only riding for an hour or two through the vast solitudes which, in the neighbourhood of Rome, invite to melancholy, meditation, and poetry. In the evening I proceeded to the city, and found a relaxation from study in the society of her who constituted the charm of my existence; and contented and happy, I returned to my solitude, never at a later hour than eleven o'clock. It was impossible to find, in the circuit of a great city, an abode more cheerful, more retired—or better suited to my taste, my character and my pursuits. Delightful spot! the remembrance of which I shall ever cherish, and which through life I shall long to revisit." II. p. 121, 122.

Previously to this time, his extreme love of independence, and his desire to be constantly with the mistress of his affections, had induced him to take the very romantick step of resigning his whole property to his sister, reserving to himself merely an annuity of 14,000 livres, or little more than 500*l*. As this transference was made with the sanction of the king, who was very well pleased on the whole, to get rid of so republican a subject, it was understood on both sides, as a tacit compact of expatriation; so that upon his removal from Rome, he had no house or fixed residence to repair to. In this desolate and unsettled state, his passion for horses revived with additional fury: and he undertook a voyage to England, for the sole purpose of purchasing a number of those noble animals; and devoted eight months "to the study of noble heads, fine necks, and well turned buttocks, without once opening a book, or pursuing any literary avocation." In London he purchased fourteen horses, in relation to the number of his tragedies! and this whimsical relation frequently presenting itself to his imagination, he would say to himself with a smile—"Thou hast gained a horse by each tragedy!" Truly, the noble author must have been far gone in love, when he gave way to such innocent deliration. He conducted his fourteen friends, however, with much judgment across the Alps; and gained great glory and notoriety at Sienna, from their daily procession through the streets, and the feats of dexterity he exhibited in riding and driving them.

In the mean time, he had printed twelve of his tragedies, and imbibed a sovereign contempt for such of his countrymen as pretended to find them harsh, obscure, or affectedly sententious. In 1784, after an absence of more than two years, he rejoined his mistress at Baden in Alsace: and during a stay of two months with her, sketched out three new tragedies. On his return to Italy, he took up his abode for a short time at Pisa; where in a fit of indignation at the faults of Pliny's panegyrick on Trajan, he composed in five days that animated and eloquent piece of the same name, which alone, of all his works which have fallen into our hands, has left on our minds the impression of ardent and flowing eloquence. His rage for liberty likewise prompted him to compose several odes on the subject of American independence, and several miscellaneous productions of a similar character: at last, 1786, he is permitted to take up his permanent abode with his mistress, whom he rejoins at Alsace, and never afterwards abandons. In the course of the following year, they make a journey to Paris, with which he is nearly as much dissatisfied as on his former visit, and makes arrangements with Didot for printing his tragedies in a superb form. In 1788, however, he resolves upon making a complete edition of his whole works at Kehl; and submits, for the accommodation of his fair friend, to take up his residence at Paris. There they receive intelligence of the death of her hus-

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band, which seems, however, to make no change in their way of life; and there he continues busily employed in correcting his various works for publication, till the year 1790, when the first part of these memoirs closes with anticipations of misery from the progress of the revolution, and professions of devoted attachment to the companion whom time had only rendered more dear and respected.

The supplementary part bears date in May 1803; but a few months prior to the death of the author, and brings down his history, though in a more summary manner, to that period. He seems to have lived in much uneasiness and fear in Paris, after the commencement of the revolution: from all approbation or even toleration of which *tragick farce*, as he terms it, he exculpates himself with much earnestness and solemnity; but having vested the greater part of his fortune in that country, he could not conveniently abandon it. In 1791, he and his companion made a short visit to England, with which he was less pleased than on any former occasion; the damp giving him a disposition to gout, and the late hours interfering with his habits of study. The most remarkable incident in this journey occurred at its termination. As he was passing along the quay at Dover, in his way to the packet-boat, he caught a glimpse of the bewitching woman on whose account he had suffered so much, in his former visit to this country nearly twenty years ago. She still looked beautiful, he says, and bestowed on him one of those enchanting smiles which convinced him that he was recognised. Unable to control his emotion, he rushed instantly aboard —hid himself below, and did not venture to look up till he was landed on the opposite shore. From Calais he addressed a letter to her of kind inquiry, and offers of service; and received an answer, which, on account of the singular tone of candour and magnanimity which it exhibits, he has subjoined in the appendix. It is undoubtedly a very remarkable production, and shows both a strength of mind and a kindness of disposition which seem worthy of a happier fortune.

In the end of 1792, the increasing fury of the revolution rendered Paris no longer a place of safety for foreigners of high birth; and Alfieri and his countess with some difficulty effected their escape from it, and established themselves, with a diminished income, at his beloved Florence. Here, with his usual impetuosity, he gave vent to his anti-revolutionary feelings, by composing an apology for Louis XVI. and a short, satirical view of the French excesses, which he entitled "the Antigallican." He then took to acting his own plays; and, for two or three years, this new passion seduced him in a good degree from literature. In 1795, however, he tried his hand in some satirical productions; and began with much zeal to reperuse and translate various passages from the Latin classicks. Latin naturally led to Greek; and, in the forty-ninth year of his age, he set seriously to the study of this language. Two whole years did this ardent genius dedicate to solitary drudgery, without being able to master the subject he had undertaken. At last, by dint of perseverance and incredible labour, he began to understand a little of the easier authors; and, by the time he had completed his fiftieth year, succeeded in interpreting a considerable part of Herodotus, Thucydides and Homer. The perusal of Sophocles, in the following year, impelled him to compose his last tragedy of Alceste in 1798. In the end of this year, the progress of the French armies threatened to violate the tranquillity of his Tuscan retreat; and, in the spring following, upon the occupation of Florence, he and his friend retired

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to a small habitation in the country. From this asylum, however, they returned so precipitately on the retreat of the enemy, that they were surprised by them on their second invasion of Tuscany in 1800; and had more to suffer, it appears, from the importunate civility, than from the outrages of the conquerors. The French general, it seems, was a man of letters, and made several attempts to be introduced to Alfieri. When evasion became impossible, the latter made the following haughty but guarded reply to his warlike admirer:

"If the general in his official capacity, commands his presence, Victor Alfieri, who never resists constituted authority of any kind, will immediately hasten to obey the order; but if, on the contrary, he requests an interview only as a private individual, Alfieri begs leave to observe, that being of a very retired turn of mind, he wishes not to form any new acquaintance, and therefore entreats the French general to hold him excused." II. p. 286, 287.

Under these disastrous circumstances, he was suddenly seized with the desire of signalizing himself in a new field of exertion; and sketched out no fewer than six *comedies* at once, which were nearly finished before the end of 1802. His health, during this year, was considerably weakened by repeated attacks of irregular gout and inflammatory affections; and the memoir concludes with the description of a collar and medal which he had invented, as the badge of "the order of Homer," which, in his late-sprung ardour for Greek literature, he had founded and endowed. Annexed to this record is a sort of postscript, addressed, by his friend, the abbé Caluso, to the countess of Albany; from which it appears, that he was carried off by an inflammatory or gouty attack in his bowels, which put a period to his existence after a few days' illness, in the month of October 1803. We have since learned, that the publication of his posthumous works, which had been begun by the countess of Albany at Milan, has been stopped by the French government; and that several of the manuscripts have, by the same authority, been committed to the flames.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The Life of Admiral Lord Nelson. Concluded from Vol. III. page 403.

The Panorama in adopting the principle, that morals, publick and private, are the only certain basis of national prosperity, has excited the spleen of more than one half-informed speculator in politicks, who has taken momentary success for permanent establishment; and has adduced it as a confutation of our maxim. It may require a capacity for further prescience than falls to the lot of some men, or a better acquaintance with the records of history than has been obtained by others, to be able to combine the beginning and the termination of events with their real causes, and to deduce those inferences which facts, distant and distinct from each other, though correlative, will abundantly warrant. Long before the French revolutionary *mania* had reached that height of phrensy to which it at length attained, the expectations of very many among our countrymen were turned to the sufferings which they anticipated for Italy. They knew that profligacy was the order of the day in that peninsula. They knew that where holiness was supposed to predominate, and where to have doubted the prevalence of genuine religion as the publick establishment, would have exposed the hesitating to persecution, even there the writings of Voltaire and other atheists, found patrons, and vices were practised, almost openly, at which nature shud-

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ders, though infidelity triumphs. Such were the sentiments of those who well knew Italy: and as we are now reporting on memoirs of a British admiral, we shall say, that such was the conviction of many officers in the British service. We speak from recollection of opinions given by the late admiral sir Peter Dennis, and his captain, the late Charles Ellys. If the immoralities and scandals of that country were in their time so notorious, as to induce those officers to speak confidently of approaching punishment, how obvious must they have become, ere Nelson and Troubridge had occasion to contemplate the sufferings, that followed in the train of those pollutions which degraded that beautiful but unhappy peninsula!

The character of lord Nelson as a politician appears to us to have been inferiour to none of the statesmen his contemporaries. He saw and lamented the evils he could not cure; at the same time, he foretold their consequences. Had his opinion prevailed, the treachery practised at Naples would not have been the precursor of that practised at Ulm, and Mack would not a second time have contributed, by obedience to French intrigue, to the desolation of a monarchy and the irretrievable disorganization of an empire.

A picture of the weakness and wickedness of the Italians, as drawn by lord Nelson and the officers under his command, would, at whole length, occupy too much of our pages; yet we cannot refrain from introducing detached parts of it, in order to produce a permanent effect on the minds of our readers, and to justify the terms in which we have stated that opinion, which facts but too sufficiently warrant.

"The king of Naples had, indeed, placed himself at the head of his army;* but his troops were led on by general Mack. It is also a fact well known to many of the English captains in lord Nelson's squadron, that these troops by whom the king of Naples alone hoped to preserve his dominions, had, owing to a strange fatality, been raised by a French artillery officer, Lacombe St. Michel, who had acted his allotted part, as ambassadour from the republick. Having received money from the king of Naples, *he selected such of his subjects as he knew were favourably inclined towards the French;* the event, therefore, corresponded with this deep laid treachery. When the king's army approached the enemy, *the flight of the Neapolitans became general; their cannon, tents, baggage, and even military chest, were all left behind them.* Dejected and overcome by what had happened, the king of Naples retraced his steps, and Dec. 14, 1798, returned home. Vol. II. p. 153.

Such is a French victory! such are the preparatives of Gallick triumph!

Captain Troubridge writes to lord Nelson:

"If the nobility were *men of principle* and of respectability, how easy would it be to get the Neapolitan soldiers and militia to declare for their king." p. 160. "*The greatest villains and republicans are the marine and artillery officers.*

"The French, in order to man their gunboats and gallies, cajoled the Neapolitan sailors into the arsenal, with a promise that they should receive their pay. When they had got them in, the gate was shut, and the whole of them were driven into the gun-boats without a carline!" p. 162. "In short, my lord, these islands must return under the French yoke, as I see the king's ministers are not to be relied on for supplies. O how I long to have a dash at the thieves. The work we have to do is nothing; but *the villany we must combat is great indeed, and wears us all out.*"

Lord Nelson in one of his letters expresses himself very strongly to this purpose: "The nobles are *infamous:*" and he writes to earl St. Vincent:

"What precious moments the courts of

* Lord Nelson writing of this monarch says: "It must be acknowledged that the king of Naples, throughout the whole of his conduct on this occasion, displayed a spirit which did honour to his character. In personal courage he was by no means wanting."

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Naples and Vienna are losing! *this court is so enervated that the happy moment will be lost*" p. 101.

"I am very unwell, and the miserable conduct of this court is not likely to cool my irritable temper. *It is a country of fiddlers and poets, whores and scoundrels.*" p. 103 —

Captain Troubridge to lord Nelson.

"Micheroux [the Neapolitan commander in chief] has been a cypher with us, and cannot have the smallest influence; *we have suspected him*, as Ball will inform you. *I think he is off.* In short, my lord, the cardinal's secretary is making a fortune by giving protections to jacobins, and the greatest discontent prevails at the conduct of the villanous lawyers who are trying the culprits at the granary; they all escape: *the lawyers are bribed.*" 198. "*We are surrounded with villains.* I was yesterday busily employed sifting to the bottom, a diabolical good understanding with our Neapolitan officers stationed at the advanced posts, and the enemy. *Such damned cowards and villains I never saw.*" p. 200.

Lord Nelson to earl St. Vincent.

"The conduct of the king's officer sent to Orbitello and Longone has been so infamous, that Troubridge is almost mad, and I am in a fever. Troubridge writes: '*Orbitello is sold, and I fear Longone will be the same.* I desired the general and all his cowardly gang, *to get out of a British man of war.*"

Commodore Donald Campbell, in the Portuguese service, was obliged by the disgracefully equivocal conduct of the Neapolitan Viceroy, Pignatelli, to burn the Neapolitan fleet, under his charge. On which our authors remark:

"Traitors strangely nestled among the higher ranks of the Neapolitans: the mob, as lord Nelson observed in one of his letters, were certainly loyal, the nobility to a man were jacobins." p. 141.

"The prince of Moliterni, who was appointed commander in chief, had addressed the loyal Lazzaroni, *and had begged they would shoot him if he ever betrayed their confidence;* yet was at the very time intriguing with the French, to give up the castles to them on their approach to Naples. He afterwards accompanied the French general to the same Lazzaroni, and desired, as their king had abandoned and robbed them, that they would now *thank the great nation, for giving them liberty*, and liberating them from slavery. The princes *Della Torella* and *Rocca Romana*, whose property was very great, also accepted of commissions in the national guard." p. 145.

Captain Troubridge to lord Nelson.

"I hope to acquire a little patience; but the Neapolitan government is so deranged that it is impossible for things to go on as we could wish. Of a bad bargain we must make the best. *The poor devils of workmen have had no provisions to day. I offered my own cash, but I could not procure bread. So we must stand a fast to night.* I lent an officer to day sixty ducats, which I could not afford to give him, *to buy him a dinner.*" p. 201. "The powder is so bad, that the shells hardly breach; many fall short though not above 300 toises. I really suspect some treachery. If your lordship could spare us 40 casks of our powder it would be very useful for the mortars. If you comply, *it will be necessary that some person belonging to us should accompany it, or they will steal one half, and change the other.*" p. 202. "I shall remain here to day to stop all the villanies going on. Every man you see, gentle and simple, are such *notorious villains*, that it is misery to be with them I am endeavouring to get a return of the provisions, powder, guns, &c. but as it is the interest of the thieves here to prevent it, they are trying to do it, and I am trying against them.

"I think they are cheating us about the wine, but that is nothing new here; for between ourselves, *for a carline I could buy all the generals in the place*, from Pignatelli downwards. God send I may never see this degenerated place again. Every man here is our bitter enemy."—p. 124.

Lord Nelson to earl St. Vincent:

"As to politicks they are my abomination. The ministers of kings and princes are as great scoundrels as ever lived."—p. 172

"The danger for the personal safety of their Sicilian majesties was daily increasing, and new treasons were found out, even to the minister of war."—p. 134.

Captain Troubridge to lord Nelson

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"Some of the villains are very rich. The distress for bread in Ischia is so great, that it would move even a Frenchman to pity. Cannot a subscription be opened? I beg to put my name down for twenty ducats; I cannot afford more, or I would give it. I feed all I can from a large private stock I had, but that will not last long. Palermo is full of grain, as is the neighbourhood; the French I fear, have more interest there than the king. His majesty will, I hope, the moment he regains Naples, *make some great examples of his villanous nobles.*"—p. 169.

Lord Nelson. "I have asked this court [in Sicily] to lend 10,000*l* [to Malta] to supply their wants; but I cannot succeed, as general Acton says they have it not to give. Troubridge has been obliged to give all his flower to keep the inhabitants of the islands from starving."—p 157.

Captain Troubridge to lord Nelson.

"Naples, August 15, 1799. We have nothing now but fireworks and nonsense. To day some officers applied for a passage to Palermo, to see the procession of St. Rosalio. I recommended them to exercise their troops and not behave like children. What can the king expect from such things? *Every thing gives way to their pleasures.* The truth is, it is the interest of many here to keep the king away. They constantly send villanous reports to deter him from coming. I know this game has been practised some time. In short, my lord, they all dread reform, I mean the people in office; the villanies are so deep rooted, that if some method is not taken to dig them out, this government cannot hold together. His majesty is surrounded by thieves, and none has honour or honesty enough to tell him the real and true state of things. Out of twenty millions of ducats collected as the revenue, only thirteen millions reach the treasury, and the king pays five ducats where he should pay one."—p. 212.

We could add many more descriptions of a like kind; but these are sufficient to prove our assertions.

What a dreary spectacle do these extracts present! of what avail is a king at the head of his army however valiant, when a Mack has the chief command, when the minister at war is among the traitors, and when all the generals can be bought for a carline? of what avail is the sense of honour in allies when the principals are thieves, prostitutes, liars, adepts at "the true Neapolitan shuffle!" and callous to every sentiment of humanity and compassion! Those who can hear the complaints of the starving, yet amidst their own abundance afford no supply; those who are too greatly enervated to do their duty to their country; those who have abandoned every vigorous sentiment and every manly virtue, may be fiddlers and slaves if they will; but patriots and freemen they cannot be.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

says the adage. Private and personal vices, are the parents of official and publick profligacy. The breach of morals, is like that of a dyke; small at first, but the rushing waters enlarge it, the stream acquires strength, overbears all before it, and spreads ruin and devastation all around. Whenever doubts are started, whether morals are the true support of national energies, we recommend an appeal to the history of Italy, and to the opinions of lord Nelson, with those of the officers of his squadron. Men themselves, they knew how to make allowance for the frailty of mankind; but Britons, officers, and patriots, they beheld, with disgust, those atrocities which led to the subjugation of that unhappy country. They could not preserve Italy; she was sunk in guilt. The carrion carcase which becomes the prey of vultures and kites, of wolves and wild dogs, is no subject of pity; it has no feeling; it has no sense of dishonour; there is no spirit in it.

But Italy is not the only country, which must plead guilty to the accusation of treason and corruption. Captain Wood writes to lord Nelson, that "many of the Turks at Constantinople had been dipping in French gold, and *a wonderful deal of villany had been discovered.*"—

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Can we otherwise than expect that sufferings of the same kind, as those which have desolated Italy should fall on crimes of the same nature, in Turkey?

Lord Nelson's conduct, as a politician, at Copenhagen after, or rather during, the battle off that city, is too well known to need relation or illustration from us. A happy thought, happily executed, at a happy moment, and conducted to its completion, by the personal exertion of the British admiral, distinguished that event. Never was a more sudden or a more acceptable conversion of war and bloodshed into pacification. Never was a more profound exertion of political sagacity, and official presence of mind.

Lord Nelson is distinguished, also, in a political point of view, by his conduct at home, by his proposals for the good of the service, and the advantage of his brother officers and sailors. He always spoke his mind freely; his sentiments were the result of his experience; and he advised for his country's welfare, which ever lay near his heart. But on this subject we cannot enlarge.

The character of lord Nelson as a man, may be deduced, not unfairly, from what we have stated on his conduct as an officer, from his unabating patriotism, and his prescience in politicks; yet fidelity to truth requires, that we should examine his personal character more closely than we have yet done. We therefore select two particulars; the first, his constantly attributing to the good pleasure of the Sovereign Disposer of all events, whatever successes crowned his exertions; this does him honour as a man. The other does honour to his friends, who never manifested attachment to him more strongly, than when remonstrating with their superiour officer and commander, on his subjugation to those imperfections in his character, which were more dreadful by their seductions, than all the power of the enemy, ten times augmented, could have been by its violence.

Lord Nelson writes to his lady, September 28, 1798:

"Miserable accounts of le Guillaume Tell. I trust God Almighty will yet put her into the hands of our king. His all powerful hand has come with us to the battle, protected us, and still continues destroying the unbelievers. All glory be to God."

He writes to earl St. Vincent.

"I thank God on your account that your expectations have not been disappointed in me. If the French get thirteen more ships into the Mediterranean, you will take care of me; and I will fight them the moment I can get at them, and I trust to the blessing of God, whom I praise and adore for all his mercies."

His publick ascription, of his victory at Aboukir, to "Almighty God, who had been pleased to grant a signal triumph to his majesty's arms," will never be obliterated from the memory of his countrymen; and this, with other publick expressions of the same sentiment, being already universally known, we shall not here repeat them. But justice to his brother officers requires that they also should partake his praises on this subject.

Lord St. Vincent writes: "My dear admiral, God be praised, &c." Captain Collingwood writes: "My heart overflows with thankfulness to the Divine Providence, for his protection of you through the great dangers which are ever attendant on services of such eminence," &c.

These are laudable instances of piety; these brave men were not the less brave because they saw the hand of God in victory, and acknowledged Divine Providence in their personal safety.

For the rest we shall adopt the language of these volumes; where the writers turn away from particulars we shall not endeavour to state them; the pain with which the defects of a Nelson are considered by

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a mind capable of estimating his worth, are equal to the pleasure which such a one would have enjoyed in pointing to his venerated hero, as a model nothing short of perfection.

"There had been an extraordinary gloom and depression of mind for some time visible in his lordship, which too much corresponded with the present [of his coffin] he had received. Notwithstanding all his honours and all his glory, Nelson was becoming dissatisfied with himself, and the irritability and misery which this gradually occasioned, appears in many of his subsequent letters. 'I am not insensible,' says he, 'to the honours and riches my king and country have heaped upon me; yet am I ready to quit this world of trouble, and envy none but those of the estate six feet by two.'—171.

"This coffin lord Nelson placed upright with the lid on, against the after division or bulk-head of his cabin, behind his chair where he sat at dinner, and he viewed it with the undaunted mind of a great warriour. On his lordship's leaving the Vanguard, it was carried with him into the Foudroyant where it remained, many days, on the gratings of the quarter deck. While his officers were one day looking at this extraordinary present, his lordship came out of the cabin: '*You may look at it, gentlemen, said he, but depend on it none of you shall have it.*"—p. 171.

"Emma lady Hamilton, one of the most extraordinary women of the age, amidst all her faults, was noted for her general attention and hospitality. By the Neapolitans she was in general adored. In the voluptuous court of the Sicilian monarch her fascinating person commanded a very powerful influence; but in a situation of so much delicacy and danger, she never forgot the character that was expected from the wife of the English ambassadour, nor was deficient in any of those courtesies and friendly attentions which mark a liberal and humane disposition. From the arrival of the British squadron at Naples, she had exerted herself to support that good cause for which admiral Nelson had been detached; and having, in this respect, rendered some service, the natural vanity of her mind led her to imagine, and to endeavour to make the noble admiral and others believe, that from her alone proceeded the means of performing those great events, which threw such a splendour on the favourite object of her idolatry. Her leading passion was the love of celebrity; and it was this passion, added to the above delusion, which gradually brought on that fatal and highly wrought attachment which she formed for the hero of Aboukir; for it was the hero and not the individual, which had captivated her glowing imagination. Its ardour, as it increased, overpowered the natural kindness of her disposition, and eventually involved her in an endless succession of private altercation and publick disappointment.

"The state of lord Nelson's health at this time certainly required rest; but the rest which he most wanted could not be found at Palermo. Every thing there conspired to poison his mind, and so to prevent its repose. In a letter which he received from admiral Goodall in England, towards the close of 1799, was the following passage. 'They say here, my good lord, that you are Rinaldo in the arms of Armida, and that it requires the firmness of a Ubaldo and his brother knight to draw you from the enchantress.' Nor was the warm and open heart of Troubridge inattentive to the situation of his friend.—

"Pardon me, my lord, it is my sincere esteem for you that makes me mention it. I know you can have no pleasure in sitting up all night at cards; why then sacrifice your health, comfort, purse, ease, every thing to the customs of a country, where your stay cannot be long? I would not, my lord, reside in this country, for all Sicily. I trust the war will soon be over, and deliver us from a nest of every thing that is infamous, and that we may enjoy the smiles of our country women. Your lordship is a stranger to half that happens, or the talk it occasions; if you knew what your friends feel for you, I am sure you would cut all the nocturnal parties; the gambling of the people at Palermo is publickly talked of every where. I beseech your lordship leave off. I wish my pen could tell you my feelings, I am sure you would oblige me. I trust your lordship will pardon me: it is the sincere esteem I have for you that makes me risk your displeasure. I really feel for the country. How can things go on? I see that the poor inhabitants of Malta are to be sacrificed. If the supplies are stopped, I cannot leave my soldiers to be starved, though I shall have the painful task of abandoning the inhabitants to their fate. I beseech your lordship press for a *yes* or *no*. The cries of hunger are now too great to admit of the common evasive answers usually given by the Sicilian government. Do not suffer them to throw the odium on us. If they say we shall not

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or cannot be supplied, I see nothing for it, but to retreat as fast as possible. The villainous set at Naples will undo very soon all that we have done." p. 240

We cannot print this truly noble and generous effusion in letters of gold; but we can contrast a part of it with one from a French commanding officer, whose sympathy with a suffering people, is very different from that expressed in such glowing terms by the British commander.

The French general returned the following concise answer to a flag of truce sent in by sir James Saumarez.

"You have without doubt forgot that they are Frenchmen who are at Malta: le sort de ses habitans ne doit pas vous regarder; quant à votre sommation les Françcis n'entendent pas ce style. Le général commandant en chef les Isles de Malte et du Goze,

(Signé) VAUBOIS."

At this time the French gave out that they had no provisions at Malta but parsnips; and the Maltese in their insurrection against them, beheaded all the bodies of t e French which they could find, on the spot, and carried their heads about the island with parsnips in their teeth.

The remark of our authors on the meeting of lord Nelson with his lady (whom he professed to adore) after a long separation, is as follows:

"His lordship arrived in London, with sir William and lady Hamilton, Nov. 9, 1800; and with them, went immediately to his venerable father and lady Nelson. Their joy was, however, mingled with sorrow; and on first meeting after so long an absence, the presence of sir W. and lady Hamilton added to a disquietude, which if they had innocently been the cause of, they should have carefully endeavoured not to aggravate" p. 255.

"The gloom which had long impended over the private happiness and even publick services of lord Nelson, was not dispelled by his return to his native country His mind was affected by a extraordinary power, which almost merited the turn of enchantment and had resisted the entreaties and remonstrances of his numerous friends; many of whom lost his confidence, by a vain endeavour to restore the natural bias of his affectionate but too susceptible heart

"In taking his final leave of lady Nelson, Jan. 13, 1801, he acted, however wrong, with that greatness and liberality of mind which nothing could subdue. 'I call God to witness,' exclaimed he, 'there is nothing in you or your conduct I could wish otherwise.' This formed a most striking epocha in his eventful life, and as such deserves to be noticed It gradually operated a fatal change, not only in the natural cheerfulness of his disposition, but in the general delicacy and exquisite tenderness of his character. To use the expression of Cicero, as applied by his biographer, Middleton, though in a somewhat different sense, 'it was the commencement of a new life to him, which was to be governed by new maxims and a new kind of policy, yet so far as not to forfeit his old character: *Alterius vitæ quoddam initium ordimus.*' The remaining portion of his biography is, therefore, exclusively devoted to his more splendid publick character, to those astonishing and most important services, which he rendered to his country when she most required them; each of which claimed a distinct praise as surpassing what had preceded it by some new proof of professional enterprise and ability." p. 256.

Is it possible to refrain from expressions of indignation against the harpies of Palermo and Sicily, of Naples and Italy, by which the happiness of this great officer was completely dissipated; and he became lost to himself, to his connexions, to his firiends, and almost to his country! How much happier when "the terrour of the Americans, this great captain Nelson, whom all dread, was found playing with Mrs. Nisbet's child of three years old under the table," on a visit at Nevis.

The filial affection of Nelson, who always paid the utmost attention to his father, was unabated and exemplary. Writing to Dr. Allot, dean of Raphoe, May 14, 1804, he says: "most probably I shall never see dear, dear Burnham again; but I have a satisfaction in thinking that my bones will probably be laid with my father's in the village that gave

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me birth. Pardon this digression; but the thought of former days brings all my mother into my heart, which shows itself in my eyes." He was equally attentive to his brothers and sisters.

The glory of the British navy has risen by degrees to its present splendour; and with honest pride we boast that the present age yields to none, in skill, in courage, in promptitude, in zeal, in vigorous service; the history of Nelson proves that it yields to none, in instances of dignified solicitude for the welfare and honour of our country, in the talents necessary to produce great events, in the foresight which correctly anticipates results, whose causes are concealed from the superficial, and in that firmness of mind, which maintains its self-possession and tranquillity amidst the tossings of the tempest, and the still more hazardous fluctuations of the ocean of politicks. To such talents, monuments, not of marble, or of brass alone, should be raised; let the press convey the image of the man, of his mind, his understanding, his sentiments to the latest generations. And if those generations desire acquaintance with the features of the hero whom they venerate, let the graphick art display them with precision and fidelity. Both these means of immortality are associated in these volumes The portrait of Nelson is satisfactory; the plans of his battles are very illustrative and interesting. The portraits of places, ships, &c. are pleasing. As to the historical plates, they are imperiously demanded by fashion, and fashion is a goddess to whose sway men of letters must bow, as well as the world at large. The execution of the work is highly creditable to the diligence of the writers; and it should seem as if all who ever enjoyed the correspondence or confidence of the hero of the Nile, had taken a pleasure in contributing whatever materials they possessed, towards the erection of this monument to the memory of Nelson.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Captain Williamson's East India Vade Mecum. Concluded from Vol. III. page 385.

FROM several hints which occur in captain Williamson's volumes, we gather that it is now some years since he left India. He speaks of the extent of Calcutta, as it was in his time, not as it is at present; and he describes the theatre in that town as still standing; whereas it has been taken down to make room for additional habitations. If then he can with propriety use the following language, how much stronger expressions would be justified by the actual state of things!

"A person who might have quitted India about thirty years ago, when the generality of articles of almost every description in use among Europeans, were sent from England; and when only one or two European tailors were to be seen in all Bengal; when, also, a newspaper was scarcely in existence, would now on landing in that country, be astonished at the improvements made in various branches of manufacture. He would contemplate the advances made in the mechanical arts as the certain fore-runner of independence, and he would view the columns of the several newspapers published at Calcutta, in all fourteen (besides magazines, &c.) whose columns teem with advertisements on a large scale. These he would view as the paramount results of great enterprise, founded upon extensive capitals, and backed by an almost unlimited credit.

The newspapers are generally published once or twice weekly, at about a rupee each; most days of the week bring forth two papers, in which the price of advertising is generally eight annas [*i. e.* half a rupee, or 15*d.*] for each line. As the type is rather large the expense of advertisements must, in some great houses, prove

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a conspicuous item among the disbursements.

"In this particular, the Hindostanee, or rather the Persian, newspapers are miserably deficient; as, indeed, they are in whatever should be the contents of a publication devoted to the important purposes of mercantile, or of political, intelligence. These *bulletins*, for I can call them nothing better, are penned by persons about the several native courts, according to the whim of a sycophant, or to the mere tattle in the suburbs of a city; nay, they are often manufactured *hundreds of miles from the places whence they are supposed to emanate*, and contain accounts of battles and sieges, capitulations and defeats, halts and marches, *known to the fabricators only*; who, in whatever relates to invention, contradiction, and recontradiction, absolutely surpass those industrious wights that supply our British newsmongers with paragraphs of the highest importance, accidents, murders, &c. &c. at the cheap rate of ten shillings per dozen!"

This is a heavy accusation against the historians of the day: if contemporaries are thus deceived, on what may posterity depend, when desiring authentick information respecting past events?

The following is the manner in which our countrymen spend the day in India.

"Morning visits are not, generally speaking, so uncommon as they were. Formerly, few went to pay visits of ceremony during the forenoon; for, the dinner hour being early, there was little time for such unsocial compliments; whereas, now, that it is generally delayed until about sun set, that is to say, to perhaps five, or six, or even to seven o'clock, the forenoon is more applicable to the reception of visiters; who, if on any terms of intimacy, do not hesitate to join the family at a little *avant diner* commonly called a *tiffing*, and known among us by the name of *lunch*. This kind of refreshment (for it is not considered a repast) usually takes place between one and two o'clock, and consists of grilled fowls, mutton chops, cold meats and sometimes of *curry* and rice. Being conducted without ceremony, and in a very desultory style, the dropping in of friends never occasions the slightest discontinuance, any more than the accidental arrival among an English party here, of an intimate, while partaking of a slice of cake and a glass of wine. The various formalities are, however, now transferred from P. M. to A. M. and it is usual to see the town of Calcutta thronged with *palanquins* during the whole of what is called the forenoon; but which commonly is made to extend to three o'clock; about which time, especially during nine months in the year, most persons are at home, devested of their usual dresses, and reclining, in some cool apartment, on a bed, or a couch for the purpose of repose, and to prepare for that change of linen, and for those ablutions, not forgetting the bath, which are both comfortable, and essential, in so very sultry a climate.

"Gentlemen who purpose visiting the ladies, commonly repair to their houses between eight and nine o'clock in the evening; ordinarily under the expectation of being invited to stay and sup; an invitation that is rarely declined.

"Among ladies who are intimately acquainted, morning visits are common, but all who wish to preserve etiquette, or merely return the compliment by way of keeping up a distant acquaintance, confine them to the evening; when, attended by one or more gentlemen, they proceed, in their *palanquins*, on a tour devoted entirely to this cold exchange of what is called civility.

"The company rarely sit long at table after dinner, unless among those convivial souls who deem the presence of a petticoat a perfect nuisance. Such were formerly very numerous, but of late, the society of the sex has been more duly appreciated, and we see the gentlemen quitting the bottle to retire to the *chabootah* (or terrace) there to enjoy the cool air of the evening, and to take a cup of tea or to smoke their *hookahs*; after which, those who have business to attend, proceed to their offices, &c. while the larger portion separate to partake of a family supper with some of their female acquaintances. Very little ceremony is used on such occasions; the gentlemen leaving their hats in their *palanquins*, and ordering their servants to proceed, as a matter of course, to the houses whither their *palanquins* are to be conveyed. In many instances these evening visits are paid in a very airy manner: coats being often dispensed with; the gentlemen wearing only an upper and an under waistcoat, both of white linen, and the former having sleeves. Such would appear an extraordinary freedom, were it not established by custom; though, it generally happens, that gentlemen newly arrived from Europe, especially the officers of his majesty's regiments, wear their coats and prefer undergoing a kind of warm bath of

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the most distressing description, both to themselves, and to their neighbours; but, in the course of time, they fall in with the local usages, and, though they may enter the room in that cumbrous habit, rarely fail to devest themselves of it, so soon as the first ceremonies are over, in favour of an upper waistcoat, which a servant has in readiness.

"Supper, though enumerated among the ordinary meals of a family residing at the presidency, seems rather to be the means of concentrating the party, than partaken of with that keenness we often witness in our colder climate. Few do more than take a glass or two of wine, generally claret, with, perhaps, a crust, and a morsel of cheese: the appetite at this hour, say ten, being by no means keen. After supper, the *hookah* is again produced, and, after sitting awhile in conversation, the lady of the house retires; few remain long after that has taken place. On the whole, it may be said, that at least four in five are in bed before twelve; or, perhaps, before eleven o'clock."

This orderly routine does not include the card players: but, as to some other irregularities that in Europe consume the night, "it would be difficult to find any city, wherein celibacy among the males is so prevalent, as at Calcutta, that can boast of so few excesses of any description."

"Gambling was formerly one of the most prominent vices to be seen in Calcutta; but of late years it has considerably diminished. Those who recollect the institution of Selby's club, and who now contemplate the very small portion of time dissipated, even by the younger classes, at cards, &c. by way of 'profit and loss,' cannot but approve the salutary reform introduced by marquis Cornwallis, who, whatever may have been his foibles, his prejudices, and his errours, in other matters, certainly was entitled to the approbation of the company, as well as to the gratitude of their servants, for having checked so effectually a certain licentious spirit, which had, till his arrival, been totally uncontrolled; indeed, unnoticed in any shape, by his predecessors.

"Common sense points out the impropriety, of allowing a gambler to occupy any office in which either great trust, or particular application and vigilance, might be requisite; therefore, as the generality of the posts held under the company are of either one or other of those descriptions, or may, perhaps, blend both, it stands to reason that a man whose brains are ever casting the dice, and whose carriage rolls upon the four aces, never can with safety be trusted.

"Those who are partial to cards, as an amusement, may find abundance of parties during the evenings, where, for the most part, tradrille and whist (the favourite games) are played at such low stakes as not to be productive of regret, or inconvenience.

"During a great portion of the year, breakfast may be considered rather a substantial meal. The generality of European gentlemen rise about day break, and either proceed to the parade, to their field diversions, or to ride on horseback, or on elephants; thus enjoying the cool air of the morning. From the middle of March to the middle of October, the sun is very powerful, even when the atmosphere is overcast with clouds of great density. This induces all who ride for health, or for pleasure, to avoid violent exercise; they proceeding, generally, in small parties, each being attended by his *syce* who carries a whisk made of horsehair, fastened to a short lacquered stick, for the purpose of driving away the flies, which are generally very troublesome both to the horses and to their riders. It is not uncommon to see the backs of the latter covered with these noxious parasites, which, by their buzzing, and their attempts to alight on the face, produce extreme irritation. During some part of the year, when scarce a leaf is in motion, and the clouds hang very low, exercise, even so early in the morning, is often found more injurious than refreshing. At such seasons, nothing but the abundant perspiration which then relaxes the whole frame and absolutely oozes through the light clothing in common use, could prevent the occurrence of diseases highly inflammatory. Many feel so uneasy, in consequence of this unpleasant exudation, as to be induced to change their linen three or four times within the day; but, however, refreshing such a change may prove, it is by no means to be commended; experience proving that considerable prostration of strength is the inseparable consequence of so ill-judged an indulgence. The best plan is, to have night apparel, and to ride out in the linen worn during the preceding evening; changing for a clean suit on returning, so as to sit down to breakfast in comfort."

Captain W. gives several cautions on the articles of diet. He objects,

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especially, to the eating of eggs, by those who are subject to bilious disorders.

We recollect no traveller that has described the annual inundation which overflows India, more particularly than the present writer; a part of his description we shall set before our readers.

"The inundation which overflows Bengal, especially in the districts of Nattore, Dacca, Jessore, the southern parts of Rungpore, and a part of Mahomed-Shi, is, perhaps, one of the most curious of nature's phenomena! The wisdom of our Creator is most conspicuously shown in the appropriation of sustenance, both for the human and for the brute species, suited to meet this annual visitation of the waters. However copious the rains may be in the southern provinces, though they might become boggy, and be partially inundated where the lands were low, yet, without the influx of these immense streams, which, owing to the declivity of the surface, pour down from the upper country, Bengal would, at such seasons, be but a miry plain, or a shallow morass. The great inundation does not generally take place till a month after the period when the rains have, according to the phrase in use, "set in." The thirsty soils of Oude, Corch, Allahabad, Benares, Gazypore, Patna, Rungpore, Boglepore, Purneah, and all beyond the 25th degree of latitude, require much moisture to saturate them, as do also those parched plains into which they ultimately pour their streams, before any part of the soil can be covered. Indeed, such is the state of the southern provinces after the cold season, that that rich friable soil in which they abound is seen cake-dried and cracked by fissures of many inches in breadth, as though some great convulsion of nature had been exerted to rend the surface into innumerable divisions.

"Under the circumstances of a flood, which lasts for many months, fluctuating from the middle or end of July to the beginning of October (though the water does not drain off before the middle of December in low situations) the inhabitants might be supposed to suffer under all the miseries of a general ruin and subsequent scarcity. The reverse is, however, the fact; for, provided the rains do not fall in such torrents as to wash away their habitations, and to occasion so rapid a rise in the fluid plain as to overwhelm the growing rice, the more ample the *bursauty* [*i. e.* the rains] the more plentiful the crop, and generally the less sickly does the season prove. The latter point will appear self-established, when we consider that amplitude of inundation serves not only to divide the sceptick matter contained in the water, but likewise to accelerate its action and cause its proceeding with added impetus to discharge itself into the bay. At this season, rivers are only known by the currents, and consequent swells, which appear amidst this temporary ocean! The navigation, for several months, assumes a new appearance. Vessels of great burthen, perhaps of two thousand maunds (each 80lb.) equal to nearly one hundred tons, are seen traversing the country in all directions, principally with the wind, which is then within a few points on either side of south. Noted cities, exalted mosques, and populous *gunjes*, or grain markets, on the river's bank, are not objects of attention. The boatman having set his enormous square sail, proceeds by guess, or, perhaps guided by experience, through the fields of rice, which every where raise their tasseled heads, seeming to invite the reaper to collect the precious grain. As to depth of water, there is generally from ten to thirty feet, in proportion as the country may be more or less elevated.

"It is curious to sail among these insulated towns, which, at this season appear almost level with the surrounding element, and hemmed in by their numerous *dingies*, or boats, which, exclusive of the necessity for preparing against an over-abundant inundation, are requisite for the purposes of cutting the *paddy*; rice being so called while in the husk.

"So soon as what is considered the final secession of the inundation is about to commence, the whole of the boats are in motion, and the *paddy* is cut with astonishing celerity. It is fortunate, that, owing to the country on the borders of the sea being higher than the inundated country, the waters cannot draw off faster than they can find vent, by means of the rivers which discharge into the bay of Bengal, else the growing rice would be subjected to various fluctuations unsuited to its nature, and occasioning the straw to bend; whereby its growth would be injured, even if it should recover from its reclined state so as again to assume a vigorous appearance on the surface.

"The waters of the inundation, it will be seen, are a mixture of all the streams flowing from every part of the extensive valley formed by the ranges of mountains stretching from Chittagog to Loll Dong, or Hurdwar, on the east and northeast,

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and from Midnapore to Lahore on the west and northwest, a course of not less than fifteen hundred miles, and generally from two to four miles in breadth.

The rice extends its stalk (which *draws out*, like a pocket telescope) as the water increases, so that in twenty four hours, it will have lengthened itself *six feet*, in order to keep its head on the surface of the water. "I have *seen* it," says our author, "do much more."

"It has often been asked, as a matter of surprise, how it happens that Bengal has never been visited by the plague? The question has been founded on the supposed affinity between that country and Egypt, in regard to the annual inundations; and to the narrowness, as well as the filth, of the streets in the great cities; which would, if the conjecture were correct, induce pestilence, as the same causes are said to do in Turkey.

"The case is widely different. In Egypt, although the lands are inundated, rain is scarcely ever known to fall; *the floods coming from the southerly mountains.* Hence, the inhabitants are under all the disadvantages attendant upon a hot atmosphere, during eight months in the year, and are, for the remaining four, exposed to the insalubrity arising from the inundation, especially when it is draining off."

To what geological events such inundations may give rise, appears strongly from a circumstance mentioned respecting the great *bund*, or dyke, at Juanpore, with its accession of land. It reminds us of the ancient tradition that Egypt was gained from a state of morass, by means of a new channel for its water, and by shuting up the old channel: others of captain W's remarks on the *Soonderbunds* (the Delta of the Ganges) are perfectly applicable to the origin of the Egyptian Delta; although the causes which influenced the depositions of the Nile, may long since have ceased to exist.

"The great *bund*, or dyke, at Juanpore, was built about fifteen hundred years ago, and having been made of a very obdurate kind of *kunkur*, found in those parts, blended with excellent lime, probably burnt from the same stones, appears now a complete mass of rock, capable of resisting the ravages of all time to come. This *bund*, which bears all the venerable marks of antiquity, was originally thrown up to limit the Goomty; a fine river that rises in the Peelabeet country, and, washing Lucknow, the capital of Oude, passes through the city of Juanpore under a very lofty bridge, built on strong piers, terminating in gothick arches. The want of due breadth in the arches occasions the waters to rise during the rainy season to an immense height creating a fall of which that at London bridge, at its worst, is, indeed, but a poor epitome! The distance between the top of the bridge and the water below it, in the dry season, is something less than sixty feet; yet it is on record, and in the memory of many inhabitants of Juanpore, that the river has been so full as to run over the bridge, which is flat from one end to the other, lying level between two high banks, distant about three hundred and twenty yards.

"Formerly, when the waters were high, they used, according to the tradition alluded to, to overrun the country on the left bank; forming an immense inundation throughout the country lying east of Juanpore, and extending down towards the fertile plains of Gazypore. The hollow, or low land, by which they penetrated, was about two miles in width; therefore the *bund* was built to a suitable extent. It is now about two miles and a half long; in most parts, about thirty feet broad at the top, and double that width at the base Its height varies from ten to twenty feet. The record states it to have proved effectual in resisting the inundation, which, however, on account of the *bund* being at right angles with the river, so as to occupy a favourable position, and cut off the torrent, continued to flow annually as far as its base. In time, the sediment deposited by the water thus rendered stagnant, filled up the hollow, raising its surface as high as the other parts of the river's boundary, and creating a soil peculiarly valuable, now chiefly occupied by indigo planters. The insalubrity occasioned by the many swamps left by the inundation, was at the same time averted, and the dread entertained that the Goomty would in time, force a new channel for the entire body of its stream, removed. Large tracts, before of little value, acquired a deep staple of soil, which, at this date, yields sugar, indigo, wheat, barley, &c. in abundance and perfection."

The rivers usually begin to rise,

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a few inches only, in May; in June they approach the summits of their banks; the great swell takes place in August. When the rains abate too suddenly in September, great mortality ensues.

Those of our readers who have any intention of visiting India, will do well to peruse these volumes with attention. They will perceive, by them, that the Asiaticks are not a whit behind the most ingenius Europeans in the arts of deception. Let them learn never to trust to Asiatick descriptions of articles they mean to purchase, whether it be a horse warranted sound and free from blemish, and of "a high *caste;*" or a habitation replete with every convenience, most delightfully situated, and of the most captivating appearance.

It was our design to have introduced some of those subjects of commercial speculation, on which this writer suggests a variety of hints; but we can only mention a few of them. "Talc may readily be vitrified with borax, or gypseous earths, when it forms a rich, pellucid, yellow glass of equal brightness and durability." Teak wood possesses some principle distinct from hardness, by which it resists the white ant, and the river worm; nails driven into teak wood are never so corroded as to decay the surrounding wood and to stand isolated. Coir rope, in salt water, floats; so that while a hempen cable makes a curve *downwards*, between the vessel and her anchor, a *coir* cable makes a curve *upwards;* and a *coir* rope thrown from a ship to a boat may be caught by the latter, at a considerable distance from the vessel, because it does not sink. Capt. W. thinks such a cable might be of use on board our men of war. Unhappily, this material though seemingly even refreshed by salt water, speedily rots in fresh water. India abounds in wax, the production of wild bees; it might be imported into Europe in sufficient quantities, and at a rate so reasonable as to "give a national benefit equal to 3,750,000*l.* and a revenue of 650,000*l.* arising from the duty, at 40*l.* per ton, on the raw material." The captain also, thinks that the wild vines of Bengal, &c. would, with a trifle of attention, yield if not wine, yet brandy and vinegar, of good quality, to a great amount. From these specimens, our readers will perceive that this gentleman has included in his observation, many things entirely distinct from those with which he was by duty familiar as an officer; and should his suggestions prove useful, his country as well as individuals will have cause highly to esteem his ingenuity.

We add for the consideration of such captains whose ships may be pestered with that troublesome and destructive visiter, the weevil; "one or two live cray-fish placed on a heap of rice, by their effluvia quickly expel the predatory tribe." The cause of this our author recommends to the consideration of naturalists.

There are several incidental notices in these volumes which might be referred to biblical questions; such as the fruit of the trees being always presented to the deity, *i. e.* his priest, during their first three years; but our author says scarcely any thing on the subject of religion, except as it affects the conduct of the natives toward Europeans, who, of whatever rank, are universally considered by the natives in their service, as infinitely below them. Indeed, his account of protestant zeal is little to its credit; while he applauds, as it deserves, the exertion of a Catholick, who built a chapel, at his own expense. We have reason to believe, that on this subject, captain W. is misled by his acquaintance with former times; and that the condition of Christianity,

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throughout the British dominions in India is more hopeful than appears from his publication.

How far the efforts made by the missionaries may have contributed to this, we are not prepared to say; but, our information leads us to credit the fact, and we deem it too honourable to our countrymen to be passed unnoticed. As to any extensive advantages speedily to be derived from the labours of the missionaries, captain W. does not expect them. He recommends the establishment of schools of various descriptions for the benefit of the natives, and indulges himself in foreseeing the most favourable results from the communication of knowledge and information to them. Whether these predictions are correct, time may show; but we doubt whether the natives will ever consider the *caste* of Europeans as on a level with themselves; and whether the knowledge which one in a million may be induced to value, will possess any influence over the minds of the remainder of that million; *i. e.* of the mass of the population.

While we hope the best, and would by all means encourage well-intended endeavours, we cannot but deal fairly with the publick by observing, the number of gentlemen who have obtained, by personal inspection, a competent acquaintance with the Hindoos, and whose testimonies concur to moderate the sanguine expectations, indulged by that benevolence which directs the aims of some of the most respectable and ardent of British philanthropists. This must be lamented at present; a future age may see obstacles removed, and congratulate itself on the enjoyment of such felicity.

We close this report by acknowledging our obligations to the ingenious writer for much information and amusement; adding, that although gentlemen returned from India, are doubtless acquainted with a great part of what these volumes contain, yet gentlemen designing to visit that country will find them no unprofitable preparative, as to matters of familiar occurrence, connected with personal conduct, in that branch of the British empire.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Travels in Asia and Africa; including a Journey from Scanderoon to Aleppo and over the Desert to Bagdad and Bussora; a Voyage from Bussora to Bombay, and along the Western Coast of India; a Voyage from Bombay to Mocha and Suez in the Red Sea; and a Journey from Suez to Cairo and Rosetta in Egypt. By the late Abraham Parsons, Esq. Consul and Factor Marine at Scanderoon. 4to. pp. 346. 1*l.* 5*s.* Boards.

ALTHOUGH these travels have been recently published, they were performed between thirty and forty years ago, having been begun in 1772, and brought to a close in 1778. It is natural to inquire the causes of so unusual a delay; and the editor endeavours to anticipate the questions of his readers by an explanatory notice, in which he mentions the decease of the author before he had prepared the MS. for the press, as the original source of procrastination. On Mr. Parsons's death, the MS. devolved, by bequest, to his brother-in-law, the revd. John Berjew, of Bristol. How long it remained in his possession we are not apprised: but it does not appear that his labours in regard to editing went farther than the easy task of recommending to his son to do what he had not done himself. The son, "desirous to comply with the wishes of a much respected father," undertakes the charge of editor, and la-

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ments that professional avocations should have so long retarded the fulfilment of his duty. To judge from the period that has elapsed, we should naturally conclude that some Herculean labour had devolved on the editor: but this, on the other hand, we are prevented from thinking by his own explanations, when he tells us that "the only liberty he has taken with the narrative has been confined to the correction of verbal or grammatical inaccuracies, and in some very few instances to the altering of the arrangement of sentences, which in the original, appeared rather obscure." All this, in our humble opinion, was practicable in the course of a few months instead of the *twenty-three years* which elapsed between the death of Mr. Parsons and the publication of his MS. Whatever, therefore, may have been the veneration of Mr. P's relatives for his memory, we cannot pay them the compliment of having felt a very ardent solicitude for the dissemination of his fame as a traveller and an author.

Mr. Parsons's history is given briefly in the preface:

"He was originally bred to the navy, in which his father was a captain. In the earlier part of his life he commanded different vessels in the merchants' service, during which period he visited several parts of the globe, a pursuit particularly adapted to the turn of a mind naturally fond of novelty, and remarkably inquisitive. When he quitted the sea, he carried on considerable commerce as a merchant in Bristol, which not being attended with the desired success, after some years, he was obliged to relinquish. After this he was, in the year 1767, appointed by the Turkey company consul and factor-marine at Scanderoon, in Asiatick Turkey; a situation which, after a residence of six years, he was obliged, from the unhealthiness of the country, to resign, when he commenced a voyage of commercial speculation; the narrative of which is contained in the following pages. Soon after the conclusion of this tour he retired to Leghorn, where he died in the year 1785."

A perusal of the work, even at this late period has convinced us of the propriety of publishing it, and has afforded us a degree of satisfaction of which we should have been sorry to have been deprived. The observations of six years of travelling are here given to the world in the pains-taking way of a man of business, who notes down whatever he deems worthy of recollection, and conveys his information in plain and unambitious language. The book is, therefore, a journal of what the writer saw and did in the course of a progress through countries celebrated among former generations, and is not devoid of interest to the present: but, while it possesses the fidelity and perspicuity of a journal, it is marked by those deficiencies which we may expect in so plain a species of narrative. It contains few reflections of any length, and still fewer comparisons between the opinions of the writer and the reports of former travellers. Though Mr. Parsons did not go so far as Kotzebue, in purposely avoiding to read books on the subject of the countries which he visited, his travels bespeak the man of business more than the man of letters, and afford us the result of actual observation without much benefit from disquisition or research.

In reviewing a work so slightly characterized by original thought, and consisting of a series of local observations without application to general conclusions, the critick finds little opportunity of entering on the field of literary discussion; his functions being confined to an explanation of the plan of the book, and to an exhibition of specimens of its execution, sufficiently varied to afford an idea of the value of the author's matter, and of the style in which that matter is conveyed. The most interesting parts are the account of Syria; the journey to Alleppo; and the navigation of the Euphrates; and from these we shall accordingly make our extracts:

"*Modern Syria.*—Scanderoon was built

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by order of Alexander the Great after the battle of Issus, and was about a mile and a half to the south of the present town, close to the hills; or rather, part of the city was on the hills, which, for some space, are of easy ascent, and covered with a fertile soil. The foundations to a great extent are visible in many places; some stone walls, 8 feet thick, are yet breast high; and near the centre of those remains is the celebrated well called Jacob's Well, or Fountain, which gushes out from under a rocky hill into a channel almost level with the plain, seemingly made by art in the solid rock, 11 feet long, 14 inches broad, and 30 inches deep. The current of water fills up 25 inches of the depth; it runs with great velocity, and the inhabitants say its stream has always been the same. A French gentleman (well versed in hydraulicks) some time since computed that six tons of water ran off in every minute of time."—"The Jews have a tradition, that at this fountain, Jacob, the grandson of Abraham, watered his flocks, and pitched his tents in the plain for a great length of time, which is the reason it has always been called after, and still retains his name."—"The Turkish and Greek ships which come to Scanderoon, always take their water for the voyage from this well, nor will any person at Scanderoon drink any other."—"The present town consists of about 170 houses occupied by Greeks, and about 15 more by Turks; the whole number of inhabitants scarcely amounts to 800. The houses are all built of stone, with only a ground-floor. The roofs are flat, on which the natives sleep in hot weather. There is a small yard or garden to each house. When caravans with goods come from Aleppo, the place exhibits the appearance of a fair until their departure; there have been in these last four years 68 caravans from that city, consisting of from 250 to 2000 camels in a caravan, besides mules and horses."—"As this place is the only thoroughfare from Asia Minor into Syria, large bodies of soldiers often pass this way, who halt on the plain near the town, always one night, sometimes more; and if not restrained by their officers, commit many violences on the poor Greeks, who must bear all with seeming patience, or be well drubbed."

A few miles from Scanderoon, are the celebrated passes from Cilicia into Syria, by which the confused host of Darius escaped, after the overthrow at Issus. They are thus described by Mr. Parsons:

"There are four passes. The first and third are artificial, the second and fourth natural. The greatest part of the road, after the ascent begins, is steep and rugged, which continues for about half an hour's ride, then you arrive at a level spot of about 400 yards extent, which leads to the descent of a very steep stony hill; at the bottom of which is a very fine shady grove, and a small plain about 100 yards over, the trees of which are so lofty, and so close to each other, that no sunbeams can penetrate them; with a constant stream of excellent water, to which the birds in summer flock in such numbers, that it is difficult to determine whether their singing or the murmuring of the water is most delightful; nothing can excel their union." "After passing this shady grove, the ascent is gradual for about half an hour, and then very steep for a quarter of an hour more, which leads to a path of about 20 yards, where only one camel or horse can pass at a time. This is called the first and least difficult pass into Syria. Soon afterward, the road is rugged and very steep, which continues full half an hour, when the second pass commences, which is formed by a steep, rocky mountain on the left, and a precipice on the right; this path is not more than 7 feet in the broadest part, or more than 100 yards in length. I plumbed the precipice, and found it to be 27 yards deep, with a rugged, rocky bottom, and of so terrible an aspect, that it is believed that none but the horses and camels of the country would have courage to pass, and yet they have no other road."—"After passing this precipice is a winding and rugged hill, very steep, of about 400 yards ascent; on the summit is a small plain, at the end of which commences the third pass, which is cut through a very high and rocky mountain, so very steep, that to ascend or descend it, the horses, camels, &c. are obliged to make a zig-zag track. The pass itself is crooked, about 20 feet wide, and from the top to the bottom 207 yards." "Passing still on to the south, after leaving the town of Bylan, commences the fourth and last pass into Syria, which, by way of distinction, is called the grand pass. Here the road is not more than 10 feet wide in some places, or than 15 in any part, with the mountain to the left, and a parapet wall of about four feet high to the right, from which is seen the most horrible precipice that can be imagined; this chasm, between two high mountains, is from 40 to 50 fathoms deep. This road, with its wall, continues more than a mile

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in length before it expands, the steep mountain and deep chasm accompanying it all the way."

Dr. Pococke's description of the ruins of Seleucia induced Mr. Parsons to visit them, and to bestow considerable pains on a comparison of the doctor's statement with their present condition; but he found that either things must have altered greatly since 1739, or the doctor must have trusted too much to report, since Mr. P. was unable to discover many of the objects noticed by the former. Our limits do not permit us to discuss this point, and we must content ourselves with Mr. Parsons's account of the modern condition of Seleucia and Laodicea:

"The situation of Seleucia is most delightful. The greatest part lies on a hill of easy ascent, with a beautiful plain, and as beautiful a river beneath, with an extensive land and sea prospect, it is defended by hills from the bleak winds in the northeastern quarter, and has a fine port, only four miles distant, at the extremity of the plain. It has much the advantage of Antioch, whose port was more than 20 miles distant, nor has Antioch any sea prospect; but in lieu of this, a lake in front, of many miles extent, which, in summer, is now almost as noxious as the stagnated waters in the plain of Scanderoon." "In every part of Turkey in Europe, in the islands of the Archipelago, in Asia Minor, in the towns of Byass, Scanderoon, Bylan, and all the other towns and villages on the Bylan mountains, in the plains of Antioch and Seleucia, and their neighbourhood, quite to the Orontes, the language of the country is either Turkish or Greek. There are few Greeks of any consequence on the continent who do not speak the Turkish language, and most Turkish gentlemen understand Arabick; but very few, if any, speak or understand Greek." "Latachia (the ancient Laodicea) is said to have been built by Seleucus, and so called in honour of his mother, Laodicea. It is at present a large, well-built, and populous city; but by the vestiges remaining, it seems to have been formerly more than three times its present size. The town is most pleasantly situated on a hill, with the port and marine town beneath it. The haven formerly was deep, and could contain, securely, more than 100 ships of burthen; but it has been so shamefully neglected by the Turks, that at present none but barks and small ships can get so far into it as to lie secure from hard gales of wind; as it is nearly choaked up with sand. Ships of any burthen must lie at the mouth of the port in about 15 feet water, with their heads to the sea. The road is much exposed to all winds from the western quarter; but the ground is good. This place is famous for producing the best tobacco in Turkey."

Aleppo, the capital of Syria, and second to no city in the Turkish dominions except Constantinople, either for beauty or extent, is described by Mr. Parsons at considerable length. Its walls are eight miles in circumference. They are high, and have, at the distance of every forty or fifty yards, a tower with embrasures. As the Turks keep no registers, and treat with ridicule all inquiries about population, it is impossible to calculate the number of inhabitants. The air is dry and pure, and, from the vicinity of high mountains, much colder in winter than the latitude would induce us to expect. In summer it is very hot, but not unhealthy:

"The streets, which are broader than any in Turkey, are kept clean, as people from the gardens come every morning, with mules or asses furnished with panniers, in which, after sweeping the streets, they carry off the dung or dirt to manure their gardens. They are likewise well paved and streight; the channels in the middle are broad and shallow. The bazars, or markets, are streets near the centre of the city, strongly arched over, with apertures on the sides of the arches, so situated as to give sufficient light, and, at the same time, exclude the sun and rain. Each bazar is occupied by one sort of trade only, as they do not mix with each other in the same bazar. For example; the boot and slipper makers occupy three streets; box-makers (including trunk-makers) two; coppersmiths, one, &c." "In all there are to be seen immense quantities of the richest goods from India, Constantinople, Smyrna, Damascus, and other places, besides the various manufactures of Aleppo; all of which constitute immense value." "The bazars have very strong iron gates, which

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are not only placed at each end, but on the sides of such of them as have avenues into others, or into any street adjoining; so that in some of the longest of the bazars may be seen six iron gates; in others fewer As an additional security, over every gate is placed a massy and strong portcullis. One comfort they have, there is no fear of fire, their houses being of stone, and the floors arched. The handicrafts and shopkeepers repair to the bazars at sun rise, or a little after, then open their shops, send for their coffee, and smoke a pipe, and every one follows his occupation. About eleven they breakfast in their shops, which is either sent from their own houses or from the cooks'-shops: after which they remain, in summer, till about five in the evening (some not so long) and in the winter until about four; then locking up their shops, they go home to dinner, and indulge themselves with a pipe and coffee; at which time the keepers of the bazars lock the gates, and remain themselves on the inside." "The roofs of all the houses at Aleppo are flat, and terrassed over, and have high parapet walls to separate them from the adjoining ones. On these roofs it is customary for the inhabitants to walk, and enjoy the cool of the evening, in the summer months. Most of the natives, and many of the Frank merchants sleep all the summer on the roofs without receiving any injury to their health. I speak from experience." "The French, English, Italians, and Dutch, live here as comfortably as in any foreign factory whatever, as there is always a good harmony subsisting between them, and even if their countries are at war at home, they not only live peaceably, but amicably here; with this difference only, that the consuls of the belligerent powers cannot visit each other publickly."

Journey from Aleppo to Bagdad.—In March, 1774, Mr. Parsons set out on a mercantile expedition from Aleppo to Bagdad, in company with a number of Turkish merchants, forming altogether a caravan of nearly 800 camels, richly laden. Their escort consisted of a sheik and 105 subaltern officers and soldiers, comprising some from every tribe in the desert. These as well as the merchants, were completely armed, each having a musket, a pair of pistols, and a sabre; while the men in attendance on the camels, amounting to the number of 150, had each a sabre and a brace of pistols. This force was altogether rather formidable; and, though they performed their journey without encountering any open hostility, they saw reason to be convinced that their safety was owing to their power of repelling violence. Above a fourth part of their camels were required for the conveyance of the provisions, water, and camp equipage; the others carried the merchandise. Owing to several causes, the caravan occupied five weeks in reaching the ferry of Annah on the Euphrates, a journey which is generally performed in *three weeks*. After having crossed this great river, the travellers were on the territory of the pacha of Bagdad, and were enabled to dismiss a part of their escort. We are informed, under the date of 22d April, that

"Yesterday our sheik paid off 42 of his soldiers, who, after a feast given them, crossed over the ferry, and went to their several homes. These men hire themselves as soldiers to guard the caravans which go to and from Aleppo to Bagdad, but approach no nearer Bagdad than this ferry." "For this they are paid thirty piastres [three pounds fifteen shillings, English] each man on the caravan's arrival at Aleppo, and the same sum on its arrival on this side of the ferry. These poor fellows march on foot the whole way, as well as the cameliers. The sheik finds them provisions the whole time, which are pillaw, made of boiled rice and butter, once a day, or wheat boiled and butter; besides which, once a day they are served with brown biscuit and onions, which they put in their pockets, and eat as they march. The caravans which go to and from Damascus to Bagdad are accompanied in the same manner, but each man is paid 40 piastres. A caravan cannot pass the desert in safety without hiring Arabs of each of the tribes which inhabit the borders; so that when any horde of Arabs meets a caravan, they are sure to find some of their own tribe as guards. All then is safe; otherwise it is sure to be robbed, if not entirely carried off; for if the first horde which came was not strong enough, they would send an express to procure assistance, and in the mean time hover about in such a manner as to prevent an escape. It is the custom with such Arabs as rob on the desert, not to kill any person who does not

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make resistance; but to those who do, if they overcome, they give no quarter. From those who quietly suffer themselves to be robbed they never take their all, but leave them sufficient to pursue their journey, and often times much more."

At the distance of six hours' travelling from Bagdad, on this side of that city, are the remains of the Tower of Babel. They stand in a vast plain, which is a mere desert, and are still about two hundred and twenty feet in height:

"The materials of the little remains of this once famed tower, are unburnt bricks* (now as hard as stone) which in dimensions are 14 inches by 10, and nearly 5 inches thick. There is not any cement between them, either of bitumen or mortar. About the distance of every four feet, from the bottom to the top, are layers of reeds, four inches thick. By digging about 10 or 12 inches into one of these, I pulled out by degrees a handful of them, which are as firm and sound (except their being pressed flat) as they were when first inserted; which the Jew rabbies at Bagdad tell me, according to a tradition of their's, is very near four thousand and two hundred years. They call it Nimrod's Tower."

Mr. Parsons computes the distance from Aleppo to Bagdad at 900 miles. He arrived in the latter city on the 7th of May, a season in which the waters of the Tigris are nearly at their height; and he was greatly surprised at their rapidity, which brought to his recollection the ebb through London bridge in a spring tide, the rate of the current seeming to be seven miles in an hour. His attention was much occupied, during the season which he passed at Bagdad, by the rise and fall of this celebrated river. It continued on the increase till the middle of June, having risen between two and three feet in this interval; but, after that period, it decreased, and had fallen 44 inches by the end of the month. In July, its decrease was rapid, the fall of the water being 17 feet, and the diminution of the current two miles in an hour, leaving it at a rate of four miles. In August the water fell *nine*, and in September *two* feet, the current on the 30th of September being only a mile and a half in an hour. This was the lowest; so that the two extremes, in regard to velocity, were seven miles and one mile and a half. With respect to depth of water, under the centre of the bridge, the extremes were 14 feet and 46 feet; making a difference between June and September of 32 feet. In October, the river begins again to rise, and continues progressively on the increase till the succeeding June, when the rains among the hills towards the north are generally suspended. The prevalence of westerly winds, and the rapidity of the current, prevent the navigation of the Tigris from the sea to Bagdad during half of the year. At this time, it is customary to bring goods up the less rapid current of the Euphrates as far as the town of Helah, and thence across Mesopotamia by camels to Bagdad. Above Bagdad, the principal place of traffick on the Tigris is Mosul, built near the ruins of the ancient Nineveh. The width of the Tigris at Bagdad is similar to that of the Thames at London bridge. The bridge at Bagdad is formed of boats which are sharp in the bows, like a London wherry, on account of the velocity of the stream. At each end of the chain of boats, two immense walls of brick are projected into the river, and serve as jetty heads. Two massy iron chains are extended from one side of the river to the other; the links of which are as thick as a man's wrist, and are fastened to the bows of the boats, so as to prevent them from being driven down by the stream. The removal of boats, either for the passage of rafts, or for the purpose of repair, is managed with considerable dexterity.

Bagdad is the grand depository for the produce of India, Persia, and Turkey, and has a continual intercourse, by caravans, with each of these

* Strabo says that the tower was constructed of baked brick, ὑπτῃ πλινθοις. [*M. Rev*

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countries. It is consequently a very large and populous city, containing three or four hundred thousand inhabitants.

"The streets" says Mr. Parsons, "are all built in a streight line and paved, excepting the bazars. The houses make no appearance on the outside, as nothing is to be seen except brick walls and lattice windows; yet the principal ones are very commodious, and have all subterraneous apartments arched, and ornamented with handsome stucco-work, to which the families retire about ten in the morning, where they dine, and remain until an hour before sun set. In the months of June, July, and August, to avoid the excessive hot weather, every one sleeps at night on the terrace, on the tops of the houses, as the subterranean apartments are at that time very hot, although they are cool in the heat of the day. The air at Bagdad is so hot in these three months, that the mutton and fowls which are killed early in the morning, if not eaten by noon, become putrid. The butchers and poulterers kill their meat twice a day, so that it has hardly time to cool before it is dressed: yet, notwithstanding, this hot wind is not sickly, but the reverse, as there is not a more healthy place in any part of the world."—"The water of the Tigris is most excellent, so much superiour to spring or well-water, that the poorest person in the city will not deign to taste of either, although there are wells in the yards of most houses." "Coffee houses are so numerous, that it excited my curiosity to inquire if there was any method of knowing the real number. I was told nothing was more easy as they were all registered, paying an annual sum for their license. A friend was so kind as to go with me to the office, when I found the number then occupied to be 955, and of those untenanted 490, which the officer hoped to see all opened within a year."

Navigation of the Euphrates and Persian Gulf.—From Bagdad, Mr. Parsons determined to proceed to the Persian gulf, and accordingly crossed Mesopotamia in a south-west direction, till he reached the town of Helah on the Euphrates. This place, distant only three miles from the ruins of Babylon, contains thirty thousand inhabitants, and is an *entrepôt* of considerable traffick, chiefly with the great city of Bussora, which is situated two hundred leagues farther down the river. The navigation of the Euphrates, though less dangerous than in the great and impetuous stream of the Tigris, is attended with much labour. The most striking circumstances in the course of it are the narrowness of the channel, within which the Euphrates is confined for a considerable part of the distance; and the beautiful situation of Korna, the town at which the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates takes place, and forms what is afterward called the great river of Arabia. This navigation occupied the traveller eight days, and is related by him in the form of a journal. We select detached passages.

"On the 3d of November we hired a vessel of sixty tons, which they call a tecknar, for which we gave two hundred piastres, to carry us to Bussora, and we permitted about seventy Turks, who were well armed, to accompany us gratis, as we were glad of their company, from the frequent examples of vessels being plundered by Arabian banditti, who hover about the banks of the river." "We were disturbed with the cries and howling of the jackals, which are very numerous, and many of them would come within a stone's throw of the boat; on firing a few muskets they went away. They look like our fox dogs in England, and are of a reddish colour, while those which I have seen in Syria and Asia Minor are of a mouse colour, and not more than half as large." "November 5. The river now became very narrow and crooked, and consequently the current so rapid that our vessel was quite ungovernable, and we were often set with violence, sometimes against one promontory, and in less than two minutes against another on the opposite shore, and so, alternately, with such violence, as shattered the upper parts of our vessel very much. The water, however, close to the banks on each side, which were of earth and soft, being deep, our vessel weathered the danger. Our sailors, who were 24 in number, rowed with their utmost exertion to get clear of each cape, but to no purpose, from the rapidity of the current, and the narrowness and frequent curves of the river, which seemed hourly to increase. Its breadth was not above 70 yards." "On the

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7th we saw three large boats tracking up the river. They had been 24 days from Bussora, and my companions say that they will be at least 30 days more before they arrive at Helah. What a difference! when we consider that it is only four days since we left it. At eight this evening we saw a small advice boat with eight oars. She had been only eight days from Bussora, and expected to get to Helah in eight days more. There was an officer in her who was going express from the musolem [governour] of Bussora to the pasha of Bagdad." "On the 9th we came to the camp of the most potent Arab prince on the shore of the Euphrates, or Persian gulf. It is full three miles in length along the banks of the river. I am told there are above 8,000 tents and 20,000 families. The tent of the prince is near 200 feet long and 70 broad. This encampment reaches farther inland than it does along the banks of the river. It is said to contain near 80,000 inhabitants, and the cattle of all kinds belonging to it are almost innumerable. We all went on shore here, and walked about an hour. The tents are pitched so as to form regular streets of 18 to 20 feet broad, which run parallel to each other from the river, quite through the town, with others at right angles in a line with the river, the largest tents being nearest to the river." "This tribe is famous for breeding horses of the best race. The Turks with us regretted their not having brought an empty boat from Helah, as they could have made a good profit by buying horses, and selling them at Bussora, from whence they are shipped for India, where they sell at great prices." "On the 10th we arrived at Korna, a large town situated on the extreme point of Mesopotamia, so as to be on the banks of both Euphrates and Tigris; the point facing the great Arabian river (so called from the union of both at this place.) On this point the custom house is built, where we were ordered to make fast our vessel. It is a most delightful situation, and the Turks verily believe that this is the spot where the Paradise of our first parents was situated." "Every tree, as well as the grass, being clothed with verdure, no place on earth appears to be more delightfully situated than Korna. It is not surprising that the Turks think it to have been Paradise; for my own part I think it such, compared with all other places which I have yet seen. Before it is the great river, without the least winding, extending further than the eye can reach; the Tigris and Euphrates washing its banks; Persia and Arabia in view for more than 30 miles, both which are in the pride of nature even at this late season of the year; blest with an atmosphere than which nothing can be more pure, as indeed that of Assyria, Chaldea, and Mesopotamia is in general."

The merchants of Bussora are a mixture of Turks, Christians, Armenians, and Jews. The commerce of this city is great; its situation, within forty leagues of the Persian gulf, being very happily adapted for receiving the produce of the east through the gulf, and distributing it afterward by land and water carriage throughout the Turkish dominions. The city stands on a creek distant three miles from the great Arabian river, and is unhealthy during the summer months, in consequence of the heat and the effluvia from stagnant water. Its population is supposed to amount to between two and three hundred thousand. It was during Mr. Parson's visit to Bussora, in the spring of 1775, that the Persians, under Sadoc Khan, commenced the blockade and siege of that city; which, after a gallant defence of twelve months, was obliged to surrender.

Mr. Parsons next visited Bushear, the principal seaport in the Persian side of the gulf, and containing about 20,000 inhabitants. The town lies so low as scarcely to be discernible at a distance. But the castle, situated about twelve miles southeast of the town, and built by the Portuguese, makes, even in its decayed state, a noble appearance from the sea. The Portuguese were forced to abandon this fortress to Shah Abbas the Great, in the same year in which that sovereign, with the assistance of the English, retook from them Ormus and Gomberoon.

After having sailed down the Persian gulf, and entered what is commonly called the Arabian sea, Mr. Parsons arrived at Muscat in Arabia; a safe and capacious harbour, in the shape of a horse shoe; and which, having the entrance from the southeast, is protected by the surrounding hills from the winds which are

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dangerous in that latitude. It is the capital of the Arabian kingdom of the same name; and, besides supplying the interiour of Arabia with Indian merchandise, it serves as a magazine for Persia, and has considerable intercourse with the Red Sea.

From Muscat, the writer proceeded to India, and sailed along the western side of our Indian empire. Of this part of the book, the most interesting passage is his account of Surat. The crowded state of that city demonstrates that its population must be great. The number he found it impossible to ascertain, but he computed it to amount to 400,000. During his residence there [in 1777] Mr. Bolts, afterward known in the literary world by his vehement attack on our East India Company, was trafficking in the neighbourhood; having under his direction a large vessel, ostensibly neutral, but in reality English. Mr. Parsons made an excursion from the confined air of Surat into the neighbouring country, and gives some account of the more remarkable of the rural sports of the natives, with which we shall close our extracts from this work:

"They have a peculiar method of hunting antelopes in different parts of the kingdom of Guzarat with leopards, which are trained up for the purpose. The hunters are on horseback. The leopard, hoodwinked, is put into a covered hunting cart, which is drawn by oxen. The keeper is likewise in the cart unseen, with the reins leading through lattice doors. They go on slowly, the huntsman keeping at a good distance behind.

"As antelopes are plenty in this country it is not long before they see some. They are generally discovered in pairs and sometimes in herds. As soon as the person in the cart discovers them, he puts out a small red flag on the hinder part of the cart, as a signal to the huntsman, and keeps advancing. The antelopes, not being afraid of the oxen or the cart, pursue their grazing. When the cart comes near, it stops; the man taking off the leopard's blind shows him the antelopes, which he is always eager to pursue. He is accordingly let loose, and springs out of the cart amongst them. The flag is then taken in, on which the huntsman comes galloping up, and the cart goes on a brisk pace. The leopard always singles out one, nor will he turn to the right or left to seize another should they fall in his way.

"The antelope at first runs much faster than the leopard; but being frightened, he frequently springs up, always falling on his feet; these efforts oblige him to slacken his pace, whereas the leopard pursues uniformly, till he overtakes his prey, when he tumbles him over, and seizing him by the throat, sucks out his blood until he is weary or satiated. The keeper always carries in the cart a joint of mutton, which is thrown to the leopard after he has sucked the blood, otherwise he would not let go his hold until he had satisfied his hunger; sometimes it happens that the keeper does not come up in time to prevent the antelope from being mangled. Some antelopes will run three quarters of an hour, others not half the time, and it often happens that, through fright he is sooner overtaken.

"As soon as the leopard's hunger is satisfied, he is led tamely to the cart, into which he springs, and is as quiet as a lamb.

"The English gentlemen who have hunted in this manner assure me, that it is inconceivable the glorious figure which the leopard makes, when on a full stretch in the field after his prey, with his fine tail straight out in a line, with which he seems to steer himself, and at such times they all agree that he seems twice as large as he does at others."

Mr. P. next gives ample descriptions of Bombay, and of the various harbours along the Malabar coast. He returned to Europe by way of the Red Sea and Egypt; which route naturally gives rise to full accounts of Mocha, Suez, and Cairo. We consider it, however, as altogether unnecessary to enter into any examination of this part of the volume. In composition, it is similar to the rest: and it relates to countries of which parts are familiar to the British publick, while the remainder have been described by later travellers, particularly by one. [Lord Valentia.]

The publication of Mr. Parson's MS. has made an addition to the stock of general knowlege in regard to the eastern world. But it is much

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to be regretted that the author should have left his papers in so imperfect a state, and that the editor should have so little contributed to their improvement. We would not be understood to assert that we were entitled to expect that an editor should supply those scientifick explanations, which are evidently wanting to complete the description of several remarkable circumstances in the journey; nor that he should have laboured, by the introduction of general observations, to give a close connexion and comprehensive character to the mass of particular details. The capacity for such improvements as these is to be expected only from a man of letters; and the labour required for their application will seldom be sustained, unless for the benefit of the whole reputation that can be derived from them. We were justified, however, in looking for exertions of a different kind; for the correction of obvious errours, the explanation of obscurities of language, the prevention of repetitions, and the condensation of prolixity. That much has been left undone in these essential requisites, will be apparent on a very cursory inspection of the book. In one passage [p. 266] we are told that Cape Aden in Arabia, which is distant two thousand miles from any part of India, was "discovered, bearing northwest, about *fifteen leagues* from Bombay." In treating of the pilgrims [p. 336] it is said: "these people *load* at Alexandria," instead of *land* at Alexandria. The population of Surat is mentioned in page 251, and again in page 260, in such a manner as if it had not been mentioned before. Such errours as these form a great deduction from the value of a work, which would otherwise have been an instructive and entertaining performance.—A tinted view of Bagdad, and another of Antioch are given.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Euston; a Novel. 2 vols. 12mo. 9*s*. Boards. 1809.

THE commencement of this novel is singular, and not prepossessing. The hero is first introduced to our notice as exulting in the execution of the late unfortunate king of France; but he appears, in the course of the narrative, to make a tacit abjuration of this and various other errours; and though his history is too desultory to preserve much semblance of probability, it seems to have been written by a man of strong sense, of some feeling, and a scholar. The work perhaps contains more argument than will be amusing to those readers who are impatient of every interruption of the story; and the tale itself neither possesses much interest nor conveys any impressive moral; but the language has the merit of being nervous and polished in an unusual degree. When it is impassioned, it is not inflammatory; and where it is disquisitorial, it escapes being dull.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

Destruction of an enormous Serpent in the Isle of Rhodes, by the Chevalier De Gozon.

SIR,

I HAVE sent you an account (extracted from a very old French work) of the destruction of an enormous serpent, or crocodile, in the Isle of Rhodes, about the year 1330, by D. D. Gozon, one of the knights of the celebrated order of St. John of Jerusalem; and if you think it will in any way conduce to the instruction or amusement of the numerous readers of the Universal Magazine, you are welcome to make use of it in any shape you may think proper.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. G. BRISTOLIENSIS.

Bristol, Nov. 14, 1808.

A charitable spirit and prudential views caused Plelion de Villeneuve, grand master of Malta, to forbid all the knights, under pain of being deprived of their habit, attacking a serpent or crocodile (a kind of amphibious animal) which lived in the marshes and near great rivers. This crocodile was of an enormous size, caused much disorder in the island, and had even devoured some of the inhabitants.

The retreat of this furious animal was in a cavern, situated near a morass at the foot of Mount St. Etienne, two miles from Rhodes. It often came out to seek its prey, and devoured sheep, cows, and sometimes horses, and even shepherds who watched over their flocks. Many of the bravest knights had separately set out to endeavour to kill it; but they had never returned. As the use of fire-arms was not then invented, and as the skin of this kind of monster was covered with scales, proof against arrows and the sharpest darts, it may be said that their arms were not equal, and the serpent could thus in an instant destroy them. This was the motive that induced the grand master to forbid the knights attempting any further an enterprise which appeared to be above human powers.

They all obeyed, except a single knight of the language of Provence, named Dieu Donné de Gozon, who, notwithstanding this prohibition and without being deterred at the fate of his brethren, secretly formed the design of fighting this carnivorous beast, resolved to perish, or to deliver the Isle of Rhodes from it. Some attributed this resolution to the determined courage of the knight, whilst others pretend he was incited to it by the raillery with which they treated his courage at Rhodes, saying that he several times departed from the city for the purpose of fighting the serpent, but that he was content to look at it at a distance, and that in this enterprise he had shown more prudence than valour.

Whatever might have been the motives which determined the knight to attempt this adventure, he did not delay to put it into execution, and for this purpose went into France and retired to the Château de Gozon, which remains till this day in the province of Languedoc. Having learned that the serpent he was about to attack had no scales on its belly, upon that information he formed the plan of his enterprise.

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From the idea which he had preserved of this enormous beast, he had made a wooden or pasteboard figure of it, and he especially endeavoured to imitate its cries. He then trained two young mastiffs to run to his cries, and to attach themselves immediately to the belly of this frightful beast, while he mounted on horseback, his lance in his hand and covered with his arms, feigned to give it blows in several places. The knight employed himself for many months every day in this exercise, and he no sooner saw his mastiffs sufficiently trained to this kind of combat than he returned to Rhodes. He was scarcely arrived in the island ere (without communicating his design to any one) he had his arms secretly carried near a church situated at the top of the mountain of St. Etienne, and shortly after repaired there himself, accompanied only by two servants which he had brought with him from France. He entered the church, and after having recommended himself to God, put on his armour, mounted his horse, and ordered his two servants (if he perished in this combat) to return to France; but to come near him if they perceived he had killed the serpent, or that he had been wounded by it. He descended from the mountain with his two dogs, and marched straight towards the marsh and haunt of the serpent, who, at the noise he made, ran with open mouth and sparkling eyes to devour him. Gozon struck the serpent with his lance, which the thickness and hardness of the scales rendered useless.

He prepared to redouble his blows, but his horse, frightened with the hisses and the odour of the serpent, refuses to advance, draws back, and throws himself on his side; and he would have been the cause of the loss of his master, if Gozon, with great presence of mind, had not jumped off his back. Then taking his sword in his hand, and accompanied by his two faithful mastiffs, he again advances towards this horrible beast, and gives him many blows in different places, but the hardness of the scales prevented him from penetrating them. The furious animal with a blow of his tail knocked him down, and would infallibly have devoured him, if his two dogs had not attached themselves to the belly of the serpent, which they lacerated in a most dreadful manner; and the serpent, in spite of all its efforts, could not induce them to let go their hold. The knight favoured by this help rises, rejoins his two mastiffs, buries his sword up to the very hilt in a place that was not defended by the scales. He then made a large wound from whence issued streams of blood. The monster, being mortally wounded, falls upon the knight, which knocks him down a second time; and the enormous weight of his body would have stifled him, if his two servants, spectators of the combat, seeing the serpent dead, had not run to the assistance of their master. They at first thought he had been dead, but found he had only swooned away. After having taken him, though with much difficulty, from beneath the serpent, they took off his helmet, and, after having for some time thrown water on his face, he at length opened his eyes. The first object and the most agreeable which could present itself to his view, was that of seeing his enemy dead, and of having succeeded in such a difficult enterprise, where so many of his brethren had fallen.

His victory and the death of the serpent were no sooner known in the city than a crowd of the inhabitants came out to meet him. The knights conducted him in triumph to the palace of the grand master; but in the midst of these acclamations the conqueror was surprised when Villeneuve, casting some indignant looks on him, asked him if he was ignorant of the prohibitions he had made

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of attacking this dangerous beast, and if he thought to violate them with impunity. This severe observer of discipline would not hear him, nor suffer himself to be turned by the prayers of the knights, but sent him immediately to prison. He then convoked a council, where he represented to them that the order could not dispense with rigorously punishing a disobedience, more prejudicial to discipline than even the life of many serpents would have been to the beasts and inhabitants of this canton. The council ordered him to be deprived of the habit of the order. Gozon had the grief of seeing himself stripped of it, and he passed but a short space of time between his victory and his punishment, which he found more rigorous than death itself. But the grand master, after he had satisfied himself with the chastisement he had inflicted for the maintenance of discipline, returned to his quondam character, naturally soft and full of goodness. He restored him his habit, and loaded him with favours. But they never equalled the sincere praises of a people who sovereignly disposes of glory, while princes, however powerful they may be, cannot dispose but of the honours and dignities of the state. They stuck the head of this serpent or crocodile upon one of the gates of the city, as a monument of the victory of Gozon.

Monsieur Tévenot, in the relation of his voyages, reports that it was in the Isle of Rhodes even in his time, or at least its effigy; that he had seen it there; that it was much thicker and larger than that of a horse; that the mouth extended from ear to ear; had large teeth and eyes; that the nostrils were round; and that the skin appeared to be of a grayish white, probably on account of the dust which by a length of years was attached to it.

By this occasion Gozon acquired great reputation, especially among the people of Rhodes, who looked on him as their deliverer.

An interesting Account of the Mode pursued by Fenelon, in educating the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV.

"THE Duke of Burgundy," says M. de St. Simon, "was, by nature, formidable, and in his earliest youth, gave cause for terrour. He was unfeeling and irritable, to the last excess, even against inanimate objects. He was furiously impetuous, and incapable of enduring the least opposition, even of time and the elements, without bursting forth into such intemperate rage, that it was sometimes to be feared the very veins in his body would burst. *This excess, I have frequently witnessed.* His obstinacy was beyond all bounds; he was passionately addicted to every kind of pleasure; to the luxuries of the table; to the chace with extraordinary avidity; musick he delighted in with a sort of ecstacy; he was also fond of play, but he could not endure to be conquered; and they who played with him ran much risk. In short, he was the prey of every passion and the slave of every pleasure; he was often ferocious and naturally inclined to cruelty. In his raillery he was unfeeling, employing the force of ridicule with a precision which completely overwhelmed the object; inordinately proud, he looked upon men only as atoms with whom he had no sort of similarity whatever. Even the princes, his brothers, scarcely seemed, in his estimation, to form an intermediate link between himself and the rest of mankind, though it had always been studiously endeavoured to educate all three of them with perfect equality. But

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the brilliancy of his mind and his penetration were at all times evident, and even in his moments of greatest violence. His replies created astonishment in all who heard them. His observations were never without justness, even in his most fierce anger; the most abstract branches of knowledge cost him little trouble to acquire; the extent and vigour of his mind were prodigious, and prevented him from steady and individual application."

Such was the prince who was confided to Fenelon. There was every thing to be feared from such a character, and every thing to be hoped from a soul possessing such energy. Let us hear, once more, St. Simon.

"So much mind, and such power of mind, joined to such sensibility, and to such passions; every quality, in fact, partaking of such ardour, must, necessarily, have rendered his education no easy process. The duke de Beauvilliers, who was fully aware of its difficulties and its consequences, surpassed even himself in his application, his patience, and the variety of his remedies. Fenelon, Fleury, and the other persons connected with his education, were all brought into action; and they all, with one accord, acted under the instructions of the duke, whose plan, were it minutely detailed, would furnish a curious and interesting work. The prodigy was, that, in a very short time, grace and devotion transformed him into quite another man, and changed such fearful vices into perfectly opposite virtues. From that abyss issued a prince, who was affable, mild, humane, moderate, patient, modest, humble, and austere towards himself; wholly occupied with his future obligations in life, which he felt to be great; and thinking only of uniting the duties of the son and the subject with those which he saw himself destined afterwards to fulfil."

But what incessant vigilance, what art, what industry, what skill, what variety in the means adopted, and what delicacy of observation must have concurred to produce such an extraordinary alteration in the character of a child, of a prince, and of an heir to a throne! Nay, had not his tutors been the most virtuous of men; if their pupil, possessed as he was of such intellectual perspicacity, had discovered in them the smallest appearance of weakness or tergiversation, all their skill, all their care, and all their assiduity, would have been ineffectual. They were, in fact, less indebted for their success to their genius and their talents, than to their virtues and their dispositions.

Fenelon soon perceived that that part of education which generally excited the greatest zeal in teachers, and the most self-love in parents, was what would give him the least trouble. He foresaw that his pupil, possessing from nature such rare gifts of mind, would make a rapid progress in every branch of knowledge; but the most difficult task would be to subdue that fiery soul which he possessed; to preserve all its noble and generous qualities, and to extirpate all its undue passions: to form, in fact, a new moral being; to form a prince, such as the genius of Fenelon had conceived, for the welfare of human nature. He wished, indeed, to realize upon the throne an ideal beauty of virtue, as the artists of antiquity endeavoured to impress upon their works that ideal beauty, which gave to the human form a celestial appearance.

The child that was confided to the care of Fenelon was destined to reign; and Fenelon saw, in that child the whole of France awaiting its happiness or misery, from the success or failure of his endeavours. To obtain this success, he prescribed to himself no precise rule of action; he watched each moment, the dispositions of the young prince, and followed with a calm and patient attention, all the variations of his

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intemperate nature, and always extracted the lesson from the fault itself.

Such an education consisted rather in action than in instruction. The pupil never could anticipate what was to be his lesson, because he could not anticipate what faults he might commit; and thus advice and censure became the necessary result of his own excesses.

They who wish to know the method which Fenelon adopted in educating his pupil, may read his Fables and Dialogues, which he wrote for him. Each of these fables, each of these dialogues, was composed at the very moment when the preceptor judged it necessary to remind his pupil of some fault which he had committed, and to inculcate, at the same time, the necessity and the means of amendment.

These fables and dialogues have been printed, but without any attention to a consecutive series. Such an attention, indeed, was not necessary. Fenelon composed them without order; and yet it would be easy to ascertain their chronology (so to speak) by comparing them with the gradual progress which age and instruction must have produced in the education of the duke of Burgundy. It is immediately discernible that these fables and dialogues relate only to a prince, and to a prince destined to ascend the throne. Every thing in them is made to connect itself with this almost exclusive object. The precision, the simplicity, and the perspicuity of some of these fables (which were probably the first that were written) evince that they were addressed to a child whose mind should not be overburthened, and to whom such things only should be presented as could easily be apprehended. Others possess a more elevated character; and they contain allusions to history and mythology, according as the young prince became better able to comprehend and apply them.

The fables which Fenelon wrote for the duke of Burgundy had, almost always, an allusion to some circumstance that had previously happened, and the impression of which, being yet fresh upon his mind, he could not mistake the application.—They formed a mirror in which he could not help beholding himself, and in which he sometimes appeared, in a manner little gratifying to his self-love. But, then, the tenderest wishes, the mildest hopes, were added to these humiliating pictures, lest the child should naturally imbibe an aversion to a species of instruction which merely recalled to him painful recollections, or which contained severe reproaches. It was thus, with such delicate propriety, and with such imperceptible advances, that Fenelon gradually rendered his pupil susceptible of the first dictates of reason and of the first lessons of virtue.

But it was not in the power of Fenelon to subdue, all at once, so imperious a character. It too often resisted the paternal hand which sought to restrain its impetuosity.

When the young prince broke forth into those violent excesses of passion, which were so habitual to him, the governour, the preceptor, the sub-preceptor, the gentlemen in waiting, and all the servants in the house, concerted together to preserve towards him the most profound silence. They avoided answering any of his questions; they waited upon him with averted looks; or, if they directed their eyes towards him, it was with an expression of fear, as if they dreaded to be in the company of a being who had degraded himself by bursts of rage which were incompatible with reason. They appeared to attend to him only from that kind of humiliating compassion which is shown towards persons who are insane. They merely performed those offices about him which seemed to be simply necessary for the preservation of his miserable exist-

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ence. They took from him all his books and all his means of instruction, as if they would be henceforth useless to him, being reduced to such a deplorable state. They then left him to himself, to his own reflection, to his own regret, and to his own remorse. Struck with such an entire desertion, and the distressing solitude to which he was consigned, the penitent prince, convinced of his fault, was eager to fly, once more, to the indulgence and goodness of his preceptor. He threw himself at his feet, confessed his errours, and declared his firm resolution of avoiding them in future; and he watered with his tears the hands of Fenelon, who pressed him to his bosom with the tender affection of a father, compassionate, and always open to the repenting child.

In those violent contests between an impetuous disposition and a premature reason, the young prince seemed distrustful of himself, and he summoned honour in aid to his promises. The originals of two contracts of honour which he placed in the hands of Fenelon, are yet extant. They are as follow:—

"I promise, on the faith of a prince, to M. the abbé de Fenelon, to do immediately whatever he shall order me; and to obey him the moment he forbids me to do any thing. If I fail in this, I will consent to any kind of punishment and dishonour. Done at Versailles, the 29th of November, 1689.

(Signed) LOUIS,

who promises again, to keep his word better. This 20th of September, I entreat M. de Fenelon to take care of it."

The prince, who subscribed to these engagements of honour, was only eight years old, and he already felt the force of those magick words, *the faith of a prince*, &c.

Fenelon himself was not always secure from the exacerbations of his pupil. We have an account of the manner in which he conducted himself on a very delicate occasion.* The effect which he deduced from it was a lesson to the duke of Burgundy, which no time could efface from his heart and mind. The conduct of Fenelon in this affair may serve as a model to all those who have to exercise the same functions towards the children of princes, and noblemen.

Fenelon saw himself compelled to speak to his pupil with an authority, and even a severity, which the nature of his offence required; but the young prince replied: "No, no, sir: I know who you are, and who I am." Fenelon answered not a word; he felt that the moment was not arrived, and that in the present disposition of his pupil, he would be unfit to listen to him. He appeared, therefore, to meditate in silence, and contented himself with showing how deeply he was hurt, by the seriousness and solemnity of his deportment.

On the following morning, the duke of Burgundy was hardly awake when Fenelon entered his room. He would not wait until the usual hour of meeting, in order that every thing he had to say to him might appear more marked, and strike, more powerfully, the imagination of the young prince. Fenelon addressed him with a cold and respectful seriousness, very different from his usual manner.

"I know not, sir," said he to him, "whether you recollect what you said to me yesterday, that you knew who you were and who I am. It is my duty to inform you, that you are ignorant of both one and the other. You fancy, sir, I suppose, that you are greater than I am; some servants, no doubt, have told you so; but I, I do not fear to tell you, since you force me to it, that I am greater than you are. You will easily understand that I do not mean to speak of supe-

* See Life of the Dauphin, father of Louis XV, by the abbé Proyart.

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riority of birth. You would regard that man as mad, who should aspire to any merit, because the rains of heaven had fertilized his field, and had not watered his neighbour's. But, you yourself would not be much wiser if you sought to derive any importance from your birth, which can add nothing to your personal merit. You cannot doubt that I am far above you in knowledge and in mind. You know nothing but what I have taught you; and what I *have* taught you is nothing compared to what I *could* have taught you. As to authority, you have none over me, but, on the contrary, I have an unbounded authority over you. This, you have often been told by the king, and the prince, your father. You think, perhaps, that I account myself happy, in being appointed to educate you; but undeceive yourself, sir; I undertake the office, only in obedience to the king's commands, and to please your father; not for the laborious advantage of being your preceptor; and, in order to convince you of this, I am now come to conduct you to his majesty, and to beg of him to appoint you another tutor, whose endeavours, I hope, will be more successful than mine have been."

The duke of Burgundy, whom, a whole night, passed in painful reflections and self-reproach, added to the cold and formal deportment of Fenelon, had overwhelmed with grief, was astonished at this declaration. He loved Fenelon with all the tenderness of a son; and, besides, his own self-love, and a delicate deference towards publick opinion, made him immediately anticipate what would be thought of him, if a preceptor, of Fenelon's merit, should be forced to renounce his education. He burst into tears, while his sighs, his shame scarcely permitted him to utter these words: "Oh! sir; I am sincerely sorry for what passed yesterday; if you speak to the king I shall lose his friendship; . . . . if you desert me what will be thought of me? I promise, ... I promise you, that you shall be content with me; . . . . but promise me . . . ."

Fenelon would promise nothing. He left him the whole day in a state of anxiety and uncertainty. It was not until he was well convinced of the sincerity of his repentance, that he appeared to yield to fresh supplications and to the entreaties of madame de Maintenon, whom he had persuaded to interfere in the business, in order to confer upon it more effect and solemnity. It was thus, by continual observation, patience and care, that Fenelon was gradually enabled to subdue the violent dispositions of his pupil, and to calm his intemperate passions. To this important object both he, and M. de Bauvilliers, directed all their efforts, and they were amply rewarded by their success.

The literary education of the duke of Burgundy caused but little trouble. The precocity of his intellect, and the brilliancy of his imagination, gave him an aptitude for acquiring whatever it was wished he should acquire. In looking over the papers which have passed into my hands, I could not behold, without emotion, all the different fragments in the hand writing of Fenelon, and of the duke of Burgundy, and which formed the first endeavours towards his literary instruction.

At that time there were few elementary books of education, if we except some that had been produced by the Messieurs de Port-Royal, and Fenelon did not consider it as derogatory to his genius or to his situation, as preceptor, to draw up, with his own hands, such introductory works as were necessary. He even compiled a sort of dictionary of the Latin language, which exhibited the definitions of each word, and the degree of affinity which they had to the French word that was to be translated. And this dictionary he composed under the eyes of his

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pupil, and during the time of the lesson. This mutual labour served to excite the attention. Sometimes, Fenelon pretended to seek for a word which he knew was not yet effaced from the memory of the pupil, and the pupil triumphed in the idea of being able to suggest, to his master, a more accurate or more felicitous expression.

Fenelon, however, never forgot that this pupil was the heir to a throne. Hence, he always contrived to take his themes and versions from mythology, which he considered as a pleasing embellishment of the mind, or from some events of modern or ancient history, which he judiciously turned to his moral instruction. He particularly endeavoured to mingle with them the most remarkable facts of sacred history. He thus fixed deeply in the heart of the young prince, those important truths of religion, which can, alone, repress the pride of kings, and interpose a check upon the abuse of absolute power; and thus, while he appeared to be instructing him in merely human science, he familiarized him, in fact, with that knowledge which is intimately combined with religion and publick morals.

After having given to his pupil, models of composition, he excited him to elicit subjects of the same kind from his own imagination, and to discuss them, with such materials only, as could be within his power from the natural progress of years and instruction. Many of these attempts are yet extant, and they display more connexion of ideas, than would be supposed to belong to a child of his age. Some of them are fables, and others themes and versions.

It must not be supposed, however, that the vanity of self-love induced the preceptors of the duke of Burgundy to exact from him performances which were beyond his age and power to produce; nor did they wish to make his education remarkable for a premature degree of success which would exalt their own skill and labour. Fenelon himself relates (after the death of the young prince*) "that he was always careful to make him relinquish his studies whenever he showed any inclination for discourse, or when he could acquire useful knowledge, and this often happened. There was still time enough for study, for he was naturally inclined to it; but his preceptor had also to give him a taste for rational conversation that he might become sociable; and to accustom him to contemplate and to know mankind as they appeared in society. In these conversations his mind continued to make a perceptible progress upon questions of literature and politicks, and even of metaphysicks. All the evidences of religion were also made to form a part, by a natural and easy transition. His character was meliorated by these conversations; he became tranquil, affable, gay, and interesting. Every one was delighted with him. He had no haughtiness, and he was more entertained than with his own childish amusements, for, during them, he was often angry without a cause."

It was during the pleasing familiarity of these conversations, that he used sometimes to say: "I have left the duke of Burgundy behind the door, and now I am only little Louis with you." These were remarkable words in the mouth of a child only nine years of age; they showed how sensible he was of the rank to which he was born, even at the very moment when he wished it to be forgotten.

"He has frequently said to us," adds Fenelon, "that he should never forget the delight which he felt in

* Letters to Père Martineau, by Fenelon, 1710.

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being permitted to study without constraint. He has often desired to be read to during his meals, such was his fondness for whatever he needed to learn. I never knew a child who understood with such celerity, and with so much propriety, the most refined parts of poetry and eloquence. He conceived, without any difficulty, the most abstract principles. Whenever he saw me doing any thing for him, he always began to do the same, and continued at it without being bidden so to do."

This young prince entered, with such enthusiasm, into the situations and feelings of those persons with whom he became acquainted in the course of his reading, that Fenelon delighted to recall, after the death of his pupil, the first emotions that had agitated his youthful bosom. "I have seen," says he, in his letter to the French Academy, "I have seen a young prince of eight years old, filled with terrour, as he contemplated the danger of Joas; I have seen him angry because the high priests concealed from him his name and his birth; I have seen him weep bitterly as he heard these lines:—

Ah! miseram Eurydicen anima fugiente vocabat,
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.

When we consider the premature intellectual powers of the duke of Burgundy, we shall not be surprised to learn, that in his tenth year he was able to write, elegantly, in Latin, to translate the most difficult authors with a precision and with a felicity of style, which astonished every one; that he could explain Horace, Virgil, and the Metamorphoses of Ovid; and feel all the beauties of Cicero's Orations. At eleven years, he had read the whole of Livy; he had translated the Commentaries of Cesar, and begun a translation of Tacitus, which he afterwards finished, but which was subsequently lost.

Suggestion on Shakspeare's Character of Sir Hugh Evans.

IF we were seeking a character which, to general benevolence and desire of doing good, united those oddities of diction and manners, which mark, without degrading such a man, we could no where find it better portrayed than in the sir Hugh Evans of Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Intent on restoring peace, so far as his power extends, he appears in the very first scene in which we become acquainted with him, to undertake the troublesome office of a mediator, and arbitrator, between Falstaff, who had transgressed the laws, and Mr. Justice Shallow who had been offended by the insult, no less than by the injury. Now this interference in Shakspeare's time, implied a weight and influence of character, beyond what modern days can readily discern. For, in fact, as a magistrate, though in a remote county, Shallow had sundry advantages over Falstaff: and the power to induce him to admit of a *private* reference, is honourable to the *cloth;* and what only a clergyman could be supposed to possess. "If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, *I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.*" This is a sentiment truly honourable to a churchman. It may be recommended to general adoption, and it marks the disposition of the person by whom it is uttered. There is a delicacy also, in sir Hugh's desire to avoid "the councils hearing of a riot; the council shall desire to hear of the fear of Got."

The very simplicity of sir Hugh's

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benevolence, however, betrays him into a proposal of marriage between master Slender and Ann Page. This is no instance of the parson's wisdom, or of his knowledge of the world, or of mankind. Like master Slender, "his *meaning* is good," but a practised worldling would not have stood forward in the business. A practised worldling too, would, perhaps, have laid a much smaller stress on the disposition of Slender toward the damsel; and the poet has contrived to *balance* the sentiments of sir Hugh with wonderful nicety on this point. In his first discourse with Shallow he seems to attribute great if not undue importance to wealth: "Her grandsire left her seven hundred pounds and her father is make her a petter penny;" but he is, nevertheless, anxious to learn from Slender himself whether "he can affection the 'oman; or carry his good will to the maid;" and he insists on a "possitable" answer. That Slender evades this possitableness, is no fault of sir Hugh, who insists on knowing the true state of his affections, before he proceeds further in the affair.

In the scene of the expected duel, sir Hugh mingles great reluctance with great resolution. He is punctual to his appointment, but is unable to restrain his melancholy; he is full of "cholers," which urge him on, but of "trempling of mind," which repels his animosity. He admits that he should be "glad to be deceived," one moment; the next his anger rises and he will "knog his foe's urinals about his knave's costard." Unable to restrain his feelings, yet unable to express them, he sings to amuse himself; but he sings without order, or connexion, and we find an exercise of memory, rendered easy by habit and familiarity, not an effort of mind, intent on sentiments, poesy, or melody. He has "great dispositions to cry"—but at the supposed approach of his antagonist his courage exclaims: "Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?" He falls into a passion at the very mention of Dr. Caius's name, and his valour struggles against the benevolence of his mind, which intends evil to no one, and the habits of his profession, which extends kindness to every one. After this highly entertaining and prolonged equilibrium, what does the poet do with this character? He attaches him intimately to his adversary Dr. Caius, throughout the rest of the drama, and they conjointly take their revenge on the Host of the Garter, who had amused himself at their expense. Sir Hugh has good sense enough to perceive that he has been made a "vlouting stock:" his passion subsides; and the proposal of amity with his quondam enemy comes from him.

That a person so far from thinking evil of any, should reprove Ford for being jealous of his wife without cause; should advise him to "pray, and not to follow the imaginations of his own heart," is but natural: indeed, so far is the simple minded sir Hugh from suspicion, that he takes Falstaff's "peard" in proof of his being a witch, and though he observes this unequivocal mark of sex distinctly, yet he rests satisfied with the superficial ideas which occur to his mind, nor attributes to them the smallest importance in a case wherein they are properly entitled to the greatest. He "likes not when a 'omans has a great peard;" but he never adverts to the supposition that this "peard" might belong to a man, which man was the very object of the present search.

Sir Hugh contributes his share to the mortifications thrown upon Falstaff; advises him to "serve Got, and leave his desires, that fairies may not piuse him"—and reproves him for being "given to fornications and to taverns, and sacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles." He utters his sentiments

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with vehemence, but they never discredit his heart, or his profession. We must, however, consider this character as the poet drew it; for an uncleanly equivoque, in which he appears to transgress, is *not in the original*, the first folio; and ought not to be admitted. We must also, abstract from the character of sir Hugh the whole of the fairy scene. This was given to him, *as an actor*, whom it was convenient to spare for the purpose; but to suppose that it was originally intended as a part of sir Hugh's *character*, is absurd; and no less absurd, than to suppose that dame Quickly could be qualified for delivering a poetical address in correct language, on the subject of fairy pastimes and manners. The paucity of capable actors in Shakspeare's company, must bear the blame of this anomaly.

Now, if we inquire what are the drawbacks on the character of sir Hugh, we find little beyond a slight degree of pedantry, which we know not how to blame, and a redundance of words, which may very easily be pardoned. The rapidity of his ideas leads him to employ many synonyms to express the same thing; and if the smaller incidents, and the phraseologies, which mark his character approach towards ridicule, yet they never are ridiculous. It is perfectly correct, that, as a churchman, he should not be "absent at the grace" before dinner: and as a Welshman that he should attend to the close of the repast, as there were "pyppins and cheese to come." As to his examination of his scholar in Latin, the scene appears to have been written to please the "groundlings," and puts the patience of the reader to the test as well as that of the parson. Yet here his benevolence triumphs; and we discover neither dogmatism nor despotism in the simple sir Hugh.

National characters are so rare in our immortal bard, that we are led to pay uncommon attention to those which he has drawn. There is, also, a source of interest additional, when we recollect, that queen Elizabeth was of the Tudor family, and certainly had Welch blood in her veins. To have drawn Iago as a Welchman, would have been offensive; to have laid the scene of Measure for Measure in Wales, might have been hazardous. The character of King Lear, and that of Owen Glendower are historical; the bard might appeal to authority for his delineations of these: but in his effusions of fancy, he has happily seized those traits which afford amusement, yet incur no censure, and excite a smile, which is infinitely distant from the sneer of contempt, or the broad laughter of sarcasm.

If we compare the characters of Fluellen and sir Hugh Evans, we find them alike, yet different. They possess some features in common; while others are varied. The soldier is learned and pious; the churchman is resolute and valiant: the soldier is straight forward; brave even to heroism; the churchman is more considerate, and his sensations are mixed; both are pictures of benevolonce, simplicity, candour of mind; both are sudden, but easily appeased; they use a multiplicity of words, but their meaning is not obscure; they are free from vice, arising from the mind, or degrading manners; they are gentlemen though of different professions; and they may be loved and respected while, nevertheless, we cannot overlook their oddities, or be insensible to their whimsies.

If we consider these characters as indications of a historical fact, they might lead us to inquire, whether such was the general estimation of the ancient Britons in the days of our dramatist; did he draw these from observation, and nature? are they portraits, or from general report? Whatever might be the result of these inquiries, they could not prove otherwise than honourable to

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the nation which furnished them, as they certainly are instances of that nice discrimination in which Shakspeare has hitherto been, and probably will always continue, unrivalled.

The following anecdotes of the nunnery of St. Clara, at Salamanca, are from one of R. K. Porter's Letters from Portugal and Spain.

I WENT thither yesterday with a party of our officers, but could not obtain admittance beyond the outer hall. However, the sisterhood designed to open the great door which led out of the convent into this apartment, and which would otherwise have divided us from them; and presenting us with chairs, we seated ourselves in a semicircle before its threshold, and held a discourse much more conveniently than if we had been reduced to the Thisbe-like expedient of conversing through the chinks of a door. Most of these ladies were rather ancient; yet many wore the remains of past beauty, and filled one with sad reflection that such charms should have been doomed to bloom and fade, and die unseen, unappreciated, unbeloved; but these regrets were to ourselves: our gentle companions did not seem to partake of them. They were even gay, and prosecuted the conversation with a vivacity which showed they were pleased with our visit; nay, they even paid us compliments which few of the sex that had not forsworn their interest in such qualifications would have ventured to pronounce. They spoke highly of our nation; extolled its military men for the respect we had shown to them; and said how very handsome Englishmen were, how captivating their manners. Of course, we could not do less than bow to these frank expressions of approbation, and replying to them in kind. They next descanted on the probable approach of the French to Salamanca, and declared their wish to be enabled to fly to England before the completion of such a calamity.

The following is a *jeu d'esprit* of Dr. John Wallis, sometime Savilian professor of geometry in the university of Oxford, member of the royal society, and chaplain in ordinary to Charles II. It is thus related by himself.

A certain learned French gentleman proposed to me the underwritten four chosen French verses, composed on purpose; boasting from it wonderfully of the felicity of his French language, which expressed kindred senses by kindred words; complaining, in the mean while, of our English one, as very often expressing kindred senses by words conjoined by no relation:

Quand un cordier, cordant, veult corder corde;
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde;
Mais, si un des cordons de la corde décorde,
Le cordon déscordant fait déscorder la corde.

But, that I might show that this felicity of language was not wanting to our own, immediately, without making choice of fresh matter, I translated verbally the same four verses into the English tongue, retaining the same turn of words which he had observed in his, only substituting the word *twist*, purely English, for the exotick word *cord*, which he expected me to use:

When a twister, a twisting, will twist him a twist,

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For the twisting his twist, he three twines doth entwist;
But, if one of the twines of the twist does untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist,

And to them these four others:

Untwirling the twine that untwisted between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine:
Then, twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisted the twine he had twined in twain.

And these:

The twain that, in twining before in the twine,
As twins were entwisted, he now doth untwine:
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Some Account of Angora Wool, and the different species of the Animal which produces that valuable article.

THE denomination of Angora wool is given to a kind of wool or rather hair which the goats that pasture in the vicinity of Angora, a town of Natolia, produce. There are two species of Angora goats, namely the *kara-gueschy*, and the *tistik-gueschy*. The kara-gueschy, or black goat, is similar in appearance to the European goat, and is common in Syria, Natolia, and many other parts of the East. Its fleece is black, or, more properly speaking, dark brown.—The wool is long and straight, fine towards the extremity which is attached to the skin, but blacker and stiffer about the contrary end. The kara-gueschy is shorn annually, but its wool is not exported, being used for home consumption, in the manufacture of coarse clothing and sacking. Beneath the long wool just described, grows a fine, short fleece, each fibre of which is about an inch or an inch and a half in length, and this, which is of a yellowish gray colour, constitutes the most estimable produce of the animal. It is obtained by daubing over the skin with water saturated with lime. Ere the shearing has taken place, and in the course of a few minutes the coarse and the fine wool both fall off the skin, and are easily separated one from the other. The fine wool is exported mostly for France where it is employed in the manufacture of the best hats. The Syrian wool is not esteemed, but the wool of Angora, Erzerum, and the northern parts of Persia, enjoys good repute. Some authors are of opinion, and indeed we believe not without reason, that the noted Cachemere shawls are actually made from the fine wool of the animal in question.

The tistik-gueschy or woolled goat, differs widely in appearance from the European goat, and indeed presents such variety even in the same province, that many have been led to divide tistik-gueschys of the same race into different species. The tistik-gueschy, which Buffon denominates "*the Angora goat*," is much lower and less strong than the kara-gueschy. Its fleece is of a dazzling white. The fibres which compose it are long, slender, silky, and naturally curly. The fineness of the fleece is extreme, and the fibres as slender and pliable as the wool of the Spanish merinos, whilst those of the kara-gueschy are nearly as wiry as horse-hair. These long and curly fibres constitute the entire fleece of the tistik-gueschy, being totally unmixed with any shorter or finer kind of wool, and just as slender at one extremity as the other. The tistik-gueschy is only to be met with in the environs of Angora;

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whose soil is so particularly adapted for preserving the original character of the animal, that it is scarcely removed to any other part of the East before its wool becomes coarse and of little value. The territory of Angora is mountainous, and its heights, which, during two months of the year, are covered with snow, abound in springs of pure and wholesome water, whence flow innumerable rivulets that fertilize the soil and cover it with fat pastures. So soon as the severe weather is over the tistik-gueschy is turned out to pasture and passes the whole of the fine weather on the mountains, not even being housed at nights, till the approach of winter obliges the herdsmen to drive the animal home each evening to prevent its perishing from the severity of the cold. The she-goats feed in flocks of from 200 to 300, and are mingled with the bucks. The latter are bigger and stronger than the females, and their fleece, like those of the former, are white and curled, but rather coarser. The flesh of the tistik-gueschy is better than that of the common goat; but it is seldom killed ere it has attained the age of five years, when its wool begins to grow sapless and coarse. The tistik-gueschys are shorn annually. After being washed on the animal's back in running water, the fleece is cut off with long shears of steel. The fleece of a she-goat weighs about generally from 45 to 54lb. Of the wool of the tistik-gueschy the most valuable muffs for ladies wear have long been manufactured, but at the present day muffs of this description are not so much in vogue as they formerly were. Shawls are likewise made from this wool, which are, if any thing, superiour to the Cachemere shawls. The beauty and fineness of the tistik-guechy's wool have induced some individuals to introduce the breed into France, and there are now a few of the animals at Rambouillet, but hitherto no sort of advantage has been derived from their fleeces, owing to the circumstances mentioned above. The price of the female tistik-gueschy, at Angora, varies from 10 to 12 dollars, and that of the male from 12 to 15. Those who should be inclined to purchase a flock of Angoras, for experimental purposes, ought to be careful to hire shepherds on the spot, who will accompany them to any part of Europe, and there tend them for an annual salary of about 1000 piastres. Some persons are of opinion, nor do we think they are mistaken, that if proper attention were paid to a flock of Angora goats in Europe, the breed might be preserved even in England. The same prejudices which exist at Angora have long existed in Spain, and even at this very period it is well known that the Spanish proprietors will not be persuaded but that the race of merinos degenerates in every other part of the world, except the particular places in which its celebrity originated. Actual experience has, however, taught the agriculturalists of England and France that the contrary is the case, and that the mountains of Andalusia and Leon are not the only parts of the globe where a flock of merino sheep may be successfully reared. The same observation may, in course of time, be applicable to the race of Angora goats.

PASQUALI, THE MUSICIAN.

PASQUALI, who is, we think, exhibited by Hogarth in the character of the *Enraged Musician*, resided in Greek street, Soho. He was, we believe, the son of a painter of very considerable merit, particu-

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larly in the execution of small, but animated, conversation pieces. This excellent artist died about the year 1700.

Pasquali the younger, who was one of the performers at the Opera house, was a man singular in his appearance and irritable in his temper. To this unfortunate propension his contemporaries were *charitably* in the almost constant habit of administering *food;* insomuch that it has been said, that a junto of them, who were fond of *tricks* and *mischief*, and who consequently, according to the fashion of those times, were called *humorists*, actually sent all those *vocal* and *instrumental* annoyances that appear in the print, who were characters well known at that period, and that *Hogarth* took advantage of the assemblage, and drew from nature a scene in which, as far as graphick delineation can convey aërial ideas, the most dissonant grating, abominable and harassing *sounds*, appear to be operating upon nerves of the most exquisite sensibility, in the moment when the efforts of study had expanded the springs of genius, and wound to the highest pitch of enthusiasm those mental exertions, which a breath will at any time repress, and the rustling of leaves, of silk, or any thing, dissipate; in fact, at the very moment when the musician *was composing*.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF CORPULENCE.

A FEW years ago, a man of about forty years of age, hired himself as a labourer, in one of the most considerable ale-breweries in the city of London. At this time he was a personable man; stout, active, and not fatter than a moderate sized man in high health should be. His chief occupation was to superintend the working of the new beer, and occasionally to sit up at night to watch the wort, an employment not requiring either activity or labour; of course, at these times, he had an opportunity of tasting the liquor, of which, it appears, he always availed himself. Besides this, he had constant access to the new beer. Thus leading a quiet, inactive life, he began to increase in bulk, and continued to enlarge, until, in a short time, he became of such an unwieldy size, as to be unable to move about, and was too big to pass up the brewhouse staircase. If by any accident he fell down, he was unable to get up again without help. The integuments of his face hung down to the shoulders and breast; the fat was not confined to any particular part, but diffused over the whole of his body, arms, legs, &c. making his appearance such, as to attract the attention of all who saw him. He left this service to go into the country, being a burthen to himself, and totally useless to his employers. About two years afterwards he called upon his old masters in a very different shape to that above described, being reduced in size nearly half, and weighing little more than ten stone. The account that he gave of himself was, that as soon as he had quitted the brewhouse he went into Bedfordshire, where having soon spent the money he had earned, and being unable to work, he was brought into such a state of poverty, as to be scarcely able to obtain the sustenance of life, often being a whole day without food; he drank very little, and that was generally water. By this mode of living he began to diminish in size, so as to be able to walk about with tolerable ease. He then engaged himself to a farmer, with whom he staid a considerable time, and, in the latter part of his service,

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was able to go through very hard labour, sometimes being in the field, ploughing and following various agricultural concerns, for a whole day, with no other food than a small pittance of bread and cheese. This was the history he gave of the means by which this extraordinary change was brought about. He added, his health had never been so good as it then was.

There is a remarkable contrast to this case, in the person of a French prisoner of war, who was extremely lean, though the following was his general consumption in one day:

Raw Cow's Udder...	4 *lb.*
Raw Beef.....	10 *lb.*
Candles	2 *lb.*
Total.....	16 *lb.*

Besides five bottles of porter.

PARACHUTES.

THE inventor of parachutes was John Baptist Dante, of Perugia, who used to make experiments on the art of flying by the side of lake Thrasimene, and who many times succeeded in sailing from a rock through the air to a considerable distance. After falling many times into the water, he attempted, on the marriage of count Bortolomeo Alviani, to exhibit his skill over land; and threw himself, in a feathered garb, and with spreading wings, off the pinnacle of the church. But alas! his parachute lost its balance; he fell on hard ground, and broke his thigh. It was some triumph of science not to die on the spot. Pity excited interest in his behalf. He was invited to Venice as professor of mathematicks, and died there at forty years of age.

EFFICACY OF A PUN.

A member of parliament having brought in a bill that required an amendment, which was denied him by the house, he frequently repeated "that he thirsted to mend his bill." At length another member arose and addressed the speaker, humbly moving "that as the honourable member who spoke last thirsted so very much, he might be allowed to mend his draught." This put the house into good humour, and his petition was granted.

POETRY.

NOSE VERSUS EYES; WITH THE MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL.

[*From the Christian Observer.*]

Most of our readers must be well acquainted with Cowper's "Report of an adjudged case, not to be found in any of the books." The following trifle will be seen to be a continuation, or rather imitation, of that humorous piece. As it may be convenient, for the purpose of comparison, to have the *jeu d'esprit* of Cowper at hand, we introduce it in the first place:

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose—
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong—
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the case

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With a great deal of skill, and wig full of learning.
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the case
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court,
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like the saddle.

Again—would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose—
Pray who could, or who would, wear spectacles then?

On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
What a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight, eyes should be shut.

NOSE REFUTED,
OR,
LIPS MOVING FOR A NEW TRIAL.

"*Audi alteram partem.*"

"In the cause at last sessions of Nose *versus* Eyes,
It will clearly appear, my lord, Eyes suffered wrong;
That mistakes from a pressure of business will rise,
Must be surely allowed by my learned friend Tongue.

"Eyes now are awakened to see their distress,
And the loss they'll lament, too, as long as they live,
Of the grace and the wisdom they used to possess,
And all the grave dignity spectacles give.

"My learned friend says they are made with a straddle:
But what does this prove? though the fact may be so;
Does the horse or the ass claim the right to the saddle,
Because it fits close to his back? surely no.

"Let your lordship imagine no eyes to a face
(For my learned friend's instance is here just inverted)
Are spectacles worn or put on in this case?
Not a nose in all Europe would dare to assert it.

"That my client, the Eyes, may give way to a nap
With the spectacles on, is past all contradiction
But you lordship must see, this occurs through mishap;
That they're wilfully closed, is my learned friend's fiction.

"Will your lordship but turn to 5th Edward the third—
An act which undoubtedly settles the question,
And which shows that new trials were granted and heard
Of less moment than this, and less weighty digestion.

"Before I conclude, I appeal to the court:
And your lordship will surely my argument grant—
That the action commenced through an envious retort;
For the Nose, as a nose, cannot spectacles want."

So his lordship cried hem! and then stroked down his face;
And when all the court re-considered it o'er,

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They wished well to the plaintiff, they
pitied his case,
But could grant no new trial the cause
to restore.

Yet, to make up all difference, his lord-
ship proposed—
That Eyes in this case no advantage
might lack—
" That a glass should be fixed, where
the buttons were closed,
By a riband suspended, blue, yellow, or
black.

" That this should be deemed the sole
right of the Eyes,
To them and their farthest descendants
for ever
With all the immunities thence to arise,
To quiz or to stare through, look
clumsy or clever.

The following letter and sonnet were written and addressed to Vasari, by Michel Angelo in the year 1557 when the author was 83 years of age. He had then been sometime distracted with the apprehension that either death or removal from employment would deprive him of the power of completing the magnificent edifice of St. Peter's church at Rome, to the building of which he had devoted himself with unabating zeal and assiduity for eleven years, notwithstanding the most embarrassing opposition from enemies and rivals. He persevered, however, till he had established his design beyond the possibility of change; and had the happiness of seeing, under his own superintendance, the edifice carried up to the springing of the dome.

" It is the will of God that I still continue to be; and I know that I shall be justly called foolish and out of my mind for making sonnets; but as many say, I am in my second childhood, I am willing to employ myself agreeably to my state. By yours I feel conscious of the love you bear me, therefore I wish you to know, that it is my filial desire to rest these my feeble bones by the side of those of my father, and I pray you to see that it be done.

" For me to leave this place would be the cause of ruin to the church of St. Peter's, which would be a great pity, and a greater sin; as I hope to establish it beyond the possibility of changing the design, I could wish first, to accomplish that end; if I do not already commit a crime by disappointing the many cormorants who are in daily expectation of getting rid of me.

MICHEL ANGELO BONARROTI."

SONNET.

Well-nigh the voyage now is overpast,
And my frail bark, through troubled seas
and rude,
Draws near that common haven where at
last
Of every action, be it evil or good,
Must due account be rendered. Well I
know
How vain will then appear that favoured
art,
Sole idol long, and monarch of my heart.
For all is vain that man desires below,
And now remorseful thoughts the past
upbraid,
And fear of twofold death my soul alarms,
That which must come, and that beyond
the grave;
Picture and sculpture lose their feeble
charms,
And to that love divine I turn for aid
Who from the cross extends his arms to
save.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

NEW INVENTED LOOM.

Christopher Heeren, organ-builder, at Gottesbühren, in Westphalia, has invented a loom, which performs all the operations of itself. Without the intervention of the weaver, it sets the treadles in motion, throws the shuttle, and stops it at the opposite side; loosens the web, when a certain portion is finished, and winds the cloth upon the axle. Every thing is kept in proper order; and the piece of stuff, when finished, is smoothed. An index, attached to the machine, shows at any time the number of ells that are woven. This machine has as yet only been exhibited on a small scale to connoisseurs, and has obtained the highest approbation.

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MACHINE FOR CUTTING PAPER.

M. Rockstroh, of Berlin, has invented a machine for cutting paper straight, with any kind of scissars, which is likely to be of use to men of business.

AIR BALLOON.

We have already noticed the experiments of M. Degen, of Vienna, to raise himself into the air. As his weight exceeded the power of the machinery with which he effected this, by thirty-four pounds, he conceived the idea of combining with it an air-balloon, imagining that, by means of the latter, he could be supported in the air, and at the same time have it sufficiently under his command. The experiments which he made with it, towards the conclusion of last year, in the Prater, before a numerous company, were completely successful. He flew at pleasure in all directions; raised and lowered himself; and the balloon followed him spontaneously whichever way he turned. The diameter of the latter was nineteen feet five inches. After deducting the weight of Degen and his flying-machine, the balloon possessed a power equal to thirty-two pounds.

PARABOLICK LENS.

A remarkably large, parabolick lens was recently purchased at Vienna, for the French government. It was made at Gratz, in Styria, by Rospinè, a celebrated mechanist, for some alchymists. It was not cast, but softened by heat, and bent over a parabolick mould. Several pieces were broken before he succeeded; so that it cost, originally, from 800 to 1200 guineas. It is three feet three inches in diameter, and of eight feet four inches focus; composed of two pieces of glass united together by an iron hoop, so as to form a hollow vessel, capable of holding eighty or ninety quarts of spirit of wine. M. Jacquin, of Vienna, and several men of science, who witnessed the experiments, declare, that it burned a diamond in a few seconds, and fused platina in a few minutes. A button of platina, weighing twenty-nine grains, was melted by it, and made in part to boil. The diameter of the focus does not appear to exceed four lines. It weighs 550 lbs. avoirdupoise.

HYDROSTATICK BALANCE.

A very simple contrivance has been invented by M. Fabroni, for transforming any good common balance into a hydrostatick balance. It is a moveable column, which, being placed in a vessel proper for the purpose, beneath any balance whatever, provided it be exact, renders it capable of giving specifick gravities, without the necessity of recuring to the extraordinary and expensive methods with which the machines now called hydrostatick balances are attended.

LIQUID TO EXTINGUISH FIRE.

M. Gonzatti has discovered a liquid which instantaneously extinguishes fire. The following experiments were publickly made with it at Venice. Some resin and oil were set fire to, and scarcely had a few drops of this liquid been poured on the flame, when it immediately disappeared, leaving behind not the least trace of fire. Billets of wood, besmeared with pitch and resin, and afterwards dipped in this liquid, resisted the action of the hottest fire, to which they were exposed for several hours. The inventor affirms, that a few applications of this composition to wood-work would preserve it from all danger of fire. He has not thought fit to publish the manner in which this composition is prepared; but it is probable that a solution of alum, pot-ash, and vitriol, is one of the ingredients.

MAGNETISM.

Mr. Leopold Vacca has discovered a method of communicating magnetism to a bar of iron, without a magnet. He takes a bar about three feet in length, which gives no sign of any magnetick virtue whilst lying in a horizontal position; but possesses the same in a very sensible degree when placed perpendicularly. These signs disappear again when it is laid down horizontally and appear again when it is lifted up vertically. A small bar of steel, it appears, rubbed several times in the same direction against the extremity of the other bar, when situated vertically, acquires magnetism; hence the discoverer concludes that magnetism may be communicated to a body without either a natural or artificial magnet.

A simple method for removing grease spots. Scrape finely some pipe clay, lay thereon

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the sheet or leaf, and cover the spot in like manner with the clay. Cover the whole with a sheet of paper; and apply for a few seconds a heated ironing box. On using India-rubber to remove the dust taken up by the grease, the paper will be found restored to its original degree of whiteness and opacity.

LEAD PENCIL DRAWINGS.

To preserve drawings made with a black lead pencil, a thin wash of isinglass may be used, or, hard black chalk to prevent their rubbing out; or the same effect may be produced by the simple application of skimmed milk. The best way of using this is to lay the drawing flat upon the surface of the milk, and then taking it up expeditiously, to hang it by one corner till it drains and dries The milk must be perfectly free from cream, otherwise it will grease the paper.

A new recipe for making permanent ink for marking linen, &c.—Take of lunar caustick (now called argentum nitratum) one dram; weak solution (or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, tincture) of galls two drams: the cloth is first to be wetted with the following liquid: viz. salt of tartar one ounce; water, one ounce and a half. It must be perfectly dry before any attempt is made to write upon it.

CURE OF HERNIA.

A very important discovery is said to have been made of the uses of the slimy juices of snails, by M. Tarenni, as a specifick for the cure of hernia, or rupture, when the part can be returned and it is not dangerous to confine it in the body. This being ascertained, he directs that a truss be made having the ball at the end concave, instead of convex, as usual, for the reception of a cup of equal diameter with the orifice of the hernia. The cup must be of china, glass, or earthen-ware, that the liquor may not penetrate it, or undergo any alteration; and the edges should be turned, that they may not incommode the patient. It is to be filled with wool, which must be changed every other day. Two, three, or four hundred snails are then to be procured, and kept in a place where they can procure food; from two to eight being only to be used every day. The patient, before he rises, and after he has been in bed, removes the cup from the truss, and pricks the snail in different places with a pin, from which incisions sometimes a bluish and sometimes a gray liquid issues, which must be caught on the wool in the cup, which, being filled, must be placed exactly in the same situation on the affected part; but, if a thick froth oozes out from the snail, that snail must be thrown aside, and another taken. After the cup is thus applied, it must be covered with a white linen cloth, and the ball of the truss applied on it sufficiently tight to prevent the fluid from escaping. If this treatment lasts several months, it may be necessary to shave the part, and not to leave it too long uncovered for fear of catching cold. If the cup rubs the skin, it must be removed till the place is healed. In this case the patient may remove the truss altogether at night, if it can be done without danger; and in the daytime he may wear it dry, filling the cavity with wool, and covering the hernia with a bit of cloth. This treatment cures a common hernia, or rupture, in two, three, or four months; though it may be necessary for the patient to wear the truss six weeks or two months more, till the wound is perfectly healed, in order that the muscles may resume their natural action.

PAINTS FROM HORSE-CHESNUTS.

M. Geitner has, by the aid of various substances, extracted from the green shells of horse-chesnuts very beautiful yellow and brown colours, and the latter in the greatest diversity of hues. They are found to stand both on woolens and silks, though the stuffs have been wetted and wrung out, and some of them even washed in caustick liquids.

BRASS VESSELS.

To preserve brass vessels from contracting verdigrise after they have been used, instead of wiping them dry, it has been found that by constantly immerging them in water they are kept perfectly innoxious, and will remain for years full as clean and nearly as bright, as when they first came out of the hands of the workman.

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SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR AUGUST, 1810.

[The following interesting biography of lord Nelson, is selected from the Quarterly Review. Two articles relating to this extraordinary man have already appeared in the Select Reviews, and it was not intended to make further selections from the materials which crowd the British journals on this subject. But the present publication is conveyed in a style so spirited and pure, and contains so many interesting particulars of the *greatest of naval heroes*, that we think an apology would have been due to our readers, if we had not permitted them to participate with us in the pleasure of its perusal.] *Ed. Select Reviews.*

Biographical Memoirs of Lord Viscount Nelson, &c. &c. &c.; with Observations, Critical and Explanatory. By John Charnock, Esq. F. S. A. Author of the Biographia Navalis, and the History of Marine Architecture, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 429. Appx. 39. London. 1806.

The Life of Lord Nelson. By Mr. Harrison. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 904. London. 1806.

The Life of Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronté, &c. By T. O. Churchill. Illustrated by engravings of its most striking and memorable incidents. Royal 4to. pp. 100. London. 1808.

The Life of Admiral Lord Nelson, K. B. from his Lordship's Manuscripts. By the Rev. Stanier Clarke, F. R. S Librarian to the Prince, and Chaplain to his Royal Highness's Household; and John M'Arthur, Esq. L. L. D. late Secretary to Admiral Lord Viscount Hood. 2 vols. Imperial 4to. pp. 556. London. 1809.

OF all literary tasks, that of the biographer might appear at first to be the easiest. He has but to relate his tale simply and faithfully, and if the subject of that tale be one in whose history the present age or the future can feel any rational interest, the matter will support the style. Philosophick biography, though requiring higher powers, is not, perhaps, of much greater utility than an unambitious narrative, which, when full and faithful, enables the thinking reader to extract its philosophy for himself. But seldom does such a specimen occur. For if the writer has not been familiarly conversant with him whose memory he undertakes to preserve, he will be deficient in knowledge, and the portrait will fail in those finer lines which give individual character. If, on the other hand, he has been nearly connected with the dead, he will hardly become an impartial historian. It is difficult for him not to extenuate some things, or to set down others in malice; at least, it is scarcely possible for him to escape the suspicion of having done so.

There is also another cause of imperfection in biography. The wri-

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ter may have sense enough to avoid that idle exaggeration which eventually injures the reputation it is intended to aggrandize; he may understand how his task ought to be performed, and be disposed to perform it with fidelity, and yet circumstances may exist which compel him to leave it imperfect, and therefore in some degree unfaithful. The feelings of the living must never be sacrificed to the celebrity of the dead; and before the time arrives when the whole truth might allowably be told, those persons from whom alone it could be collected, pass away with their generation. The life of Thomas Day, the author of Sandford and Merton, was written by one of his friends, and the most extraordinary and characteristick incidents of his life were totally suppressed. Chatterton was insane—better proof of this than the coroner's verdict is, that there was insanity in his family. His biographers were not informed of this important fact; and the editors of his collected works forbore to state it, because the collection was made for the benefit of his surviving relations, a sister and niece, in both of whom (both are now no more) the disease had manifested itself. In these cases the suppression was allowable and right; but not unfrequently the dead have been embalmed, when for the instruction of posterity they ought to have been dissected. It is not necessary, that the evil deeds of all men should be written in brass; but the effrontery of cloaking them over, not merely by indiscriminate eulogy, but by praising them for qualities the very opposite to those by which they were marked, is a species of falsehood as severely to be reprobated in literary history, as the crime of bearing false witness is in a court of law. There may be no occasion to gibbet such offenders; but it is intolerable that they should lie in state.

The time is not yet come when the life of our great Nelson can be fully and faithfully related; his private history cannot be laid open without greater injury to individual feelings than the publick has any right to inflict for the gratification of its curiosity; and of the political transactions in which he bore so great a part, the views which he entertained, and the projects which he formed, there are some which could not be exposed without great and manifest imprudence.

We have before us four lives of this admirable man, who, like our own Shakspeare, surpassing in his sphere of action all who have gone before him, remains himself, we fear, never to be surpassed, and probably never to be equalled. The first is by Mr. Charnock, author of a Biographia Navalis, and of a laborious and expensive History of Marine Architecture. Mr. Charnock had a passion for a naval life, and not being permitted to follow it, employed himself with great ardour upon naval history; but he was of two eager a temper to execute all the important works which he undertook. Born to fair prospects, and endowed with talents the most promising, and a disposition to employ them honourably and usefully for himself and for society, his life was embittered and shortened by undeserved misfortunes. Captain Locker, the late lieutenant governour of Greenwich hospital, suggested this undertaking even during the life of Nelson, and supplied him with a series of letters and with all the information which he possessed. Mr. Charnock had no other sources of private history; and for those publick actions "wherewith all Europe rings from side to side," he contented himself with copying the Gazettes and Naval Chronicles. Professing to be only a faithful collector and reporter of such authentick intelligence as lay widely scattered, he proposed, if no other person undertook a work upon a larger scale, to devote to it all the intervals which "an uncertain state of health

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and many private concerns might allow him." This, however, was his last performance, and from the manner in which it is executed, it seems to have been hastily compiled for the sake of obtaining some temporary relief in his embarrassments.

The second in order of time is by Mr. Harrison. This gentleman's former attempts in literature were of no very high order. In the present instance he asserts that he has been "honoured by the kindest communications from some whose near affinity to the immortal Nelson is evidently more than nominal; as well as from other dear and intimate friends, professional and private, who were united to his lordship by the closest ties of a tender reciprocal amity." It seems as if these friends of lord Nelson were in search of a writer who would undertake to justify the only culpable parts of his conduct, and found Harrison a person fit for their purpose.

Mr. Churchill's is the third. This is a publication of Mr. Bowyer's appearing, as he informs us, under his majesty's patronage. It is to be considered as a vehicle for prints. The best of them are not very good either in design or execution, and some are absolutely contemptible. The book contains one anecdote not to be found in either of the other accounts. Lord Nelson sat to Mr. Bowyer for his picture, while Miss Andrews modelled his head in wax on the other side, upon which he observed that he was not used to be *taken* in that manner starboard and larboard at the same time.

The last and greatest of these attempts was long announced as a national work. The nation expected, and was entitled to expect, that while cities vied with each other in consecrating statues in marble and brass to the memory of our Nelson, a literary monument would be erected which should record his deeds for the immortal glory of his own country and the admiration of the rest of the world. But when Mr. Stanier Clarke announced himself as the authorized biographer, the publick were equally grieved and astonished that such a task should be consigned to such hands. This gentleman undertook a History of the Progress of Maritime Discovery, which was to extend to seven ponderous quartos. The first made its appearance in 1803, and was so decidedly condemned that no second has followed it. Never was the severity of modern criticism more righteously administered. The author believed that a Roman catholick king had a Jew rabbi for his confessor; he believed that the works of Adam were in existence; he believed in Kissæus; he believed in Jacob Bryant; he believed in lieutenant Wilford; he believed in the Puranas, the books of the Buddhists, the Pharangh-Jchangari, and the Buddha-dharmacharya-sindhuh; he believed that Noah's ark was the best model for a ship, and to show his learning, he always called that ark the divine Thebath. Never had any work displayed such a mass of mock erudition crude as it had been swallowed down, such an accumulation of irrelevant and worthless matter, and such a deficiency of requisite knowledge. He published also a collection of accounts of shipwrecks, under the title of Naufragia, in the first volume of which he inserted a story as fabulous as Philip Quarle; and in the second, when the criticks had charged him with this absurdity, vindicated himself by asserting that he knew the story to be false, but had inserted it nevertheless, because the example which it held forth would be as useful as if it were true. What merits then, after such proofs of incapacity, had Mr. Stanier Clarke to plead, that the publick documents for the Life of Nelson should be delivered into his hands? The base system of favouritism has done injury to England, without extending itself to literature.

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Mr Stanier Clarke had not long issued his proposals before he discovered that Dr. M'Arthur had obtained possession of a different series of documents, and it was soon announced that a union of both collections had been arranged. Of Dr. M'Arthur the publick knew little or nothing; but as no co-operator could injure the performance of his colleague, it was reasonably to be supposed that any one would improve it. Accordingly the work contains nothing about Noah's ark, it does not even go back to the origin of the British navy; quotations are not dealt out in it by the yard, neither are there any fabulous stories introduced, though they might be as entertaining as if they were true. Still as a composition it is grievously defective; it is ill proportioned, confused, unsatisfactory in some of the most important parts, and so imperfect that a supplement is hinted at, though it is the bulkiest work of its kind that has been seen in modern times.

In general, criticks may be said to deal out their strictures by dry measure. This, however, is so ponderous a concern, that it may more fitly be estimated by avoirdupois weight. We have weighed it in the balance, and a score weight kicks the beam. This is calculating not merely upon an appetite in the publick, but upon an obsolute bulimia. Is it to be supposed that they can possibly digest one and twenty pounds of biography, even when Nelson is the subject?

> "O scrittor di tomi immensi
> Sai tu come il saggio pensi?
> Misurare un libro suole
> Dal valor, non dalla mole."
>
> PIGNOTTI.

This has been occasioned by an attempt at combining two incompatible objects. The editors had obtained an immense mass of documents, private and official. Either a Life of Nelson should have been compiled from them, or the documents themselves should have been arranged and printed, as materials for history, under the title of the Nelson Papers. They have professed to form a narrative, but the main part of the book consists of extracts from these papers, so that it is rather a work of reference than a biographical composition. Hence its enormous bulk. One volume was promised, two have been produced; and so ill had the extent of the materials been calculated, and their arrangement preconcerted, that the account of the funeral, and even the Will of Nelson are omitted. They are "unavoidably postponed," we are told; that is, there was no room left for them. Yet these things could not have amounted to an additional ounce, and when the commodity exceeds a score that might have been thrown in as a feather in the scale.

Something must be said of the manner in which this work is adorned. Mr. Stanier Clarke well understands this branch of art; his edition of Falconer's Shipwreck is more appropriately embellished than any book which has been produced in the present age of ornamental literature. Some of the prints are fine; the subjects are not, however, all well chosen. The great naval actions must of course be utterly uninteresting to any but seamen. For all useful purposes the plans which are annexed are better, and surely such prints have nothing but their utility to recommend them. No disrespect is intended towards the artist; we are fully convinced of his skill in subjects of this description. Our objection is not to the instance, but to the kind. Such representations affect us infinitely less than a narrative of the same events. Far from heightening the images which present themselves to the reader's imagination, they diminish and deaden them, and produce a *bathos visible* from the effect of

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which it requires an effort to recover. The only way in which such subjects can be so treated as to impress the beholder, is by taking just so much of the scene, as is within the scope of the picturesque, and in which human action and human passions may be exhibited. But when whole fleets are to be shown upon the seas, the scale to which they must be diminished, brings forcibly into contrast the greatness of nature and the littleness of our greatest works. No art can overcome this difficulty, and the proudest vessel that ever rode the wave, and thundered upon its foe, becomes as mean an object as the ship of an eight day clock, keeping time with its motions to the click of the pendulum.

Two prints might have been spared. That of stepping into the boat to board the American is one. The writers did well to record the circumstance, because it had been erroneously stated in other publications, so as most undeservedly to affect the reputation of another officer, and this errour they have with due feeling rectified. But there is nothing extraordinary in it. Yet this subject, trivial as it is, has been selected for the artist, both in this official life, and in Mr. Bowyer's publication. The other is the frontispiece. Its subject is the immortality of Nelson; for the design of which we refer to the work. p. 37. Profusely as Mr. Stanier Clarke has there strowed the flowers of his rhetorick, it is not all his style ornate which can conceal the absurdities of the composition. In the right hand corner of the piece is a dolphin's head, and over the dolphin is a hand belonging to we know not what, and over the hand is the head of a triton or sea devil; and over him is a horse's head, and over the horse are boys and girls, sons and daughters of the union, we are told "preparing the mournful sable," &c. &c. The famous situation of Dr. Burney with his harpsichord in the Thames, appears perfectly reasonable and convenient, when compared with this accumulation of incongruities. Why will painters thus wantonly abuse their prerogative? There will come a time, we trust, when such gross allegories will be deemed as repugnant to true taste, as the anthropomorphism of catholick church-picture, is to true religion. The invisible world is not within the artist's province.

We have thus previously stated all which it was requisite to observe upon the book, that dismissing all other thoughts, we might enter upon its subject with the feeling which it requires. The best eulogium of Nelson is the history of his actions; the best history that which shall relate them most perspicuously.

Horatio Nelson was born on Michaelmas day 1758, in the parsonage house of Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk. Edmund, his father, was rector of that parish, his mother was descended from the Walpole family. He was first sent to the High School at Norwich, then to North Walsham. During the Christmas holidays of the year 1770, he read in the newspaper that his mother's brother, captain Maurice Suckling, was appointed to the Raisonable of 64 guns. Young as he was, he knew that eight children were a heavier burthen than his father's income could well support, and had often expressed a wish to remove his part of the weight. It was the thought of providing for himself which now actuated him. "Do, brother William," said he, "write to my father, and tell him I should like to go to sea with uncle Maurice." Mr. Nelson, who was then at Bath, understood the generous nature of the boy's feelings, but did not oppose his resolution. Accordingly he wrote to his brother-in-law. Captain Suckling had promised to provide for one of the children in his own

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profession; but this was not the one which he would have chosen, because of the delicacy of his constitution. "What," said he, in his answer, "has poor Horace done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action, a cannon ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once." Yet Horace had already given such indications of a noble spirit, that had the uncle known them, he would have perceived the boy was choosing the course in which his heart and temper qualified him to run a glorious career.

In the spring of 1771, his father sent him to join the ship, then lying in the Medway. At the end of the journey he was put down with the other passengers, and left to find his way how he could. After wandering about in the cold, he was at last observed by an officer, who asked him a few questions, and happening to know his uncle, took him home and gave him some refreshments. When he got on board, captain Suckling had not joined, and he paced the deck the remainder of the day without being noticed by any one. The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil, when the living branch is cut from the parent tree, is one of the most poignant that we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart; but never do we feel so poignantly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life. Added to this, the sea-boy has to endure physical hardships, the privation of every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body and an affectionate heart, and he remembered through life his first days of wretchedness in the service.

The Raisonable did not remain long in commission. Our dispute with Spain respecting the Falkland Islands being adjusted, she was paid off, and captain Suckling was appointed to a guard ship in the Medway. This he considered as too inactive a life for his nephew, and therefore sent him in a merchant ship to the West Indies, under a Mr. Rathbone, who had formerly been master's mate with him in the Dreadnought. "I came back," says Nelson, "a practical seaman, with a horrour of the royal navy, and with a saying then constant with the seamen, *aft the most honour, forward the better man.*" So strongly was he possessed with this prejudice, that when on his return captain Suckling received him on board, it was many weeks before he was in the least reconciled to a man of war. His uncle, who perceived this, and who seems also to have rightly appreciated the boy's character, held out to him as his reward, that if he attended well to navigation, he should go in the cutter and decked long boat, which was attached to the commanding officer's ship; and thus he became a good pilot from Chatham to the Tower of London, down the Swin, and the North Foreland, and confident of himself among rocks and sands, which he said, afterwards, was of great comfort to him.

In the ensuing year, an expedition of discovery towards the north pole was sent out under captain Phipps, in consequence of an application from the Royal Society; and though, on account of the severity of the service, effective men were entered instead of the usual number of boys, Horatio used all his influence to go with captain Lutwidge in the Carcass as his cockswain. One night when the ice was all round them, the young cockswain, and a shipmate of his own standing, stole from the

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ship to hunt a bear. It was not long before they were missed. A thick fog had come on, and captain Lutwidge was exceedingly anxious for their safety. Between three and four in the morning the mist cleared off, and they were seen at a considerable distance, in pursuit of their game. —The signal was made for their return, but Nelson was too intent upon his object to obey it. A chasm in the ice luckily separated him from the beast; his musket flashed in the pan. "Never mind," said he, "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the but-end, and we shall have him." A gun from the ship terrified the animal, and Nelson was obliged to return disappointed, and expecting a reprimand. Captain Lutwidge reproved him somewhat sternly, and asked him what reason he could have for hunting a bear. "Sir," he replied, pouting his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated, "I wished to get the skin for my father."

The situation of the ships became so alarming, that captain Phipps thought it necessary to prepare the boats for going away. They were accordingly hoisted out and hauled over the ice; and Nelson had the command of a four oared cutter with twelve men. This was at his own solicitation, and he says he prided himself in fancying he could navigate her better than any other boat in the ship. Soon after his return, his uncle recommended him to captain Farmer of the Sea-Horse, 20 guns, then going out to India, in the squadron under sir Edward Hughes. He was stationed in the foretop at watch and watch. The master (now captain Surridge) soon perceived how desirous he was to make himself acquainted with the minutest part of a seaman's duty, and therefore particularly recommended him to the captain, who accordingly placed him on the quarter deck, and rated him as midshipman. The service which he went through had strengthened his constitution, his countenance at this time was florid, and he seemed rather stout and athletick; but in India he caught one of the malignant diseases of that climate so fatal to European habits; it totally deprived him for a time of the use of his limbs, and nearly brought him to the grave. In consequence of this, he returned to Europe with captain Pigot in the Dolphin [1776] in so perilous a state of weakness, that he attributed the preservation of his life to that officer's kind attentions. During this voyage, his mind was heavily depressed. He had formed acquaintance with the present sir Charles Pole, sir Thomas Troubridge, and other distinguished officers, then, like himself, beginning their career; he had left them pursuing it in full enjoyment of health and hope, and was now returning with a body broken down by sickness, and spirits that had sunk with his strength. Long afterwards when the fame of Nelson was known as widely as that of England itself, he spoke of the feelings which he at that time endured. "I felt impressed," said he, "with an idea that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patrons. 'Well then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence I will brave every danger." From that hour, as he often declared to captain Hardy, a radiant orb was suspended before his mind's eye, which urged him onward to renown. No person has ever looked to the attainment of any great and worthy object without experiencing similar fluctuations. Nel-

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son spoke of these aspirations of his youth as if they had in them a character of divinity, as if

"The light which led him on
Was light from Heaven."

The previous fits of dejection were altogether causeless. His prospects were fair, and his progress almost as rapid as it could be. When he reached England, he found his uncle comptroller of the navy and was immediately appointed to act as fourth lieutenant of the Worcester, 64 guns, capt. Mark Robinson, then on the point of sailing to Gibraltar. His age might have been a sufficient cause for not intrusting him with the charge of a watch, yet the captain used to say he felt as easy when he was upon deck, as any other officer in the ship. On the 8th of April 1777, he past his examination. Capt. Suckling sat at the head of the table, and when it had ended in a manner highly honourable to him, introduced him as his nephew. The examining captains expressed their surprise that he had not told them of this relationship before. "No," replied the comptroller, "I did not wish the younker to be favoured. I felt convinced that he would pass a good examination, and you see I have not been disappointed." On the following day, Nelson received his commission as second lieutenant of the Lowestoffe frigate, captain William Locker, then fitting out for Jamaica. After a year's active service, he was removed to the Bristol, the flag-ship of sir Peter Parker, to whom captain Locker had warmly recommended him. The present lord Collingwood who succeeded to the command so many years afterwards, upon his glorious death, succeeded him now in the Lowestoffe, and again in the flag ship, when on the 8th of December, the same year, he was made commander into the Badger brig, at the age of one and twenty. Six months afterwards, he acquired the last step, being made post into the Hinchinbrook, 28 guns.

A plan had been formed by general Dalling, and approved by the government at home, for taking fort San Juan, upon the river of the same name, which flows from lake Nicaragua to the Atlantick. The force appointed for this expedition, amounting to about 500 men, were convoyed by Nelson from Jamaica to the Spanish main; and here his services were to have ended. But there was not a man in the whole party who had ever been up the river San Juan; he therefore manned the Mosquito shore craft, and two of the Hinchinbrook's boats, and resolved to carry the soldiers up himself. Of all the services in which he had been engaged, this was the most perilous. It was the latter end of the dry season; the river was low, full of shoals and sandy beaches, and the men were often obliged to quit the boats and drag them through shallow channels, which the Indians went before them to explore. This labour and that of forcing their way up the rapids, was chiefly sustained by the sailors; men accustomed at all times to rely upon their own exertions, and at all times sure to do their duty. Seven or eight hours during the day they were exposed to a burning sun, rendered more intolerable by being reflected from dry shoals of white sand; at night they suffered equally from heavy dews. On the ninth of April they arrived at a small island called St. Bartholomew, which commanded the river in a rapid and difficult part, and was defended by a battery mounting nine or ten swivels. Nelson, according to his own phrase, best expressive of a seaman's feeling, resolved to *board* this out-post. Putting himself at the head of a few sailors, he leaped upon the beach. Captain Despard, since so unhappily notorious, gallantly supported him, and they stormed the battery. Two days afterwards they came in sight of the castle of San Juan, and began to besiege it on the 15th. It surren-

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dered on the 24th. Before that time the bad weather had set in. Sailors, soldiers, and Indians, sunk alike under it; the latter from unwonted exertions, the Europeans from the deadly effects of a climate allotted, by the distribution of nature, to a race of different colour and complexion. All that victory procured them was a cessation from toil. No supplies were found, and the castle itself was worse than a prison. The hovels which were used as a hospital were surrounded with putrescent hides, and when orders were obtained from the commander in chief to build one, the sickness had become so general, that there were no hands to work at it. The rains continued with few intervals from April till October, when they abandoned their baneful conquest. Of 1800 who were sent to different posts upon this ill fated scheme, only 380 returned. Nelson narrowly escaped. His advice had been to carry the castle by assault; instead of which eleven days were spent in the formalities of a siege. He returned to Bluefield a day before its surrender, exhausted with fatigue, and suffering under a dysentery. There he received an appointment to the Janus, of 44 guns, vacant by the death of captain Glover, son to the author of Leonidas. This providential promotion removed him from the fatal station just in time, and he reached Jamaica in such a state of sickness, that he was carried ashore in his cot. The careful attendance of a good old negress, and afterwards of sir Peter Parker and his lady, saved his life; but his health had suffered so severely that he was soon compelled to return to England.

Soon after his recovery, he was appointed to the Albemarle, 28 guns, and sent to the North Seas. During this voyage, he gained a considerable knowledge of the Danish coast and its soundings; knowledge which afterwards proved of such importance to his country. On his return, he was ordered to Quebeck. Here he became acquainted with the well known Mr. Alexander Davison, who saved him from an imprudent marriage. Nelson was about to quit the station, had taken leave of his friends, and gone down the river to the place where men of war usually anchor. Nevertheless, the next morning, as Mr. Davison was walking on the beach, he saw him coming back in his boat. He could not he said, leave Quebeck without offering himself and his fortune to the woman whom he loved. Davison told him his utter ruin, situated as he was, must inevitably follow "Then let it follow," was his reply; "for I am resolved to do it." His friend, however, was equally resolute that he should not; and after some dispute, Nelson with no very good grace, suffered himself to be led back to his boat.

Shortly after this, he became acquainted with prince William Henry, the present duke of Clarence, then serving as midshipman in the Barfleur under lord Hood. "I had the watch on deck," says his royal highness, "when captain Nelson came in his barge along side; who appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld: and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full laced uniform; his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length. The old fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice; for I had never seen any thing like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. There was a something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation, and an enthusiasm when speaking on professional subjects which showed that he was no common being."

Lord Hood, who had been intimately acquainted with captain Suckling, took the Albemarle with

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him to the West Indies, and treated Nelson with the most gratifying kindness. "He treats me," says Nelson, "as if I were his son: nor is my situation with prince William less flattering. Lord Hood was so kind as to tell him (indeed I cannot make use of expressions strong enough to describe what I felt) that if he wished to ask questions relative to naval tacticks, I could give him as much information as any officer in the fleet. He will be, I am certain, an ornament to our service. He is a seaman, which you could hardly suppose. Every other qualification you may expect from him; but he will be a disciplinarian and a strong one." It is a proof of good judgment and good feeling in the prince, that he should, at first sight, have perceived the worth of Nelson, and have honoured him with every mark of friendship, from that time till, it may without disrespect be said, the friendship of Nelson became an honour to him.

Peace was now concluded, and the Albemarle returned to England, and was paid off. Nelson took this opportunity to pass a few months in France. He was then appointed to the Boreas, 28 guns, going to the Leeward Islands as a cruiser on the peace establishment. While the vessel was at anchor in Nevis Road, a French frigate past to leeward close along shore. Nelson had received information that this frigate was sent from Martinico for the purpose of making a survey of our West India islands. This he was determined to prevent. Accordingly he followed her to St. Eustatia, and being invited by the Dutch governour to meet the French officers at dinner, he took that opportunity of assuring the captain, that, understanding it was his intention to honour the British possessions with a visit, he had taken the earliest opportunity in his power to accompany them in his majesty's ship the Boreas, in order that such attention might be paid to the officer of his most christian majesty, as every Englishman in the islands would be proud to show! The French, with equal courtesy, protested against giving him this trouble; but Nelson, with the utmost politeness, insisted upon paying them the compliment, followed them close, in spite of all their attempts to elude his vigilance, and never lost sight of them, till finding it impossible either to deceive or escape him, they gave up their intention in despair, and beat up for Martinico.

The Americans at this time, taking advantage of the registers of the vessels issued while they were British subjects, carried on a great trade with our West India islands. Nelson, knowing that this was in direct violation of the navigation act, determined to put an end to it. "If once," said he, "the Americans are admitted to any kind of intercourse with these islands, the views of the loyalists, in settling Nova Scotia, are entirely done away; and when we are again embroiled in a French war, the Americans will first become the carriers of these colonies, and then have possession of them. The commander in chief was disposed to gratify the planters by winking at this illicit trade. The governour of the Leeward Islands, sir Thomas Shirley, when Nelson addressed him upon the subject, told him that old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen. Nelson replied: "sir, I am as old as the prime minister of England, and think myself as capable of commanding one of his majesty's ships, as that minister is of governing the state." Resolved to do his duty, he ordered all American vessels to quit the islands in eight and forty hours; declaring, that if they refused, or presumed to land their cargoes, he would seize them. The Americans resisted these orders. The planters were, to a man, against him. The governours and

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presidents of the islands gave him no support; and the admiral, afraid to act on either side, but wishing to oblige the planters, advised him to be guided by the wishes of the presidents of the council. This there was no danger in disobeying; but after a while he issued an order requiring the officers under his command not to hinder the Americans from having free ingress and egress if the governour chose to allow them. General Shirley and others sent him letters little different from orders in their style. "These persons," says he, "I soon trimmed up and silenced. Sir Richard Hughes's was a more delicate business. I must either disobey my orders or disobey acts of parliament. I determined upon the former, trusting to the uprightness of my intentions, and believing that my country would not allow me to be ruined by protecting her commerce." Accordingly he wrote to the admiral, and, in respectful language, told him he should decline obeying his orders till he had an opportunity of seeing and talking to him. Sir Richard's first feeling was that of anger, and he was about to supersede Nelson; but having mentioned the business to his captain, the latter told him, he believed all the squadron thought he had issued illegal orders, and, therefore, did not know how far they were bound to obey him.—Luckily, though the admiral wanted vigour of mind to decide upon what was right, he was not obstinate in wrong; and he afterwards thanked Nelson for having shown him his errour.

At Nevis, the Boreas found four American vessels deeply laden, with the island colours flying. They were ordered to hoist their proper flag, and leave it in eight and forty hours. At first, they denied their country, and refused to obey; but, upon being examined before the judge of the admiralty, they confessed that they were Americans, and that their vessels and cargoes where wholly American property. Upon this Nelson seized them. The governour, the custom house, and the planters were all against him. The admiral, though his flag was then in the roads, stood neutral; and subscriptions were raised to carry on the causes against him. This was not all: the marines whom he had sent on board the vessels, hindered some of the masters from going on shore. Instigated by an attorney, they declared that they had been put in bodily fear while the depositions were taking; for that a man with a drawn sword stood over them the whole time. This was the sentry at the cabin door; but the exaggeration served their purpose. Suits were taken out against Nelson, and damages laid to the enormous amount of 40,000*l*. At the trial he was protected by the judge for the day. The marshal was called upon to arrest him, and the merchants promised to indemnify him for so doing. The judge, however, did his duty, and threatened to send him to prison if he attempted to violate the protection of the court. The president of Nevis, Mr. Herbert, behaved with singular generosity on this occasion. Though no man had suffered more by the measures which Nelson thought it his duty to pursue, he offered to become his bail for 10,000*l*. if he chose to suffer the arrest. His lawyer proved an able as well as an honest man; and, notwithstanding the opinions and pleadings of the counsel of the different islands, that ships of war were not authorized to seize American traders without a deputation from the customs, the law was so plain, the case so clear, and Nelson maintained his cause so well, that the four ships with their cargoes were condemned. During this affair he sent a memorial to the king in consequence of which, orders were forwarded to defend him at the expense of the crown; and upon the representation which he made at the

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same time to the secretary of state, the register act was framed. The treasury, upon this occasion, transmitted thanks to sir Richard Hughes, and the officers under him, for their activity and zeal in protecting the commerce of Great Britain! "I feel much hurt," said Nelson, "that after the loss of health, and risk of fortune, another should be thanked for what I did, and against his orders. I either deserved to be sent out of the service, or at least to have had some little notice taken of what I had done. They have thought it worthy of notice, and yet have neglected me."

At Nevis, Nelson became acquainted with Mrs. Nisbet, a widow in her eighteenth year. His correspondence with this lady from the time it commenced, till after many years of a happy marriage, it was so strangely broken off, has been kindly though reluctantly intrusted to Messrs. Clarke and M'Arthur. They were married March 11, 1787; prince William Henry, at his own desire, giving away the bride. Some part of his stay in the West Indies was employed in detecting publick frauds, and in endeavouring to obtain publick justice. But the peculators were too powerful; and they succeded, not only in impeding inquiry, but in raising prejudices against Nelson at the board of admiralty, which prevailed for many years. He returned to England a few months after his marriage. By a cruel neglect, the Boreas was kept from the end of June till the end of November at the Nore, as a slop and receiving ship. This unworthy treatment, occasioned probably by the influence of the peculators, excited in Nelson the strongest indignation. During the whole four months he seldom or never quitted the ship, but was observed to carry on the duty with strict and sullen attention. When orders were received to prepare the Boreas for being paid off, he expressed his joy to the senior officer in the Medway: "It will release me for ever from an ungrateful service, as it is my firm and unalterable determination never again to set my foot on board a king's ship. Immediately after my arrival in town, I shall wait on the first lord of the admiralty and resign my commission." The officer, finding it in vain to reason with him against this resolution in his present state of feeling, used his secret interference with the first lord of the admiralty to save Nelson from taking a step so injurious to himself; little foreseeing how deeply the welfare and honour of England depended upon his decision. This friendly representation produced a letter from lord Howe, intimating a wish to see him on his arrival in town. Pleased with his conversation, and perfectly convinced by what was then explained to him of the propriety of his conduct, he desired to present him to the king on the first levee day, and the gracious manner in which Nelson was received, effectually removed his resentment.

The affair of the American captains was not yet over. Nelson had retired to his father's parsonage, where he amused himself with rural occupations and rural sports. It was his great ambition at this time to possess a pony. While he was gone to purchase one at a neighbouring fair, two men entered the parsonage and inquired for him. They then asked for Mrs. Nelson, and presented her with a notification on the part of the American captains, who now laid their damages at 20,000*l*. On Nelson's return, in high glee, with his pony, the paper was presented to him. His indignation and astonishment may well be imagined. "This affront," he exclaimed, "I did not deserve, but I will be trifled with no longer. I will write immediately to the treasury, and if government will not support me I am resolved to leave the country." Accordingly he informed the treasury

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that if a satisfactory answer were not sent by return of post, he should take refuge in France. Mr. Rose's answer was that captain Nelson was a very good officer, and need be under no apprehension; for he would assuredly be supported.

Notwithstanding the expenses of a ship in time of peace, he was anxious to be employed, and repeatedly applied to the admiralty, requesting that he might not be left to rust in indolence. "I must still," he says in one of his letters, "buffet the waves in search of—what? Alas! that thing called honour is now thought of no more. My integrity cannot, I hope, be amended; but my fortune, God knows, has grown worse for the service—so much for serving my country! I have invariably laid down and followed close a plan of what ought to be uppermost in the breast of an officer, that it is much better to serve an ungrateful country than to give up his own fame Posterity will do him justice." During the Nootka armament he applied for employment, and his disappointment in not succeeding induced him again to resolve upon retiring from the service; a resolution from which he was dissuaded by the urgent remonstrances of lord Hood. Hearing that the Raisonable, in which he had commenced his career, was to be commissioned, he wrote to lord Chatham to ask for her. His application was again ineffectual, and a coolness ensued on his part towards lord Hood because the latter declined interesting himself with lord Chatham upon this occasion. Lord Hood, however, continued his steady friend, and the duke of Clarence, when affairs assumed a threatening aspect, in 1792, assured him that if matters grew serious, he should be employed. This letter was written December 6th, and it is extraordinary that his royal highness then says: "I much doubt whether any fleet will be equipped, and still less do I see any chance of a rupture between this country and France." Just at this time, Nelson had again written to the admiralty, and after earnestly requesting a ship, added, or if their lordships should be pleased to appoint me to a *cockle boat* I shall feel grateful." The answer which he received was in the ordinary office terms: "Sir, I have received your letter of the 5th instant, expressing your readiness to serve, and I have read the same to my lords commissioners of the admiralty." Nevertheless, by the influence of the duke and lord Hood, he was appointed January 30th, 1793, to the Agamemnon of 64 guns.

The temper with which Nelson engaged in this war is manifested in the instructions he gave to one of his midshipmen. "There are three things, young gentleman, which you are constantly to bear in mind: first, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety: secondly, you must consider every man as your enemy who speaks ill of your king: and thirdly you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." Joshua Nisbet, his son-in-law, went out with him as a midshipman. The Agamemnon was ordered to the Mediterranean under lord Hood, and there Nelson commenced a career first of unexampled exertion, and finally of unequalled glory.

His first exertions were rather of a military than naval character. The distinguished part which he bore in the sieges of Bastia and Calvi is now first detailed in Messrs. Clarke and M'Arthur's work, from his journal, his official correspondence, and his letters to Mrs. Nelson. After St. Fiorenzo had surrendered, lord Hood submitted to general Dundas, a plan for the reduction of Bastia. The general declined cooperating D'Aubert, who succeeded to the command of the army, coincided in opinion with his predecessor, and

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did not think it right to furnish his lordship with a single soldier. He obtained only a few artillery men and ordering on board that part of the troops who having embarked as marines, were born on the ships' books as part of their respective complements, began the siege with 1183 soldiers, artillery men and marines, and 250 sailors. "We are but few" says Nelson, "but of the right sort, our general, at St. Fiorenzo, not giving us one of the five regiments he has there lying idle."

They were landed April 4th, under lieutenant colonel Villettes, and Nelson, who had obtained from the army the title of brigadier. The sailors dragged the guns up the heights, a work of the greatest difficulty, and which he said, would never have been accomplished by any but British seamen. The soldiers behaved with the same spirit: "Their zeal," said he "is, I believe almost unexampled. There is not a man but considers himself as personally interested in the event, and deserted by the general; it has, I am persuaded, made them equal to double their numbers." This is one of many proofs, that to make our soldiers equal to our seamen, it is only necessary that they should be equally well commanded. They have the same heart and soul, as well as the same flesh and blood. Too much may, indeed, be exacted from them in a retreat; but with their face towards a foe, there is nothing within the reach of human achievement which they cannot perform. The siege continued nearly seven weeks. On the 19th of May, a treaty of capitulation was begun. That same evening the troops made their first appearance on the hills, and on the following morning general D'Aubert arrived with the whole army to take Bastia! The event of the siege had justified the opinon of the sailors, but they themselves excused the judgment of the generals when they saw their conquest. "I am all astonishment," says Nelson, "when I reflect on what we have achieved; 1000 regulars, 1500 national guards, and a large body of Corsican troops laying down their arms to 1000 soldiers and marines, and 200 seamen." "I always was of opinion, have ever acted up to it, and never have had any reason to repent it, that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen. Had this been an English town, I am sure it would not have been taken." The enemy were supposed to be far inferiour in number when it was resolved to attack the place, and it was not till the whole had been arranged and publickly determined on, that Nelson received certain information of their great superiority. This intelligence he kept secret, fearing that the attempt would be abandoned if so fair a pretext were afforded. "My own honour," said he to Mrs. Nelson, "lord Hood's honour, and the honour of our country, must all have been sacrificed had I mentioned what I knew. Therefore you will believe what must have been my feelings during the whole siege, when I had often proposals made to me to write to lord Hood to raise it." Those very persons who had given him this advice, were rewarded for their conduct. Nelson received no reward.

The siege of Calvi was carried on by general Stuart, an officer who, unfortunately for his country, never had an adequate field allotted him for the eminent talents with which he was gifted. Nelson had less responsibility here than at Bastia, but the service was not less hard. "We will fag ourselves to death," said he to lord Hood, "before any blame shall be at our doors. I trust it will not be forgotten, that twenty five pieces of heavy ordnance have been dragged to the different batteries, and mounted; and all but three fought by seamen" More than four months he was thus employed on shore, till he felt almost qualified to

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pass his examination as a besieging general. The climate proved more destructive than the war. Nelson described himself as the reed among the oaks, bowing before the storm when they were laid low. "All the prevailing disorders have attacked me, but I have not strength for them to fasten upon. One plan I pursue, never to employ a doctor. Nature does all for me, and Providence protects me." His services before Calvi were, by an unpardonable omission, altogether overlooked: his name did not even appear in the list of wounded, though he had lost an eye. "One hundred and ten days" said he, "I have been actually engaged at sea and on shore against the enemy. Three actions against ships, two against Bastia in my own ship, four boat actions, and two villages taken, and twelve sail of vessels burnt. I do not know that any one has done more. I have had the comfort to be always applauded by my commanders in chief, but never to be rewarded; and what is more mortifying, for service in which I have been wounded, others have been praised, who at the time were actually in bed, far from the scene of action. They have not done me justice; but never mind—I'll have a gazette of my own." How amply was this second sight of glory realized!

The same prophetick feeling breaks out in a letter written after admiral Hotham's action in the Mediterranean. In this action Nelson had born a splendid part. During the first day, when there was no ship of the line within several miles to support him, he engaged the Ca Ira of 84 guns, which having carried away her main and fore-top masts, was taken in tow by a frigate. This ship he engaged for two hours and a half, during which time 110 of her men were killed and wounded; and on the following day, came up with her again in tow of the Censeur 74. A partial action ensued, till the French judged it more prudent to abandon these ships, than risk the loss of more.

It was not long before a colonelcy of marines was given him; a thing which he had hoped for rather than expected. It came in good time, when his spirits were considerably oppressed by the feeling that his services were not acknowledged as they deserved. The Agamemnon now entered upon a new line of service, being appointed with a small squadron of frigates to cooperate with general Devins. He began in high spirits, but the want of activity and decision in the Austrian generals, soon gave him melancholy forbodings of what was to follow. His own exertions were unremitted, but he was crippled for want of means. Weak as his force was, it was almost reduced to nothing by sir Hyde Parker, after admiral Hotham had struck his flag. He left him only one frigate and a brig, whereas he had demanded two seventy-fours and eight or ten frigates or sloops, to ensure safety to the army. That army received a defeat from which it never recovered. The generals, of course, imputed it to the want of naval cooperation, asserting, that if their left wing had not been exposed to the fire of the French gun boats, it would not have happened. The left wing, was, however, the only part of the army that was not routed, but retreated in a body; and in good order. "I pretend not to say," says Nelson, "that the Austrians would not have been beat had not the gun boats harassed them, for in my conscience I believe they would; but I believe the French could not have attacked, had we destroyed all their vessels of war." Vado, and every other place in the Riviera of Genoa, fell into the enemy's hands; and Buonaparte, who now arrived to take the command of the French army, began his destructive career.

To follow Nelson through his subsequent services in the Mediterra-

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nean, till the fate of Italy was decided, would far exceed the utmost limits of a journal like this. In the whole of his conduct he displayed the same zeal, the same indefatigable energy, the same intuitive judgment, the same decision, which always characterized him. While his name was hardly known to the English publick, it was feared and respected throughout Italy. A letter came to him directed: "Horatio Nelson, Genoa." When the writer was asked how he could direct it so vaguely, he replied: "There is but one Horatio Nelson in the world." In the letter wherein he mentions this to his wife, he says: "Had all my actions been gazetted, not one fortnight would have passed during the whole war, without a letter from me. One day or other I will have a long gazette to myself; I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. I cannot, if I am in the field of glory, be kept out of sight. Wherever there is any thing to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps."

These hopes and anticipations were soon to be fulfilled. His mind had long been irritated and depressed by the fear that a general action would take place before he joined the fleet. At length he sailed from the Mediterranean with a convoy for Gibraltar, whence he proceeded to the westward in search of the admiral. Off the mouth of the straits, he fell in with the Spanish fleet, and on the 13th February, communicated the intelligence to sir John Jervis. Nelson, now commodore, was directed to shift his broad pendant on board the Captain, and before sunset the signal was made to prepare for action. At day break the enemy were in sight. The British force consisted of two ships of 100 guns, two of 98, two of 90, eight of 74, and one of 64; with four frigates, a sloop, and a cutter. The Spaniards had one four decker of 136, six three deckers of 112, two of 84, and eighteen of 74, with ten frigates and a brig. Their admiral, D. Joseph de Cordova, had learnt from an American, that the English had only nine ships, which was indeed the case when he had fallen in with them. Upon this information, instead of going to Cadiz as had been his intention, he determined to seek an engagement with an enemy so inferiour in numbers; and relying, with fatal confidence, upon the accuracy of the American, suffered his ships to remain too far dispersed, when the morning of the 14th broke, and he came in sight. A fog for some time concealed their numbers. The look out ship fancying that her first signal was disregarded, made another, that the English force consisted of forty sail of the line. This, as the captain afterwards said, "he did to rouse the admiral." It had the effect of perplexing him, and alarming the whole fleet. The absurdity of this conduct shows what was the state of the Spanish navy; in fact, the general incapacity of its officers was so well known, that in a Pasquinade, which about this time appeared at Madrid, wherein the different orders of the state were advertised for sale, the greater part of the naval officers with all their equipments were offered as a gift; and it was added, that any person who would be pleased to take them, should receive a handsome gratuity.

Before the enemy could form a regular order of battle, sir John Jervis, by carrying a press of sail, came up with them, passed through their fleet, then tacked, and thus cut off nine of their ships from the main body. These ships attempted to form on their larboard tack, either with a design of passing through the British line, or to leeward of it, and thus rejoining their friends. Only one of them succeeded. The others were so warmly received that they took to flight, and did not appear again in the action till the close. The admiral was now able to direct his attention to the enemy's main

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body, still superiour in number to his whole fleet. He made signal to tack in succession. Nelson, whose station was in the rear of the British line, perceived that the Spanish fleet was bearing up before the wind with an intention of forming their line, joining their separated ships, or flying. To prevent either of these schemes from taking effect, he, without a moment's hesitation, disobeyed the signal, and ordered his ship to be wore. This at once brought him into action with the Santissima Trinidad, 136, the San Joseph, 112, Salvador del Mundo, 112, San Nicholas, 80, S. Isidro, 74, another 74, and another first rate. Troubridge, in the Culloden, nobly supported him. The Blenheim then came to their assistance. The Salvador del Mundo and S. Isidro dropped astern, and were fired into by the Excellent, capt. Collingwood, who made the latter strike; "but Collingwood," says Nelson, "disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up with every sail to save his old friend and mess mate, who was to appearance in a critical situation." The Captain was at this time actually fired upon by three first rates, the S. Nicholas, and a 74 within pistol shot of her. The Blenheim was ahead, the Culloden crippled and astern. Collingwood ranged up, passed within ten feet of the S. Nicholas, giving her a most awful and tremendous fire; then pushed on for the Santissima Trinidad. At this time, the Captain having lost her foretop mast, not a sail, shroud, or rope left, her wheel shot away, and incapable of farther service in the line or in chace, he directed captain Miller to put the helm a starboard, and called for the boarders.

The first man who leaped into the enemy's mizen chains was captain Berry. He was supported from the spritsail yard, which locked in the S. Nicholas's mizen rigging. A soldier of the 69th broke the upper quarter gallery window, and jumped in, followed by the commodore himself and others as fast as possible. The cabin doors were fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at them through the window. The doors were soon burst. Nelson pushed on, and found Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign down. The English were at this time in full possession of every part of the ship; and a fire of musketry opened upon them from the stern gallery of the S. Joseph. Nelson having placed sentinels at the different ladders, and ordered captain Miller to send more men into his prize, gave orders for boarding the S. Joseph. It was done in an instant, he himself leading the way, and exclaiming, "Westminster-abbey or victory!" It was not long before he was on the quarter deck, where the Spanish captain presented to him his sword, and told him the admiral was dying of his wounds below. One of his sailors came up, and with an Englishman's feeling took him by the hand, saying he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and that he was heartily glad to see him there. Nelson received only a few bruises.

The Spaniards had still eighteen or nineteen ships which had suffered little or no injury. That part of the fleet which had been separated from the main body in the morning were now coming up, and sir John Jervis made signal to bring to. The Captain was lying a perfect wreck on board her two prizes, and many of the other vessels were wholly unmanageable. The Spanish admiral meantime, according to his official account, inquired of his captains whether it was proper to renew the action. Nine of them answered explicitly that it was not—others replied that it was expedient to delay the business, *que convenia retardar la funcion*—two only were for fighting.

As soon as the action was discontinued, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship, who received him on

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the quarter deck, took him in his arms, and said he could not sufficiently thank him. In the official letter of sir John Jervis, no individual was named. The admiral had seen an instance of the ill consequence of selections in the example of lord Howe, and therefore thought it advisable to speak to the publick in terms of general approbation. His private letter to the first lord of the admiralty was for the first time made publick with his consent in Mr. Harrison's work. Here it is said, that "commodore Nelson, who was in the rear on the starboard tack, took the lead on the larboard, and contributed very much to the fortune of the day." It is stated also that he boarded the two Spanish ships successively; but the fact that Nelson wore without orders, and thus planned as well as accomplished the victory, is not mentioned. Perhaps it was thought proper to pass over this part of his conduct in silence, as a splendid fault; but the example is not dangerous.

Before the action was known in England, Nelson had been advanced to the rank of rear admiral. The order of the Bath was now conferred upon him. Among the numerous congratulations which he received, none can have affected him with deeper delight than a letter from his venerable father. "I thank God," says this excellent man, "with all the fervour of a grateful soul, for the mercies he has most graciously bestowed on me in preserving you amid the imminent perils which so lately threatened your life at every moment. The height of glory to which your professional judgment, united with a proper degree of bravery guarded by Providence, has raised you, few sons, my dear child, attain to, and few fathers live to see. Tears of joy have involuntarily trickled down my furrowed cheek. Who could stand the force of such general congratulation? The name and services of Nelson have sounded throughout the city of Bath, from the common ballad-singer to the publick theatre."

Sir Horatio, having shifted his flag to the Theseus, was now employed in the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. During this service occurred the most perilous action in which he was ever engaged. In a skirmish with the Spanish gun boats and launches, he was attacked by an armed launch containing 26 men, under Don Miguel Tregoyia, commander of the gun boats. Nelson had with him only his ten barge-men, captain Freemantle and his coxswain, John Sykes, an old and faithful follower, who twice saved the life of his admiral by parrying the blows that were aimed at him, and at last actually interposed his own head to receive the stroke of a sabre which he could not by any other means avert. The whole of the Spaniards were killed or wounded, and Nelson brought off the launch.

He was less fortunate in an attempt upon Teneriffe. Earl St. Vincent having received intelligence that a homeward bound Manilla ship had reached Santa Cruz, and that its treasure was landed there for security, determined upon an expedition against that island. Nelson was despatched on this service, and allowed to select for it such ships and officers as he thought proper. Four ships of the line, three frigates, and the Fox cutter, formed the squadron. His orders were to make a vigorous attack, but on no account to land in person with the forces, unless his presence should be absolutely necessary. The plan which he formed was, that the boats should land in the night between the fort on the N. E. side of Santa Cruz bay and the town, make themselves masters of it, and then send a summons to the governour. By midnight the frigates approached within three miles of the place; but owing to a stiff gale of wind in the offing, and a strong

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current against them inshore, they were not able to get within a mile of the landing place before daybreak, and then the Spaniards discovered their intention. Troubridge and Bowen, with captain Oldfield of the marines, consulted with the admiral what was to be done, and it was resolved that they should attempt to get possession of the heights above the fort. The frigates accordingly landed their men, and Nelson stood in with the line of battle ships, meaning to batter the fort for the purpose of distracting the attention of the garrison. Contrary currents hindered him from getting within three miles of the shore, and the heights were by this time so secured as to be judged impracticable. Though foiled in his original plan, he still considered it necessary for the honour of his king and country not to give over the attempt. He reembarked his men, got the ships on the 24th to anchor about two miles north of the town, and made show as if he designed to attack the heights.—At six in the evening signal was made for the boats to prepare to proceed on service as previously ordered.

When this was done, Nelson addressed a letter to his commander in chief, of which, as being the last that was written with his right hand, a fac simile is given. After saying that every thing had hitherto been done which was possible, but without effect, "This night," he proceeded, "I command the whole destined to land under the batteries of the town, and to morrow my head will probably be crowned either with laurel or cypress. The duke of Clarence, should I fall in the service of my king and country, will, I am confident, take a lively interest for my son-in-law on his name being mentioned." Perfectly aware how desperate a service this was likely to prove, he called lieut. Nisbet into the cabin, that he might assist in arranging and burning his mother's letters. Perceiving that the young man was armed, he earnestly begged him to remain behind. "Should we both fall, Josiah," said he, "what would become of your poor mother? The care of the Theseus falls to you; stay therefore, and take charge of her." Nisbet replied: "Sir, the ship must take care of herself—I will go with you to night if I never go again."

At eleven o'clock, the boats proceeded in six divisions toward the town, conducted by all the captains except Freemantle and Bowen, who attended with Nelson to regulate and lead the way to the attack. They were not discovered till past one o'clock, when, being within half gunshot of the landing place, Nelson directed the boats to cast off from each other, give a huzza, and push for the shore. But the Spaniards were admirably prepared; the alarm bells answered their huzza, and a fire of thirty or forty pieces of cannon, with musketry from one end of the town to the other, opened upon the invaders. —Nothing, however, could check their intrepidity. The night was exceedingly dark; most of the boats missed the Mole, and went on shore through a raging surf which stove all to the left of it. The admiral, Freemantle, Thompson, Bowen, and four or five others, found the Mole. It was instantly stormed and carried, though defended by four or five hundred men; but such a heavy fire of musketry and grape shot was kept up from the citadel and the houses at the head of the Mole, that they could not advance, and nearly all of them were killed or wounded.

Nelson, when in the act of stepping out of the boat, received a shot through the right elbow, and fell. Nisbet, who was close to him, placed him at the bottom of the boat.—He then examined the wound, and taking some silk handkerchiefs from his neck, bound them above the la-

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cerated vessels. Had it not been for this presence of mind in his son-in-law, Nelson afterwards declared he must have perished. One of his bargemen tore his shirt into shreds, and made a sling for the wounded arm. They then collected five other seamen, and at length succeeded in getting the boat afloat; for it had grounded with the falling tide. Nisbet took one of the oars, and ordered the steersman to go close under the guns of the battery, that they might not be exposed to their tremendous fire. Hearing his voice, sir Horatio roused himself, and desired to be lifted up that he "might look a little about him." Nisbet raised him up. In a few minutes a general shriek was heard from the crew of the Fox, which had received a shot under water, and gone down. Ninety-seven men sunk with her, eighty-three were saved, many by Nelson himself, whose exertions on this occasion materially increased the pain and danger of his wound. The first ship which the boat could reach happened to be the Seahorse; but nothing could induce him to go on board, though he was assured that the attempt to row to another ship might be at the risk of his life. I had rather suffer death, he replied, than alarm Mrs. Freemantle by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband. They pushed on for the Theseus. Here he peremptorily refused all assistance in getting on board, so impatient was he that the boat should return, in hopes that it might save a few more men from the Fox. He desired to have only a single rope thrown over the side, which he twisted round his left arm. "Let me alone," said he, "I have yet my legs left, and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments; I know I must lose my right arm; so the sooner it's off the better."* The spirit which he displayed in jumping up the ship's side astonished every one.

Freemantle had been severely wounded in the right arm soon after the admiral; he was fortunate enough to find a boat on the beach, and got instantly to the Seahorse. Thompson was wounded, Bowen killed, to the great regret of Nelson, as was also lieut. Weatherhead, one of his own officers, who had followed him from the Agamemnon, and whom he seems to have greatly and deservedly esteemed. Troubridge, meantime, pushed on shore under the batteries, close to the southward of the citadel. Capt. Waller, of the Emerald, landed at the same instant, and two or three other boats. Having collected a few men, they pushed on to the great square, hoping to find the admiral and the rest of the force. As the ladders were all lost, they could make no attempt on the citadel; but they sent a serjeant with two of the town's people to summon it. The messenger never returned; and Troubridge, having waited about an hour in painful expectation of his friends, marched to join captains Hood and Miller, who had effected their landing to the northwest. Here they endeavoured to procure some intelligence of the admiral and the rest of the officers, but without success. By daybreak they had collect-

* During the peace of Amiens, when Nelson was at Salisbury, in the midst of those popular acclamations which followed him every where, he recognised, amid the huzzaing crowd, a man who had assisted at the amputation, and attended him afterwards. He beckoned him up the stairs of the council-house, shook hands with him, and made him a present in remembrance of his services at the time. The man took from his bosom a piece of lace, which he had torn from the sleeve of the amputated arm, saying he had preserved and would, to the last moment of his life, preserve it, in memory of his old commander, whom he should always deem it the honour of his life to have served.

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'ed about 80 marines, 80 pikemen, and 180 smallarmed seamen—all that had made good their landing. They obtained some ammunition from the prisoners whom they had taken, and marched to try what could be done at the citadel without ladders. They found all the streets commanded by field pieces; and above 8000 Spaniards, with 800 French under arms, approaching by every avenue. Troubridge with great presence of mind sent captain Hood with a flag of truce to the governour, to say he would instantly set fire to the town, if the Spaniards approached one inch nearer. That he had no wish to injure the inhabitants; and that he was ready to treat upon these terms:—that the troops should reembark with their arms, and take their own boats, if they were saved, or be provided with such others as might be necessary; they agreeing on their part, that the squadron should not molest the town, nor any of the Canary islands. The governour told capt. Hood that the English ought to surrender as prisoners of war. To this he replied, that if the terms were not accepted in five minutes captain Troubridge would set the town on fire, and attack the Spaniards at the point of the bayonet. Satisfied with his success, which was indeed sufficiently complete, and respecting, like a brave man, the gallantry of his enemy, he acceded to the proposal. "And here," says Nelson in his journal, "it is right we should notice the noble and generous conduct of D. Juan Antonio Gutierra, the Spanish governour. The moment the terms were agreed to, he directed our wounded men to be received into the hospitals, and all our people to be supplied with the best provisions that could be procured; and made it known that the ships were at liberty to send on shore and purchase whatever refreshments they were in want of during the time they might lie off the island." A youth, by name D. Bernardo Collagon, even stript himself of his shirt to make bandages for one of those Englishmen against whom, not an hour before, he had been engaged in battle. Nelson wrote to thank the governour for the humanity which he had displayed; presents were interchanged between them, and the admiral offered to take charge of his despatches for the Spanish court, and thus actually became the first messenger of his own defeat.

The loss of the English amounted to 250. Nelson, in his official despatches, made no mention of his own wound; but in a private letter to lord St. Vincent, the first* which he penned with his left hand, he shows himself to have been deeply affected by the failure of this enterprise. "I have become," says he, "a burthen to my friends, and useless to my country; but by my last letter you will perceive my anxiety for the promotion of my son-in-law, Josiah Nisbet. When I leave your command, I become dead to the world—I go hence, and am no more seen. If, from poor Bowen's loss, you think it proper to oblige me, I rest confident you will do it. The boy is under obligations to me, but he repaid me by bringing me from the mole of Santa Cruz. I hope you will be able to give me a frigate to convey the remains of my carcase to England."

But honours enough awaited him in England to recover his wounded spirit. Letters were instantly addressed to him by the first lord of the admiralty, and by his steady friend, the duke of Clarence, to congratulate him on his return. The freedom of the cities of Bristol and London was transmitted to him; he was invested with the order of the bath, and received a pension of 1000*l.* a year. Not having been in

* Of this also, Messrs. Clarke and M'Arthur have given a fac simile.

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England, since he lost his eye, he went to receive a year's pay as smart money, but could not obtain it, because he had not brought a certificate from a surgeon that the sight was actually destroyed. A little irritated that this formality should be insisted upon, the fact being sufficiently notorious, he procured a certificate at the same time for the loss of his arm, saying they might just as well doubt one as the other. This put him in good humour with himself, and with the clerk who had offended him. On his return to the office, the clerk, finding it was the annual pay of a captain only, observed, he thought it had been more. "Oh," replied Nelson, "this is only for an eye; in a few days I shall come for an arm; and in a little time longer, God knows, most probably for a leg." Accordingly he soon after went, and with perfect good humour exhibited the certificate of the loss of his arm.

Early in the ensuing year his flag was hoisted in the Vanguard, and he was ordered to rejoin earl St. Vincent. Upon his departure his father addressed him with that affectionate solemnity which marks all his letters. "I trust in the Lord," said he, "that he will prosper your going out and your coming in. I earnestly desired once more to see you, and that wish has been heard. If I should presume to say, I hope again to see you, the question would be readily asked, *how old are you? Vale, vale!*" A gloomy foreboding, it is said, hung on the spirits of lady Nelson at their parting. This of course can only have been a fear of losing him by the chance of war. No apprehension of losing his affection could possibly have existed; for all his letters to this time evince that he considered himself happy in his marriage; and his private character had hitherto been as spotless as his publick one. One of the last things he said to her was that his own ambition was satisfied; but he went to raise her to that rank in which he had long wished to see her.

Immediately on his rejoining earl St. Vincent he was despatched to the Mediterranean, that he might ascertain if possible the object of the great expedition fitting out at Toulon. He sailed with a small squadron from Gibraltar on the 9th of May to watch this formidable armament. On the 22d a sudden storm in the gulph of Lyons carried away all the topmasts of the Vanguard: the foremast went in three pieces, and the bow-sprit was sprung. Captain (afterwards sir Alexander) Ball took the ship in tow, to carry her into St. Pietros, Sardinia. Nelson, apprehensive that this attempt might endanger both vessels, ordered him to cast off; but that excellent officer, with a spirit like his commander's, replied he was confident he could save the Vanguard, and by God's help would do it. There had been a previous coolness between these great men, but from this time Nelson became fully sensible of the extraordinary merit of captain Ball, and a sincere friendship subsisted between them during the remainder of their lives. "I ought not," says the admiral writing to his wife, "I ought not to call what has happened to the Vanguard by the cold name of accident. I believe, firmly, it was the Almighty's goodness to check my consummate vanity. Figure to yourself, on Sunday evening at sun-set, a vain man walking in his cabin, with a squadron around him, who looked up to their chief to lead them to glory, and in whom their chief placed the firmest reliance, that the proudest ships of equal numbers belonging to France would have bowed their flags. Figure to yourself on Monday morning when the sun rose, this proud man, his ship dismasted, his fleet dispersed,

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and himself in such distress that the meanest frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome guest." Nelson had, indeed, more reason to refuse the "cold name of accident" to this tempest than he was then aware of; for on that very day the French fleet sailed from Toulon, and must have passed within a few leagues of his squadron. Being compelled to refit, the delay enabled him to secure his junction with the reenforcement which lord St. Vincent had now sent to join him under commodore Troubridge.

That officer brought with him no instructions to Nelson as to the course he was to steer, nor any positive account of the enemy's destination. Every thing was left to his own judgment. The first news was that they had surprised Malta. He formed a plan for attacking them while at anchor at Gozo, but on the 22d, intelligence reached him that they had left that island on the 16th, the day after their arrival. It was clear that their destination was eastward, and he thought for Egypt: for Egypt, therefore, he made all sail. Only three vessels were spoken with on the way, two came from Alexandria, and one from the Archipelago, and neither of these had seen the French. He reached Alexandria, and the enemy were not there. He then shaped his course for the coast of Caramania, and steered from thence along the southern side of Candia, carrying a press of sail both night and day with a contrary wind. Irritated beyond measure that they should have eluded his vigilance, the tediousness of the night made him impatient, and the officer of the watch was repeatedly called upon to declare the hour, and convince Nelson, who measured time by his own eagerness, that it was not yet daybreak. "It would have been my delight," said he, "to have tried Buonaparte on a wind." It would have been the delight of Europe too and the blessing of the world if that fleet had been overtaken with its general on board. But of the millions of human beings who would have been preserved by that day's victory, there is not one to whom such essential benefit would have resulted as to Buonaparte himself. It would have spared him his only disgrace, for so to have been defeated would not have been ignominious; it would have spared him most of his enormities. History would have represented him as a soldier of fortune whose career had been distinguished by a series of successes unexampled in modern times. A romantick obscurity would have hung over the disgraceful expedition to Egypt, and he would have escaped the perpetration of those crimes which have incarnadined his soul with a deeper die than that of the purple for which he committed those acts of perfidy, midnight murder, usurpation, and remorseless tyranny, which have consigned his name to universal execration, now and for ever.

Baffled in his pursuit, Nelson returned to Sicily, took in stores at Syracuse, then made for the Morea. There, on the 28th July, he learnt that the French had been seen about four weeks before steering to the S. E. from Candia. He immediately determined to return, and with every sail set stood again for the coast of Egypt. On the first of August they came in sight of Alexandria, and at four in the afternoon captain Hood in the Zealous made the signal for the French fleet. For many preceding days Nelson had hardly taken either sleep or food. He now ordered his dinner to be served while preparations were making for battle; and when his officers rose from table and went to their separate stations, he said to them, "before this time tomorrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

Why Buonaparte, having effected

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his landing, should not have ordered the fleet to return, is a mystery which has never yet been explained. Thus much is certain, that it was detained by his command, though with his accustomed falsehood, after the death of Brueys, he accused him of having lingered there contrary to his received orders. That admiral, not being able to enter the port of Alexandria, had moored his fleet in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle: the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the N. W. and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the S. W. "This position," said he, "is the strongest we could possibly take in an open road." "We are moored in such a manner," said the commissary of the fleet, "as to bid defiance to a force more than double our own." In fact, admiral Barrington, when moored in a similar manner in the year 1778, off St. Lucia, beat off the Counte d'Estaing in three several attacks, though his force scarcely equalled by one third that which assailed it. Here the advantage of numbers both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had 13 ships of the line and 4 frigates, carrying 1196 guns and 11230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line and one 50 gun ship, carrying 1012 guns and 8068 men.

During the whole cruise it had been Nelson's practice, whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the Vanguard, and fully explain to them his own ideas of the best modes of attack, whatever might be the situation of the enemy. His officers, therefore, were well acquainted with his principles of tacticks; and such was his confidence in their abilities that the only plan arranged in case they should find the French at anchor, was for the ships to form as most convenient for their mutual support, and to anchor by the stern. "First gain the victory," he said, "and then make the best use of it you can." The plan of doubling on the enemy's ships lord Hood projected when he intended to attack the French fleet at their anchorage in Gourjean road. He found it impossible to make the attempt; but the idea was not lost upon Nelson, who acknowledged himself indebted for it to his old and excellent commander. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport: "If we succeed, what will the world say!" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the admiral; "that we shall succeed is certain; who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

As the squadron advanced, the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence; on board of every ship the crews were employed aloft in furling sails, and below in attending the braces, and making ready for anchoring:—a miserable sight for the French, who with all their advantages, were on that element upon which, when the hour of trial comes, a Frenchman has no hope. Admiral Brueys was a brave and able man; yet the indelible character of his country broke out in one of his letters, wherein he delivered it as his private opinion that the English had missed him, "because, not finding themselves superiour in numbers, they did not think it prudent to try their strength with him." The moment was now come in which he was to be fatally undeceived.

Captain Foley led the fleet in the Goliath. He had long thought that if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, as the French

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guns on that side were not likely to be manned. Intending, therefore, to fix himself on the inner bow of the Guerrier, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit; but his anchor hung, and having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the Conquerant, before it was clear; then anchored by the stern, within her, and in ten minutes shot away her masts. Captain Hood, in the Zealous, perceiving this, took the station which the Goliath intended to have occupied, and totally disabled the Guerrier. The Orion, sir James Saumarez, the third which doubled the enemy's van, past to windward of the Zealous, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the Guerrier; then sunk a frigate which annoyed her, hauled round toward the French line, and anchoring between the fifth and sixth ships from the Guerrier, took her station on the larboard bow of the Franklin and the quarter of the Peuple Soverain, receiving and returning the fire of both. The sun was now nearly down. The Audacious, captain Gould, pouring a heavy fire into the Guerrier and the Conquerant, fixed herself on the larboard bow of the latter, and when that ship struck, passed on to the Peuple Soverain. The Theseus, captain Miller, followed, brought down the Guerrier's remaining masts, and then anchored inside of the Spartiate, the third in the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the Vanguard was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half pistol shot of the Spartiate. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away. That they should be struck, no British admiral considers as a possibility. He instantly opened a tremendous fire, under cover of which, the other ships of his division, the Minotaur, Bellerophon, Defence, and Majestick, shot ahead of the admiral. Captain Louis, in the first of these, took off the fire of the Aquilon. The Bellerophon, captain Darby, past ahead, and dropt her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the Orient, Bruey's own ship, of 120 guns, whose difference of force was above seven to three, and the weight of whose ball from her lower deck alone exceeded that from the whole broadside of the Bellerophon. Captain Peyton in the Defence took his station ahead of the Minotaur, and engaged the Franklin, by which judicious movement, the British line remained unbroken. The Majestick, getting entangled with the main rigging of one of the French ships astern of the Orient, suffered dreadfully from her fire, till she swung clear, and closely engaging the Heureux, on the starboard bow, received also the fire of the Tonnant. The other four ships of our fleet having been detached previously to the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance. The action began at half after six.

Troubridge in the Culloden, though foremost of the remaining ships, was two leagues astern. He came on sounding as the others had done. It was growing dark, and suddenly after finding eleven fathoms water, before the lead could be hove again, he was fast aground; nor could all his exertions, joined to those of the Leander and the Mutine brig, which came to his assistance, get him off in time to enter the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the Alexander and Swiftsure, which entered the bay and took their stations in the darkness in a manner still spoken of with admiration by all who remember it. Captain Hallowell, as he was bearing down in the latter, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail; with great judgment, however, he ordered his men not to fire: "if she was an enemy," he said, "her disa-

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bled state would prevent escape; but from her sails being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship." In fact it proved to be the Bellerophon, overpowered by the huge Orient. All her masts and cables were shot away, and she was drifting out of the line towards the lee side of the bay. Her station at this important time was occupied by the Swiftsure, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the Franklin, and the bows of the French admiral. At the same instant captain Ball past under her stern, and anchored within side on his larboard quarter, raking him, and keeping up a severe fire of musketry upon his decks. The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy was the Leander.

The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the action, and the others had suffered so severely, that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half past eight. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot: captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal. Nelson himself thought so. A large portion of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye, and the other being blind, he was in total darkness. He desired the chaplain to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to lady Nelson; sent for captain Louis to thank him personally for the great assistance he had rendered to the Vanguard, and ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed captain Hardy from the brig to the command of his own ship. When the surgeon had examined the wound, assured him there was no immediate danger, and desired him to remain quiet, Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded, and the blind and suffering state of the admiral affected him so that he could not write. The chaplain was then summoned. Before he came, the characteristick eagerness of Nelson made him take the pen himself, and he contrived to trace some words marking his devout sense of the success which had then been obtained. He was now left alone, when suddenly a cry was heard on deck that the Orient was on fire. In the confusion he found his way up, and to the astonishment of every one appeared on the quarter deck, when he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the Orient broke out. Brueys was dead; he had received three different wounds, yet would not leave his post. A fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered the ship. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the Orient blew up. The tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful; the firing instantaneously ceased on both sides; and the first sound was the fall of her shattered masts and yards, which had been carried to a vast height. It is upon record that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake; such a thing would be felt like a miracle: but no incident produced in war by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this coinstantaneous pause and all its circumstances.

The firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At day break the two rear ships of the enemy were the only French ships of the line which had their colours fly-

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ing. They cut their cables in the forenoon and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The Zealous pursued; but as there was no other ship in a condition to support captain Hood, he was recalled.—These could not have escaped if the Culloden had got into action; and if the frigates which had been appointed to join the squadron had been there, not one of the French fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These, however, were all that escaped, and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene;" he therefore called it a conquest. Of 13 sail of the line 9 were taken and 2 burnt; of the four frigates 1 sunk, another burnt. Our loss in killed and wounded amounted to 895. 3105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel, and 5225 perished.

Nelson was now at his height of glory. Congratulations, rewards, and honours were showered upon him by all the states, princes and powers to whom this victory gave a respite. The grand seignior and his brother the Czar, the kings of Naples and Sardinia sent him jewels, and letters acknowledging his unequalled services to the common cause. In England he was created baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham-Thorpe, with a pension of 2000*l.* for his own life, and those of his two immediate successours. When this was moved in the house of commons, general Walpole expressed an opinion that a higher degree of rank ought to be conferred. Mr Pitt replied he thought it needless to enter into that question. Admiral Nelson's "fame would be coequal with the British name, and it would be remembered that he had obtained the greatest naval victory on record, when no man would think of asking whether he had been created a baron, a viscount, or an earl." True, indeed, whatever title had been bestowed, he who received it would have been Nelson still; that name he had ennobled beyond all addition of nobility; it was the name by which England loved him, France feared him, and Italy, Egypt, and Turkey celebrated him, and by which he would continue to be known while the present kingdoms and languages of the world endure. It depended upon the degree of rank what should be the fashion of the coronet. That it concerned him no otherwise might be conceded to Mr. Pitt and his colleagues. But the degree of rank was the measure of their gratitude, though not of his services. This Nelson* felt and this he expressed with indignation among his friends.

We have neither room nor inclination to follow him through the subsequent transactions at Naples. The infatuated attachment which he there suffered himself to form for lady Hamilton, occasioned the only stain upon his publick character, and destroyed his domestick happiness for ever.† In the autumn of 1800 he left the Mediterranean, and

* Lords St. Vincent and Duncan had each a pension of 1000*l.* from the Irish government also. In consequence of the Union this was not granted to Nelson, so that no great naval victory during the war, received so small a remuneration as this, the greatest and most glorious that had ever been achieved.

† That lord Nelson had hitherto been an affectionate husband, and as happy as he was amiable in all his domestick relations, is incontestably proved by the letters to his family inserted in the great life. Messrs. Clarke and M'Arthur have placed this in its true light, by the evidence of these letters, and having shown their own opinion upon this unpleasant subject clearly, and as concisely as possible, have, with commendable propriety, abstained from all petty details and recriminations of family disputes. Mr. Harrison's work is said to have been written in great part under lady Hamilton's immediate eye. The manner in which he has attempted to serve a bad cause cannot be too severely censured, and would justify the harshest epithets that could be bestowed

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returned to England, by way of Vienna and Hamburgh, accompanied by sir Wm. and lady Hamilton. Two very interesting instances of the enthusiastick admiration with which he was regarded, occurred during his stay in the latter city. A wine merchant, more than seventy years of age, requested to speak with him. He had some Rhenish wine of the vintage of 1625, which had been in his own possession more than half a century; he had preserved it for some extraordinary occasion, and one had now arrived, far beyond any which he could ever have expected. He therefore requested lord Nelson to accept six dozen of this incomparable wine, part of which would then have the honour to flow with the heart's blood of that immortal hero, and the reflection would make him happy during the remainder of his life. Nelson took the old gentleman kindly by the hand, and consented to receive six bottles. Twelve were sent; and remarking that he hoped yet to have half a dozen more great victories, he declared he would keep the six remaining bottles of his Hamburgh friend's wine purposely to drink a bottle after each. The other anecdote is not less affecting. A German pastor, between 70 and 80 years of age, travelled forty miles with the bible of his parish church, to request that Nelson would insert his name in the first leaf of it. He called him, the Saviour of the Christian world. The old man's hope deceived him; there was no Nelson upon shore, or Europe would have been saved. But in his foresight of the horrours with which all Germany was threatened by France, the pastor could have apprehended nothing more than has actually taken place.

He arrived in England in November, and in the January following received orders to embark again. During this interval he separated from lady Nelson. Some of his last words to her were: "I call God to witness there is nothing in you or your conduct that I wish otherwise." But his attachment to lady Hamilton was like infatuation, and its baneful influence hung over him during the remainder of his life. The Addington administration was just formed, and Nelson was sent to the Baltick under sir Hyde Parker, by earl St. Vincent, now first lord of the admiralty. When the fleet sailed, it was sufficiently known that its destination was against Copenhagen. Some Danish sailors, who were on board the Amazon frigate, went to captain Riou, and requested that he would get them exchanged into a ship bound on

upon a venal and unprincipled scribbler. This person, who comes publickly forward to injure, as far as in him lies, and actually to insult lady Nelson, delivers an opinion perfectly consistent with such conduct upon the transactions in the Bay of Naples.—Mr. Stanier Clarke does his best to palliate those transactions, in a narrative which is even more confused than the rest of the book. This has called forth a second vindication from captain Foote. "Nothing," says this injured officer, "can be more evident than the fact, that a solemn capitulation had been agreed upon, formally signed by the chief commander of the forces of the king of Naples, by the Russian commander, and by myself, all duly authorized to sign any capitulation in the absence of superiour powers. This was not a treaty of peace subject to ratification; it was not a truce liable to be broken; it was a serious agreement for surrender, upon terms which involved the lives and properties of men, who might have chosen to forfeit those lives and properties, had they not relied principally upon the faith of a British officer. Parts of the agreement were performed; and actual advantage was afterwards taken of those parts of the capitulation that had thus been executed, to seize the unhappy men, who, having been thus deceived by a sacred pledge, were sacrificed in a cruel and despotick manner." The facts are certain and undeniable. They cannot be defended; they cannot be excused; they cannot, by any sophistry, be palliated. A faithful historian has no alternative but to relate them with sorrow and shame. Mr. Clarke's representations are perplexed, and his vindication futile; Mr. Harrison's are infamous.

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some other service; "they had no wish," they said, "to quit the British navy, but they entreated that they might not be led to fight against their own country." There was not in our whole navy a man who had a higher and more chivalrous sense of honour and duty than Riou. The tears came into his eyes while the men were addressing him; he ordered his boat instantly, and did not return to the Amazon till he had procured their exchange. This anecdote, which has never before been made publick, is recorded in respect to the memory of as brave and honourable a man as ever died in battle.

The battle of Copenhagen requires less detail than that of the Nile, though it made the talents of Nelson, if that be possible, yet more conspicuous. The Danes were admirably prepared for defence. Upwards of a hundred pieces of cannon were mounted upon the crown batteries at the entrance of the harbour, and a line of twenty five two deckers, frigates, and floating batteries, was moored across its mouth. A Dane who came on board during the ineffectual negotiation that preceded hostilities, having occasion to express his proposals in writing, found the pen blunt, and, holding it up, sarcastically said: "If your guns are not better pointed than your pens, you will make little impression on Copenhagen." He and his countrymen relied upon the fortifications of the Sound, as their outposts, but the Swedish batteries were silent, and the fleet passed without damage. The soundings were made under Nelson's own eye; day and night he was in the boat, till his health had nearly sunk under the unremitting fatigue. The action was fought on the 2d of April. Nelson had with him twelve ships of the line, with all the frigates and small craft. The remainder of the fleet was with the commander in chief, about four miles off. Three of his squadron grounded, and owing to the fears of the masters and pilots the anchors were let go nearly a cable's length from the enemy. Had they proceeded they would have deepened their water, and the victory would have been decided in half the time. Of all the engagements in which Nelson had born a part, this, he said, was the most terrible. It began at ten in the morning, and at one, victory had not declared itself on either side. A shot through the main-mast knocked a few splinters about the admiral. "It is warm work," he observed, "and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment." "But mark you," said he, stopping short at the gangway, "I would not be elsewhere for thousands." Just at this time sir Hyde made signal for the action to cease. It was reported to him. He continued walking the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal lieutenant meeting him at the next turn, asked if he should repeat it? "No," replied Nelson, "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted, and being answered in the affirmative, said to him, "mind you keep it so." He now walked the deck moving the stump of his right arm in a manner which always denoted great agitation. "Doctor, you know," said he to the surgeon, "what's shown on board the commander in chief? No. 39!" He was asked what that meant: "Why to leave off action;" then shrugging up his shoulder as he repeated the words —leave off action! "No damn me if I do! You know, Foley," said he to the captain, "I have only one eye; I have a right to be blind sometimes. Damn the signal! hoist mine for closer battle; that is the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!" Admiral Graves disobeyed that of the commander in chief in like manner, whether intentionally, or by a fortu-

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nate mistake, has not been explained. The squadron of frigates hauled off. At the moment the Amazon showed her stern to the enemy; Riou was killed—almost his last words had been an expression of regret at being obliged to retreat. "What," said he, "will Nelson think of us?"

About two, great part of the Danish line had ceased to fire, some of their lighter ships were adrift, and many had struck. It was, however, difficult to take possession of them, partly because they were protected by the batteries on Amak Island, and partly because an irregular fire was made on the English boats as they approached, from the ships themselves, the Danes being continually able to recruit their crews from the shore. This irritated him: "he must either," he said, "send on shore and stop these irregular proceedings, or send in fire ships and burn the prizes." In this part of the battle the victory was complete, but the three ships ahead were still engaged, and exposed to a superiour force. Nelson, with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, seized this occasion to secure the advantage which he had already gained, and open a negotiation. He therefore wrote thus to the crown prince: "Vice admiral lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must be obliged to set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them." A wafer was brought him for this letter; he ordered wax and a candle, saying, "it was no time to appear informal;" and he affixed a larger seal than usual. Captain Frederick Thesiger was sent in with it. During his absence the remainder of the enemy's line eastward was silenced. The crown batteries continued to fire till the Danish general Lindholm returned with a flag of truce, when the action closed, after four hours continuance. His message from the prince was to inquire what was the object of Nelson's note? Nelson replied, "it was humanity, he consented that hostilities should cease, and that the wounded Danes should be taken on shore, and he on his part would take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off his prizes as he thought fit. He presented his humblest duty to the prince, saying he should consider this the greatest victory he ever gained, if it might be the cause of a happy reconciliation between the two countries."

Having given this reply, he referred Lindholm to the commander in chief, and availed himself of the opportunity to get his ships out of the intricate channel, from which, had hostilities continued, they could not have disengaged themselves, till the crown battery was destroyed. His proposal was accepted in the course of the evening, and a suspension agreed on for four and twenty hours, during which it was resolved that he should land and negotiate in person with the prince. Accordingly on the morning of the fourth he landed; a strong guard protected him from the people, whose admiration would not, perhaps, have else been sufficient to restrain the impulse of rage and vengeance. This battle, so dreadfully destructive to the Danes, was within sight of the city; the whole of the succeeding day had been employed in landing the wounded, and there was scarcely a house without its cause for mourning. It was no new thing for Nelson to show himself regardless of danger, and it is to the honour of Denmark that the populace suffered themselves to be restrained. Some difficulty occurred in adjusting the duration of the armistice. He required sixteen weeks,

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giving like a seaman the true reason that he might have time to act against the Russian fleet and return. This not being acceded to, a hint was thrown out by one of the Danish commissioners of the renewal of hostilities. "Renew hostilities!" said he to one of his friends, for he understood French enough to comprehend what was said, though not to answer it in the same language, "tell him we are ready at a moment! ready to bombard this very night!" Fourteen weeks were at length agreed to. The death of Paul intervened, and the northern confederacy was destroyed. For this signal service, in which Nelson appeared not less conspicuous as a statesman, than as an admiral, he was raised to the rank of Viscount. There was some prudence, perhaps, in dealing out honours to him step by step—had he lived long enough, he would have fought his way to a dukedom.

When England was alarmed by preparations at Boulogne, which it would have become her to have despised, Nelson was appointed to a squadron on that station. His attack upon the flotilla failed, because the divisions did not all arrive in time. The enemy's vessels were moored by the bottom to the shore, and to each other with chains, and it was not possible to retain possession of those which struck, because as soon as this was attempted, the French, with a cruelty peculiar to that people, fired upon them, regardless of their own men. The peace of Amiens was concluded shortly afterwards, and when it was found equally incompatible with the honour and safety of this country to remain at peace with Buonaparte, Nelson went out as commander in chief to the Mediterranean. We must pass on to the concluding scene, the consummation of his labours and his glory. After having watched the fleet for nearly two years, ready at any time to give them battle with an inferiour force, they escaped him, formed a junction with the Spaniards, and ran for the West Indies. With ten ships and three frigates, he pursued eighteen sail of the line, and six frigates, with 12,000 troops aboard. There is just a Frenchman a piece, he used to say to his captains, leaving me for the Spaniards; when I haul down my colours, I expect you to do the same, but not till then. The mere terrour of his name compelled them to fly before him. False intelligence, which he, and he alone, suspected to be false, misled him, and they secured their return to Europe, whither they fled, without having accomplished any other part of their purpose than that of reenforcing their own islands. Ours were preserved from pillage, invasion, and, not improbable, conquest, by this pursuit, which is in all its circumstances unparalleled in naval history.

Having pursued them to Europe he delivered over his squadron to admiral Cornwallis, lest they should make for Brest to liberate that fleet, and place him between two fires; and then he returned to England, meaning to enjoy a little leisure with his friends He had not been at Merton a month, when captain Blackwood, on his way to the Admiralty with despatches, called at five in the morning, and found him already dressed. Upon seeing him he exclaimed: "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall have yet to beat them!"—It was as he supposed: they had liberated the squadron from Ferrol, and being now 34 sail of the line, got safely into Cadiz. "Depend on it Blackwood," he repeatedly said, "I shall yet give M Villeneuve a drubbing!" But when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to his sister, and endeavoured to drive away the thought. He had done enough: "Let the man trudge it who has lost his budget" said he. His countenance belied his lips, and as he was pacing one of the walks in his garden, which he used to call the quarter deck.

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lady Hamilton came up to him and told him she saw he was uneasy. He smiled, and said: "No, he was as happy as possible, he was surrounded by his family, his health was better since he came home, and he would not give sixpence to call the king his uncle." She replied that she did not believe him; that he was longing to get at the combined fleet; that he considered them as his own property, and would be miserable if any man but himself did the business; that he must have them as the price and reward of his two years long watching. His services were as willingly accepted as they were offered, and lord Barham giving him the list of the navy, bade him choose his own officers. He reached Portsmouth only 25 days after he had left it. Numbers followed him to the shore, and many when they saw him embark knelt down and blest him; a proof of publick love, of which, perhaps, our history affords no other example. The wind was against him, and blew strong, nevertheless such was his impatience to be upon the scene of action, that he worked down channel, and after a rough passage arrived off Cadiz on his birth day, September 29, on which very day the French admiral, Villeneuve, received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. From this time till the 21st of October, when the battle of Trafalgar was fought, Nelson never came in sight of land; he feared that if the enemy knew his force they would not venture out, notwithstanding their superiority. This was the case. Villeneuve had called a council of war on hearing that Nelson had taken the command; and their determination was not to leave Cadiz unless they had reason to believe themselves one third stronger than the British force. Many circumstances tended to deceive them into such an opinion, and an American contributed unintentionally to mislead them, by declaring that Nelson could not possibly be with the fleet, for he himself had seen him only a few days before in London. Relying upon this, and upon their superiority, which was in truth sufficiently great, though they imagined it greater than it was, in an unhappy hour they sailed from Cadiz. On the 19th, the signal was made that they were at sea. In the afternoon of the next day it was signified that they seemed determined to go to the westward; and that, said Nelson in his journal, they shall not do. if it be in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them.

He had previously arranged his plan of attack. The confidence which he felt in his officers, appears strikingly in the manner with which he prefaced it; the business of a commander in chief, he said, being to lay his ships close on board the enemy as expeditiously as possible, and to continue them there till the business was concluded. Knowing his object to be that of a close and decisive action, his admirals and captains would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. The order of sailing was to be the order of battle, the fleet in two lines of sixteen ships, with an advanced squadron of eight, the fastest sailing two deckers. The second in command having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from the rear; he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. They were so to proportion this to the strength of the enemy, that they should always be one fourth superiour to those whom they cut off. The only difference from this plan on the day of action was, that the fleet bore up by signal in two columns. The British force consisted of twenty seven sail of the line. The enemy's of 33, and their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers; 4000 troops were on board,

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and the best riflemen who could be selected were dispersed through the fleet. Many of them were Tyrolese. It is painful to hear of the Tyrolese and the Spaniards shedding their blood in the cause of France, and then to remember the present situation of Spain and the Tyrol. The plan of defence was as original as that of attack. They were formed in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern.

Nelson never went into a battle without a full sense of its danger, and always seems rather to have prepared his mind for death, than to have banished the thought of it. On the morning of the 21st, he wrote a prayer in his journal, followed by an extraordinary memoir; in which he solemnly bequeathed lady Hamilton as a legacy to his king and country. He left also to the beneficence of his country his adopted daughter, desiring she would use, in future, his name only. "These," said he, "are the only favours I ask of my king and country at this moment, when I am going to fight their battle." He had put on the coat which he always wore in action, and kept for that purpose, with a degree of veneration. It bore the insignia of all his orders. "In honour I gained them," he said, "and in honour I will die with them." When it was certain that the enemy could not avoid an engagement, he became highly animated, saying he should not be content with less than twenty of them! captain Blackwood was walking with him on the poop, and he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. The captain replied, he "thought the whole of the fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about." He had, however, scarcely spoken, before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language and the name of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal—ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY. It was received with a shout throughout the fleet; an answering acclamation, made sublime by the feeling which it conveyed. "Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty." Captain Blackwood being about to return to his ship, took him by the hand, saying, he "hoped soon to return and find him in possession of his twenty prizes." He replied: "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again."

It had been represented so strongly to Nelson, both by captain Blackwood, and his own captain, Hardy, how advantageous it would be to the fleet for him to keep out of action as long as possible, that he consented, at length, to let the Temeraire, which was then sailing abreast of the Victory, be ordered to pass ahead, and the Leviathan also. They could not possibly do this if the Victory continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that he seemed to take pleasure in baffling the advice to which he could not but assent. As usual, he hoisted several flags, that they might not be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. The Santissima Trinidad, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was therefore only distinguished by her four decks. To the bow of this opponent he ordered the Victory to be steered. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Before this could be done, and before the Victory fired a shot, fifty of her men were killed and wounded, and her mizen top mast, with all her studding sails and their booms on both sides shot away. In this state, she ran on board the Redoutable, which, firing her broad-

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sides into the English flag ship, instantly let down her lower deck ports for fear of being boarded through them. Captain Harvey in the Temeraire, fell on board the Redoutable on the other side: another ship in like manner was on board the Temeraire, so that these four ships, in the heat of battle, formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the Victory immediately depressed their guns and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the Temeraire; and because there was danger that the enemy's ship might take fire from the guns of the lower deck, whose muzzles touched her side when they were run out. The firemen of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which as soon as the gun was discharged he dashed at the holes made in her sides by the shot. The Victory past astern so as to play upon the Bucentaure, Villeneuve's ship, and the Santissima Trinidad, with her larboard guns, and upon the Redoutable, from the other side.

In the prayer which Nelson wrote before the action, he prays that humanity after victory might distinguish the British fleet. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the Redoutable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; and as she carried no flag, there was no means of ascertaining the fact. From this ship, whose destruction was twice delayed by his wish to spare the enemy, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen top, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder. He fell with his face on the deck. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he, "my back bone is shot through." Yet not for a moment losing his presence, of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; and that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face with it, and the insignia upon his coat. Had he but concealed them from the enemy, England perhaps would not have received with sorrow the tidings of the battle of Trafalgar. Certain by the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt every minute within his breast, that no human aid could avail him, after the wound had been probed, he ordered the surgeon to return to the wounded, and assist those to whom his services could be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." The pain he suffered was so severe, that he wished himself dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower tone, "one would like to live a little longer too:" doubtless, that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. Upon inquiring how many ships had struck, and hearing fourteen or fifteen certainly, but it was impossible as yet to ascertain, "that's well," said he; "but I bargained for twenty," and then he emphatically exclaimed, "anchor! Hardy, anchor!" To this the captain replied, that he supposed admiral Collingwood would now take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," cried the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "no, do *you* anchor, Hardy." He had foreseen the infinite importance of this; for by the position in which the enemy waited for the attack, the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro were under their lee; and the port of Cadiz, with the existing wind open to them; and, on this account, he had, before the action, made signal to prepare to anchor. Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low tone, "don't throw me overboard;" and desired that he might be buried by his father and mother, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. "Kiss

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me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "now I am satisfied. I have done my duty. Thank God! I have done my duty:" these words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a publick calamity. Men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us, and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country lost in its great naval hero, the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war might from that day be considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon our own loss that we mourned for him. The general sorsow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies and publick monuments were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, could alike have delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence, in every village through which he should have passed, would have awakened the church bells; have given schoolboys a holyday; have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was indeed celebrated with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such was the glory of Nelson and of the British navy, in great measure through his genius, that they scarcely seemed to receive any addition from this; that the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas, and the destruction of so great a fleet, hardly appeared to add to our strength or security; for we felt ourselves as strong and secure while Nelson was living to watch them, as when they were destroyed.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age; yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely, whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and, if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring hundreds of the youth of England; a name which is our pride and example, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is, that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

——Ἐφὴ κεν τῦτο γένος κατὰ γαῖα κάλυψη,
Τοὶ μὲν δαίμονες ἐσσι, Διὸς μεγάλα διὰ βυλὰς
Ἐσθλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φύλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.

——Bursting through the gloom,
With radiant glory from the trophied tomb,
The sacred splendour of their deathless name
Shall grace and guard their country's martial fame.
Far seen shall blaze the unextinguished ray,
A mighty beacon, lighting glory's way!—
With living lustre this proud land adorn,
And shine, and save, through ages yet unborn! ULM AND TRAFALGAR.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Travels in America, performed for the Purpose of exploring the Rivers Alleghany, Monongahela, Ohio and Mississippi, and ascertaining the Produce and Condition of their Banks and Vicinity. By Thomas Ashe, Esq. 3 vol. London, 1809.

The author of this work, we are told in the preface, has returned to America; but whether with the view of remaining there, or for the purpose of adding to the surprising discoveries which he has already made, we are not informed. But, whatever Mr. Ashe may hereafter perform, it is quite certain, according to his editor, that he has already done enough to place him on a level with our most celebrated travellers. He has produced a book which cannot fail, we are assured, "to *instruct* the statesman, *delight* the naturalist, and *astonish* the antiquary." It would be quite inexcusable in us to pass over a work of such extraordinary pretensions, without a particular notice.

It was at Pittsburgh that Mr. Ashe entered on the survey of these vast countries which stretch along the Ohio and Mississippi; but in the first part of his book, he favours the reader with a general view of the Atlantick states, and a detailed account of his journey from Philadelphia to the head of the Ohio. And here he begins to discover that unmeasured hatred of the Americans which pervades the whole of his narrative. His account of the Atlantick states, indeed, forms the most comprehensive piece of national abuse we ever recollect to have perused. Their inhabitants, it seems, are all abominably vitious; but in degrees very nicely distinguished; the middle states being bad, the northern very bad, and the southern execrable.

That the Americans have great and peculiar faults, both in their manners and their morality we take to be undeniable. They have the vices and the virtues that belong to their situation; and they will continue to have them until that situation is altered. Their manners, for the most part, are those of a scattered and migratory, but speculating people; and there will be no great amendment, until the population becomes more dense, and more settled in its habits. When wealth comes to be more generally inherited than acquired, there will be more refinement, both in vice and in manners: and as the population becomes concentred, and the spirit of adventure is deprived of its objects, the sense of honour will improve with the importance of character. Mr. Ashe, however, would have us believe, that the Americans are universally and irreclaimably vitious; and his sweeping anathemas are scarcely ever softened by any favourable exceptions, although the traveller in America, to use the words of a truly philosophical observer, "passes through all degrees of civilisation and manners, and sees, in the succession of space, what appears to belong only to the succession of time."*

Mr. Ashe's journey to Pittsburgh is surprisingly fertile in adventures. He, first of all, kills a stupendous bear, of whose death we have a most pathetick account, the said bear conducting himself most unbecomingly *in articulo mortis*. We are next entertained with a fine incident at an obscure inn among the mountains, where our traveller falls in love with an elegant damsel, who performed the offices of cook and chambermaid, and presents her with a copy of Thomson's Seasons, a blank leaf being previously decorated with an appropriate, poetick ef-

* M. Talleyrand's Observations on America.

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fusion. On the night after this interesting renconter, Mr. Ashe, who had travelled in a state of profound reverie, was overtaken by darkness on the top of a mountain, and there obliged, in order to avoid greater dangers, to take post for the night. The marvels which he beheld from his lofty station, will be best described in his own language.

"The moon shone, but capriciously: for, though some places were adorned with her brightest beams, and exhibited various fantastick forms and colours, others were unaffected by her light, and awfully maintained an unvaried gloom—a 'darkness visible'—conveying terrour and dismay. Such apprehensions were gaining fast on my imagination, till an object of inexpressible sublimity gave a different direction to my thoughts, and seized the entire possession of my mind The heavenly vault appeared to be all on fire, not exhibiting the stream or character of the aurora-borealis, but an immensity vivid and clear; through which the stars, detached from the firmament, traversed in eccentrick directions, followed by trains of light of diversified magnitude and brightness. Many meteors rose majestically out of the horizon; and. having gradually attained an elevation of thirty degrees, suddenly burst, and descended to the earth in a shower of brilliant sparks, or glittering gems. This splendid phenomenon was succeeded by a multitude of shooting stars and balls, and columns of fire; which, after assuming a variety of forms, vanished in slight flashes of lightning, and left the sky in its usual appearance and serenity. Nature stood checked," &c. Vol. I.

From this mountain scene, Mr. Ashe deduces this most natural conclusion—"that no one should dare to compose a history of nature without passing such a night on such a mountain."

The letters from Pittsburgh (for the narrative is thrown into the epistolary form) amidst a great deal of similar rant, contain some details regarding that thriving place and its neighbourhood, which are well worth notice. Situated on the spot where the Alleghany and Monongahela unite to form the Ohio, Pittsburgh is admirably adapted to the purposes of commerce. These two rivers connect it with an immense extent of country; and their banks, interspersed with farms, villages, and towns, proclaim an increasing and industrious population. It contains above two thousand inhabitants, the most opulent of whom are Irish; and this, says our author, "has hindered the vitious propensities of the *genuine* American character from establishing here the *horrid dominion* which they have assumed over the Atlantick states." The manufactures are various and flourishing, particularly that of glass; and shipbuilding is practised to a considerable extent. In October 1806, there were several vessels of 350 tons on the stocks. Through Pittsburgh is carried on an extensive trade between the distant ports of Philadelphia and New Orleans. Here are storekeepers who exchange the produce of the surrounding countries, of which they make two collections annually, for goods brought across the mountains from Philadelphia. These they convey by the Ohio and Mississippi to Kentucky and New Orleans: and with the proceeds in dollars, or bills of exchange on Philadelphia, their agents sail to that place to make new purchases, and traverse again the wide circle of their exchanges, a circle which embraces a space of not less than 5650 miles.

This immense sphere of activity, too, is the creation of yesterday. Even Mr. Ashe, disposed as he is to decry every thing American, is obliged to admit, that she displays, in the wonders of her growing industry, a picture at once striking and exhilarating. It is impossible to contemplate such a scene without exulting in the triumphs of industry. This peaceful power is here subduing regions of growing forests, which conquering armies would fear to enter; and extending, with silent rapidity, the limits of civili-

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zed existence. We cannot help wishing that our countrymen, in general, were a little more alive to the feelings which we conceive such a spectacle is calculated to excite; and that they could be brought to sympathize a little more in the progress of a kindred people, destined to carry our language, our arts, and our interests too, over regions more vast than ever acknowledged the sway of the Cesars of Rome. But the bitter feelings of the colonial war still rankle in too many bosoms on both sides of the Atlantick. The utter impossibility of any national gain in a contest with America, and the pernicious animosities which such a contest is sure to engender, are altogether overlooked by a certain class of politicians. It is enough for them, that we shall drive her ships from the seas, and blockade them in her ports; and that the great naval power of Britain may be employed to scatter the paltry flotillas of America; to palsy the industry of our best customers in the new world; and to burn a few towns still more defenceless and unoffending than Copenhagen! We do not mean to say, that this temper has not been met, and even perhaps provoked, by a corresponding temper in America; but, where the interest of two countries calls so loudly for their conciliation, it is impossible that they should quarrel without gross faults upon both sides.

Brilliant as Mr. Ashe is in description, this does not hinder him from aiming at glory as a political philosopher; and, accordingly, we are favoured with a long discourse upon emigration, in which he insists largely on the inevitable disasters that must attend such a step on the part of every British subject. His mode of reasoning on this point is sufficiently characteristick. He takes, in the first place, a single instance of failure as sufficient to prove that all must fail. In the next place, he carefully selects his instance from the only description of persons who have no sort of temptation to emigrate, and who, it is universally admitted, must suffer extremely by such a proceeding. Upon these principles he looks round till he finds a *gentleman farmer* from the county of Sussex, who, being a little democratical in his politicks, had sold his property, and sailed for America, to become a great farmer and statesman. The result was quite natural. This restless person very soon found out "that the high price of labour renders it impossible for a gentleman farmer to make any thing of land there;" and that political consequence depended in America, as well as in other countries, a good deal upon property. It is needless to say, that this example has no application at all to the ambitious mechanicks of England, or the dislodged small farmers of the Highlands.

Mr. Ashe also descants, at great length, upon the intellectual capacities and literature of the Americans; and indulges himself in one of the most presumptuous philippicks we ever recollect to have perused. Now, though we are certainly of opinion, that the second rate pamphleteers of that country write incomparably better than Mr. Ashe, it is no doubt true, that America can produce nothing to bring her intellectual efforts into any sort of comparison with that of Europe. Liberty and competition have as yet done nothing to stimulate literary genius in these republican states. They have never passed the limits of humble mediocrity, either in thought or expression. Noah Webster, we are afraid, still occupies the first place in criticism; Timothy Dwight, and Joel Barlow in poetry; and Mr. Justice Marshall in history. And as to the physical sciences, we shall merely observe, that a little elementary treatise of botany appeared in 1803; and that this paltry contribution to natural history is chronicled, by the latest American historian, among the

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"remarkable occurrences since the revolution!" In short, federal America has done nothing, either to extend, diversify, or embellish the sphere of human knowledge.—Though all she has written were obliterated from the records of learning, there would (if we except the works of Franklin) be no positive diminution, either of the useful or the agreeable. The destruction of her whole literature would not occasion so much regret as we feel for the loss of a few leaves from an ancient classick.

But, notwithstanding all this, we really cannot agree with Mr. Ashe in thinking the Americans absolutely incapable, or degenerate; and are rather inclined to think, that when their neighbourhood thickens, and their opulence ceases to depend on exertion, they will show something of the same talents to which it is a part of our duty to do justice among ourselves. And we are the more inclined to adopt this favourable opinion, from considering, that her history has already furnished occasions for the display of talents of a high order; and that, in the ordinary business of government, she displays no mean share of ability and eloquence. In opposition to all this, to be sure, we have the positive assertion of Mr. Ashe, who will not allow that she has at any time attained mediocrity, either in statesmanship or war.

"I cannot honour," says he, "with the name of commanders, the men who overwhelmed a handful of British, and, after several years combat, obtained an unprofitable victory. In like manner" [and the simile is really incomparable] "I have known a shoal of herrings run down a whale on the coast of Cornwall; but it did not follow that I was to attribute this accident to the *individual prowess* of *any* such contemptible animals, or to the absence of strength and *capacity* in the whale." I. 137.

This eloquent person next takes a survey of the legislature; and, after assuring us that "he asserts nothing without positive proofs," delivers himself as follows:

"There are in America no real politicians The speeches you see in papers are *made by Irish and Scotch journalists*, who attend the congress and senate, merely to take the spirit of their proceedings, and clothe it with a language interesting to read. Attending the debates of congress, on a day when a subject of consequence was to be discussed, I left the house full of contempt of its eloquence, and the *paucity* of talent employed for the support or *condemnation* of the question. Notwithstanding this, I read in next morning's gazette, 'that a debate took place in the house last night, of the most interesting nature, and was agitated by all the talent in the country.' And here followed certain *eloquent* orations, a sentence of which never passed in the house." I. 140.

Now, without presuming to deny that the Americans are still very far from perfection in oratory, we really cannot bring ourselves to doubt that they are actually the authors of the harangues which are imputed to them in the publick prints. The *mind* of the country shines in every line of them; their fabrick and ornaments are decisively transatlantick; and we could just as readily believe, that the *orations* of Sheridan are written by a Philadelphia man, as that the speeches of Mr. Randolph, for example, are the work of a Scotch reporter.

Having thus despatched the senate, Mr. Ashe takes a view of the bar, which he finds in a very lamentable state: for "a Mr. Emmet and a Mr. Livingstone enjoy repute." With regard to physick, though two of its professors, Drs. Rush and Wilson, "have written themselves into *infallibility*," still the country "is shamefully destitute of able practitioners." As to the church, there is a Mr. Smith who enjoys a high character as a clerical orator; and, indeed, he preaches very good sermons; but—they happen to be Dr. Blair's, "delivered in a strain of dull monotony."

Having indulged himself for a long time in these disquisitions, our

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traveller at length enters upon a description of the Ohio, preparatory to the narrative of his voyage. The length of this fine river, from Pittsburgh to its confluence with the Mississippi, is eleven hundred miles. It rises greatly in spring and autumn, when it is navigable by large vessels; but, when it subsides, can admit only of flat-bottomed boats. The space of twenty days is reckoned a good spring voyage to the Mississippi; but, in summer, when the waters are low, from six to ten weeks are required to perform it. Very little use is made of the oar. The boat, which is of a square form, and guided by a huge oar at the stern, is committed to the stream; and all that is necessary is, to keep clear of the numerous islands, which greatly add to its beauty, while they embarrass its navigation.

We meet with nothing remarkable in the voyage, till Mr. Ashe reaches Wheeling, a town about ninety miles below Pittsburgh, on the Virginia side of the river. This is a considerable commercial station, and thriving marvelously, notwithstanding the nefarious character of its inhabitants. On coming here, it is very desirable to ascertain who have *ears*, and who want them; as a considerable part of the male population happen, according to Mr. Ashe, to have left these appendages nailed to certain penitential *crosses* in other places of America. Quarrels are frequent: and, when two persons fight, it is generally "according to the rule of *rough and tumble;* a kind of combat in which it is lawful for the combatants to peel the skull, tear out the eyes, or smooth away the nose!" Our author gives a long account of a battle of this kind, between a Virginian and Kentuckyan; but we must refer to the book itself such of our readers as delight in wild sports. The great western road from Philadelphia to Lexington, in Kentucky, passes through this town; and there is a mail-coach, which performs the journey [700 miles] in fifteen days. Small inns, affording bacon, Indian bread, and whiskey, are to be found at convenient distances along this route; and "let those," says our author, "who despise this bill of fare, remember, that seven years ago this road was called the *wilderness;* and travellers had to encamp, and find their own provisions, and with great difficulty secure their horses from panthers and wolves." What striking facts from a writer who endeavours, in other places, to make us believe that this very country is devoted, by the vices of its people and its climate, to barbarism and progressive degeneracy.

He gives a pretty favourable account of the inhabitants of Marietta, a town situated at the junction of the Great Muskingum with the Ohio. Here, as well as at Pittsburgh, are built ships of considerable burden; and the people, besides being industrious and enterprising, are well educated, and moral; having schools and churches supported by fixed contributions. Still, however, Mr. Ashe cannot refrain from what he thinks wit, at their expense:—

"Yesterday I was speaking rather harshly to a man who had not fulfilled an agreement with me to caulk my boat, when a gentleman came up, and accosted him with—'Ah! *General*, how do you do? I mean to dine with you:—What's your hour?' I made sure of this opportunity to go on to the baker in pursuit of some biscuit. On seeing the bread, I began to comment on the price and quality, and might have betrayed some little dissatisfaction and incivility, had not a third person entered opportunely to say: 'Colonel, I want a loaf of bread!' My next call was on a butcher, whose dirty looking meat made me neglectful of my late experience, and I raved without any consideration of decorum, till brought to a sense of misconduct by a negro, who, taking me aside, very kindly warned me that the butcher was a *judge*, and would fine folks for cursing and swearing!" I. p. 297.

The banks of the Great Muskingum opened to our traveller a scene

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of various and interesting occupations; for, not to mention his speculations on the habits of wild turkeys, and his terrible contest with a huge rattlesnake, it was here his longing eyes were first greeted with a view of those Indian remains—"those venerable relicks of once polished, but now degraded nations," upon which he has descanted through so many pages of mawkish enthusiasm and inept speculation. It is to his discourses upon *tumuli* and *barrows* and *mud camps*, that his sage editor alludes, when he boasts of the "astonishment" which his book must occasion to the antiquary. The truth is, that these antiquities, as they are called, have been described before by far more sober and competent observers. We shall not, therefore, disturb our readers with any of his tedious and frothy descriptions, far less with his manifold absurdities in regard to their origin. Suffice it to say, that he ascribes them to some remote period, when the ancestors of the present savages were powerful and polished; an opinion which we should not deem worthy of notice, had it not the previous sanction of Dr. Benjamin Barton, whose writings contain the best descriptions of these curious vestiges. But, notwithstanding this more respectable authority, we cannot hesitate, for a moment, to reject, as altogether visionary, the idea of a civilisation which records itself in no language or tradition; in no monument of higher art than a mud wall; and in no instrument more perfect than a hatchet of stone. It is a rule in philosophy, not to admit unknown causes, when the phenomena may be accounted for by those which are known. Now, Dr. Barton himself tells us, that some of the Indian nations had intercourse with the Mexicans. Why, therefore, might they not derive from them those rings and articles of pottery, upon which he builds so much? With regard to the mud encampments, again, we know from Oldmixon,* and other writers, that the savages on the Atlantick coast erected works of that description when we first invaded them; and thus, all that remains to be accounted for is the greater magnitude of those beyond the Alleghany mountains; as to which it is quite enough to say, that it is now perfectly known that the tribes in that region were formerly much more numerous than they are at present. M. Volney,† after a careful inspection of these boasted monuments, gives it as his decided opinion, that they are exactly similar to those mentioned by Oldmixon; and certainly we ought to adopt his opinion, in preference to one which does so much violence to analogy, to reason, and to history.

On arriving at the Scioto, Mr. Ashe made an excursion to Chilicothé, the capital of the Ohio state, and which is situated about sixty miles up that river. The place, he says, is so unhealthy, that the government has it in contemplation to remove to some more eligible situation. The whole country, indeed, like all the other parts not cleared of their woods and marshes, is, more or less, subject to periodical returns of fever and diarrhœa; and this, according to Mr. Ashe, forms the main objection to the Ohio state, which is in considerable favour with him. We shall here briefly collect a few other particulars regarding this flourishing member of the union. It lies along the right bank of the river from which it takes its name, extending at least five hundred miles in length and breadth. The soil in general is extremely rich, and that extensive portion of it which lies between the two rivers Miamis, is pronounced,

* History of British America, Vol. I. p. 54, &c.
† View of the Climate and Soil of America.

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by our author, to contain "by much the finest land in the known world." Here fifty or sixty bushels of wheat, and towards one hundred of Indian corn, may be raised on an acre. At Cincinnati there is an office for the sale of lands; and in 1806, no less than seventeen thousand contracts, at the rate of two dollars per acre, were entered there, bearing the names of persons from all quarters of Europe, as well as America. By merely keeping these lands ten years, they may, according to Mr. Ashe, be rented at a profit of fifty dollars or more per acre; and this, he thinks, is the most eligible line for a speculator; as at present, the price of labour is so high, produce so cheap, and markets so distant, that little more than a subsistence is to be made by mere farming. This state is not more preeminent in fertility, than in industry and morals; a superiority which Mr. Ashe, with reason, ascribes to the great number of *quakers* it contains, and to the abolition of slavery, which formed one of the first acts of its government. This state was admitted into the union in 1803. Mr. Ashe does not mention the amount of its population; but we find Dr. Holmes states it to have been in that year upwards of seventy-six thousand.

South of this lies the state of Kentucky, of which we shall also collect a short account. It takes its name from the river Kentucky, which flows through it into the Ohio, and which is navigable a great way from its mouth. It is generally mountainous and uneven, and has, according to our author, been greatly embellished, in certain insidious accounts given of it in Europe. There are here millions of acres called *Barrens*, altogether incapable of cultivation from want of water. There are other districts, however, particularly one in the middle, of sixty miles by thirty, to which, he admits, full justice has scarcely been done, even in the flowery narratives to which he alludes. The current of emigration which formerly flowed rapidly, and almost exclusively into this state, has now spread into a variety of new channels; and part of its original settlers, allured by new prospects, have made a second migration. Its export trade, of which Louisville is the chief seat, is considerable. Ships are built at this place; and a canal was begun to carry vessels round the *rapids*, which too greatly obstruct the navigation of the Ohio. Frankfort, the seat of government, is situated about seventy miles up the Kentucky. But Lexington is the largest town of this, indeed all the western states, and stands in that delightful tract already noticed. It contains three hundred houses, and is the seat of a university, where about a hundred students are taught English, Latin, Greek, and mathematicks. Of its inhabitants, and, indeed the whole population of the state, Mr. Ashe exhibits a very disagreeable picture, charging them with ferocity, boisterousness, and coarse debauchery. The following, he says, is a faithful picture of the general mode of living through the state.

"I rode about fifteen miles, when I stopped at the house of a cultivator whom I had fallen in with on the road, and took such refreshment as we found prepared. On entering the house, which was a log one, fitted up very well, the Kentuckyan never exchanged a word with his wife or his children, though he had been absent several days. No tender inquiry or sentiment; nothing but a contemptuous silence and a stern brutality, which block up all the avenues to the heart. The poor woman made a large bowl of drink, composed of sugar, water, whiskey and peach juice, and handed it to her husband with all the servility of a menial. The dinner consisted of a large piece of salt bacon, a dish of homslie, and a tureen of squirrel broth. I dined entirely on the latter, which I found incomparably good, and the meat equal to the most delicate chicken. The Kentuckyan ate nothing but bacon, which is the favourite diet of all the inhabitants of the state; and drank

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nothing but whiskey, which soon made him two thirds drunk. In this he is also supported by the general habit. In a country, then, where bacon and spirits form the favourite summer repast, it cannot be just to attribute entirely the causes of inferiority to the climate. No people on earth live with less regard to regimen; they eat salt meat three times a day; seldom have any vegetables; and drink ardent spirits from morning till night." II. 281.

Mr. Ashe gives a turgid account of his passage of the *rapids* at Louisville, which was attended with many awful circumstances. Thousands of dull traders, indeed, had passed them before; but when "*such a man as Mr. Ashe*" (to use the words applied to him by the beauty at Cincinnati) was to make the transit, it was to be expected that nature should be strangely disturbed, and fill the hearts of sordid pilots with serious alarms. The voyage, after this achievement proceeded without incident, till Mr. Ashe passed the mouth of the Wabash, when, on "the Indiana shore," he explored a cave more replete with terrours, than any such place we ever read of in romance. We cannot enter either upon its history or horrours; but must tell the curious reader, that Mr. Ashe discovered, by means of certain figures on its sides, which he calls "ancient hieroglyphicks," that it was a "temple dedicated to the sun, and a sanctuary of his priests, in those remote times when the North American Indians were similar to the other nations of antiquity!" Mr. Ashe is never in the smallest difficulty on these points. Thus, he discovers, with equal ease and certainty, that some Indian mummies, which are said to have been found at Lexington, are of far higher date than the mummy-making eras of Egypt; and further, that *iron axes* were positively used in the Ohio country long *before the flood!* But it would be endless to notice all his ravings on these subjects. He never begins to speculate without plunging at once into the depths of absurdity. Like "bold Arnall" in the Dunciad, he makes "a furious dive," and sinks far below all the other sons of dulness.

In this neighbourhood, our traveller paid a visit to a tribe of Indians, "the true lords of the soil;" and his interview with them, strongly reminds us of that between the "friend of humanity" and the "knife-grinder," in the poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*. The Shawannees were quite as unconcerned about their *rights* as the knife-grinder, and were far more solicitous for *whiskey*, than for the condolence of our friend of humanity. Mr. Ashe assures us, however, that they are a more polite people than is commonly imagined; and in particular, that "they practise a very refined species of gallantry." The married women are exceedingly correct. "To a person," he says, "who met one in the woods and implored her to love and look on him, she made the following beautiful reply—*Oulamar, who is for ever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you, or any other person.*"

On reaching the Mississippi, Mr. Ashe made an excursion to St. Louis, the capital of Upper Louisiana, a place containing near two thousand inhabitants, and, for its extent, of considerable trade. Twenty miles above it the Missouri joins the Mississippi, after "passing through a vale which it enriches and adorns to so wonderful a degree that it scarcely can be equalled. The scenes are so picturesque, so various and surprising, that the senses may rather be said to be ravished than simply pleased." [III. 124.] He also visited St. Genevieve; and represents the inhabitants, who are a mixture of French and Spaniards, as being gay and happy.

"Here the guitar resounds, soon after sunset, with the complaints and amorous tales of the village swains; and the same hand which toils all day in the wilderness,

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str[i]kes the tender notes of love in the evening. Every house has its group, and every group its guitar, fiddler, or singer." III. 118.

Mr. Ashe made no considerable stay, on his voyage down the Mississippi, till he reached Natchez. He represents this river as exhibiting, in its scenery and current, an almost continued succession of beauty, richness and grandeur. Some of his descriptions, though by no means in good taste, recall to our recollection these lines of Virgil—

Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus antro
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites.

The navigation, like that of the Ohio, is interrupted with islands of which the number is increasing. During its floods, which are periodical, a "first rate man of war may descend with safety." Above the territory of the Natchez, the banks exhibit an almost complete vacuity of man and his works. Natchez, including the negroes, who are numerous, has 2,500 inhabitants; and their success in the cultivation of cotton, enables them to give full scope to those dissolute and luxurious propensities for which they have become proverbial. Below this place, the navigation to New Orleans is easy; the banks are occupied by a merry and hospitable race of planters, of French descent; and the whole prospect is eminently beautiful. New Orleans is situated on the east bank of the river, a hundred miles from its mouth, in a country where the rarest productions of the finest climate of Europe grow in spontaneous abundance; and, including slaves, it contains near 15,000 inhabitants. The climate, however, is unhealthy, and particularly fatal to newcomers. But situated as it is, within a few days' sail of the Spanish dominions, and the whole West Indies, and receiving, by the Mississippi and its far spreading tributaries, the productions of so many climates and soils, it bids fair to rival the most prosperous marts of the New World. Since its acquisition, with the rest of Louisiana, by the United States, its commerce has very considerably increased. The inhabitants are a mixture from all nations, but chiefly France and Spain. Those from the other American states constitute, according to Mr. Ashe, "by far the worst part of the population." But for further details of their manners and pursuits, we must refer such of our readers, as do not think they have enough of his lucubrations, to the book itself, the narrative of which closes at this point.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Theodore and Blanche, or the Victims of Love. A Novel, in 2 vols. From the French of Madame Cotin. 12mo. 9*s*. 1809.

THE French are certainly our masters in productions of this kind, their ideas are so uncircumscribed; for when a poor Englishman, as Sterne has observed for us, would be satisfied with plunging his wig in a pail of water, to determine whether the buckle would stand, a Frenchman would be for immersing it in the ocean.

Madame Cotin has obtained some celebrity as a writer of these sort of things in her own country, to which limits we heartily wish it were confined. It is so well translated, that we wish the translator had been otherwise and better employed.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

Interesting Narrative, addressed to Cambacérès, by Dorvo Soulastre, Ex-Commissary of St. Domingo, who with a few Companions in a small Passage-Boat, had been taken by an English Privateer on the Coast of Cuba.

[*Lately Published at Paris.*]

THE English kept us on board about a fortnight. At the end of that term the scarcity of water made them wish to get rid of us. Captain William Cropp, the commander, intimated this resolution to me in Latin, which he spoke extremely well. As neither myself nor my companions had found any cause not to be thankful for the good treatment we had experienced, I cannot believe that this man was voluntarily the cause of the severe extremities to which we were reduced during the nine days which followed our quitting the vessel.

On putting us ashore, the English told us we were not more than six or seven leagues from a Spanish *corps de garde*, at which we might easily arrive before sunset, by following the sea shore, and thence we should, with facility, reach the interiour of the country and the royal road which leads to St. Jago, or even to Havanna. Relying on this assurance, we considered that half a dozen thick biscuits and a flagon of rum, which those who conducted us ashore bestowed on us, were even more than sufficient for our sustenance for the short journey we were to make; and, therefore, although we were all half naked, we walked on cheerfully, having no other arms than *a dirk*, a sort of small sabre or poignard, much used by the English privateers when they board any vessel.

Thus victualled and equipped, we marched on for three hours, sometimes along the coast, sometimes through the neighbouring savannas, in which we found a species of *dog-grass* that we chewed now and then with the expectation of cooling the parching thirst we experienced; but it possessed an acidity which the palate could not bear, occasioned, no doubt, by the waters of the sea, which, during the continuance of the south winds and the winter floods, inundate the lands, which are extremely low, and even on that account produced nothing except reeds, and plants common to swampy grounds; some mango trees and some other trees, mis-shapen and branchless, which were scattered here and there, and seemed to vegetate only to attest the infertility of the soil.

The heat had by this time overpowered us; and, though we had not made more than two leagues, on account of the difficulty of the march, we were constrained to sit down under the shadow of a clump of mangoes which rose by the side of a little creek. Here we had scarcely begun to repose ourselves, or to yield to reflections more or less melancholy, the presages of the misfortunes that were preparing

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to overtake us, when our packet master, Pierre, who had gone a little distance inland, ran towards us as fast as he was able, calling out to us, to take care of ourselves. We knew not the occasion of his fears, nor the danger we were in, until he had rejoined us. Thinking he heard a noise on the opposite side of a stagnant pool which was surrounded by mangoes, he had been desirous of seeing from what it proceeded, and to shorten the way, endeavoured to wade across the pool, assisted by some branches of the mango. Unhappily for him he disturbed the repose of five or six alligators, who, during the oppressive heat of the day, had chosen this spot to wallow in. This visit had so much displeased two of them, that they pursued him through the mud; and he would probably have become their prey, had he not been well acquainted with the usual method of eluding them. After an excellent retreat, he ran towards us; and at the moment in which he rejoined us, was apparently more dead than alive.

Disagreeable as this adventure seemed to us, still the conviction of not being far from the *corps de garde*, mentioned by the English, revived our courage and we recommenced our journey in good spirits, persuaded that we should arrive there before night. We therefore continued our march for about three hours longer, at the end of which, the excessive fatigue and heat, and still more the uncertainty of the route, made us determine to stop and deliberate on what was to be done. After a short consultation, which was held at the foot of a tree that very much resembled a cherry tree, but was almost entirely without leaves, we determined to pass the night in the place where we were, since, being elevated, it offered us most security; and we consoled ourselves with the hope that on the next day we should certainly arrive at our promised *corps de garde*. We therefore laid ourselves at our length on the earth, at about a musket shot from the beach, and each of us taking a biscuit, we made our repast, which might have appeared delicious if we had not been in want of fresh water. La Prudence, whom we had despatched to seek for some, brought us nothing but a kind of wild artichoke, which, having the form of a parasol reversed, easily retained the dews, so abundant under the tropick. The heat of the day had, however, absorbed the water it had received during the night. Nevertheless, we cooled our mouths a little, by sucking the leaves. We were still reduced to the necessity of supplying the want of water by our rum, and we drank, in turns, half the contents of our flagon. The biscuits were all consumed; La Prudence only reserved a couple on account of his excessive thirst, and could eat no more than the half of his share.

Our supper was concluded, and it was still day. We rose to examine the environs, and to contrive how we might most easily escape the sea flies and other insects that incommoded us very much during our repast. Each of us went immediately to the right and left, as fancy directed, agreeing not to lose sight of one another, and not to go out of call. La Prudence and I followed captain Durand, and directed our steps towards a savanna, which was skirted by the sea, and interspersed with clumps of mangoes. We were close to one of these clumps when we heard a plaintive cry that proceeded from it. The noise resembled that of a dog endeavouring to disengage himself from a snare. I was advancing to see what occasioned it, when captain Durand stopped me, telling me not to approach, for the voice was not that of a dog, but of an alligator, and that we were not strong enough to defend ourselves from so ferocious an animal. The pale visage of the captain,

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which, from a full red, became at this moment, as white as a shirt, terrified me so effectually, that I had hardly strength to retreat. We returned to our place of rendezvous, whence it was easy for us to perceive that the whole coast was covered with these monsters, by the numerous tracks which they left in the savannas, as they traversed them to betake themselves to the morasses, where they concealed themselves, and avoided the heat of the day.

When we were reassembled we could not but communicate to each other our dread of the alligators, and to secure ourselves from being attacked by them, we saw no other resource but to climb the tree, at the foot of which we then stood, and to pass the night among the branches. At that moment how preferable would a flint and a little tinder have appeared, in our eyes, to all the riches of the earth! Oh night of many terrours, thou wert but the forerunner of miseries—of the manifold miseries which we were about to endure!

The island, for such we discovered the spot to be, on which either ignorance or treachery had landed us was, as I have already said, so low, that, in some places, beside which the sand had been washed up in ridges, we were forced to walk through pools of water. We had traversed it, both in length and breadth, without having met with a pebble of the weight of an ounce. The whole was mud and sand. The ocean which, elsewhere, deposits the sources of fecundity upon its shores, displays here the most tenacious avarice and terrifick sterility. It seems to roll round these desolate coasts for no other purpose but to give birth to the monsters which inhabit them, which it receives and conceals in its bosom, while it participates in their ferocity.

It was out of our power to make any fire that evening. We climed our tree, and each of us formed a couch amid the boughs, as well as he was able. For my own part, I tied my left arm to one of the branches, with the only handkerchief in my possession, in the apprehension that the least motion would make me lose my balance, during the sleep, which, through excessive fatigue, began to gain upon me, and to which I yielded. Notwithstanding the uneasiness of my position, I should have passed the night quietly enough, had it not been for the continued howling and cries of a great number of alligators, which, at the commencement of the night, quitted the marshy pools, and stationed themselves about ten paces from us, on the banks of the sea, where we saw them go in and out, one after another, either to bathe or in search of their prey, which their dreadful concert must, undoubtedly, have driven to a distance. This horrible harmony having lasted about two hours, the band dispersed, still keeping along the coast; although, at intervals, we heard the same cries, which we might have mistaken, sometimes, for the sudden barking of dogs, and, at other times, for the screams of children, had we not known from what sort of throats these noises proceeded. If to the terrour which the presence of these animals gave us, be added the torture which the musquitos, and other insects of every species, with which these marshy places abound; and, moreover, the deadly chill of an abundant dew, so very cold, that it made us shiver through every member, an idea, yet still inadequate, may be obtained of the sufferings which we endured during the long twelve hours of a tropical night.

At length, about six in the morning, a faint twilight announced to us the approach of day. Alas! it came but to show us more and more the whole extent of our misery. We had been fully sensible of the pain caused by the stings of the sea-flies,

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gnats, and mosquitos, but we knew not the effect which they had produced upon our countenances. The moment in which we were first able to see one another was indeed a moment of horrour. We were so swelled as scarcely to be known, except by our clothes and the sound of our voices. Happily we had sea-water in plenty; and after having washed ourselves we found some relief. As to the alligators, they had returned to their pools by daybreak, and since these animals never attack men unless they are disturbed by them, and seldom seek their prey except by night, we were tranquil upon that subject.

While we prepared for our departure, La Prudence went in search of fresh water. He returned without having discovered any, which obliged us to have recourse to our flagon of rum, which we emptied at once, being persuaded that a walk of two hours would be sufficient to bring us to the so much desired *corps de garde*. We set out, and pursued our journey along the strand; but the heat of the sun, which was almost immediately over our heads, was so intense, that we were obliged to stop frequently for a little repose. We then began to feel the approaches of hunger and thirst, particularly after having walked with so much eagerness. Hope, however, still supported us, and, after having halted a third time, during which we sucked the juices of dog-grass, we continued our journey until four o'clock, or thereabouts, when excessive fatigue compelled us to rest, and continued disappointment made us abandon our minds to all the dreadful ideas of our situation. Capt. Durand, the commander, Pierre, and La Prudence were the only persons among us who preserved any strength, either bodily or mental. The Spanish merchant, his servant, and myself, were entirely exhausted. We threw ourselves at the root of a wild cashew tree, which, having no fruit, could only afford us its hospitable shade.

Captain Durand and La Prudence went in search of water. It was at that moment the most pressing of our wants, for our breath was like a flame. In about half an hour, La Prudence returned with a smiling countenance, telling us that he had discovered water which was good to drink. Never, no, never, have the most melodious sounds produced a sensation so delightful, as that excited by these words of honest La Prudence: "Me find water, capitain drinkee it."*—At that moment, fatigue and despondency were forgotten. Water was to us every thing, and we conceived no happiness greater than the pleasure of drinking without restraint. The spot to which our guide conducted us, was nothing more than a marshy pool, situated in a hallow, about a hundred paces from the sea-side, into which the sea being driven by those frequent southern hurricanes which are the desolation and the terrour of the West India Islands, had left there its stagnant waters. These waters, having discharged a portion of their salts through the plants which they nourished, were, with the exception of a brackish taste which they still retained, palatable enough, particularly to persons in our situation. I do not imagine that the dews, abundant as they are, nor even the rain, could, of themselves, have rendered this water so fresh as it was; but to whatever cause its freshness is to be ascribed, the desire of cooling our stomachs overpowered the delicacy of taste, and rendered us inattentive to the colour of this beverage, which was a sort of yellow, tinctured with mud; by the aid of our hats, which served us instead of glasses, we drank abundantly. But as it happens, in situations like ours,

* "Moi avour trouvé de l'eau, capitaine le boire."

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for want of the precautions which experience dictates, our draught had nearly been fatal to us. Instead of beginning by rinsing our mouths, we swallowed this water, which was naturally noxious, with so much haste, and in so great a quantity, that our stomachs revolted against it, and rejected it, in an instant, with violent and excruciating emotions. Nevertheless, though faint and exhausted, we felt relieved from thirst, and so great a desire of sleep seized us, that had we not had the dread of alligators upon us, we could have sunk in repose for the night upon the spot. We filled our flagon with the water, that we might take some to the Spanish merchant, who had not been able to accompany us; and, with difficulty, we regained our sheltering cashew tree, which we saw again with as much pleasure, as a traveller, after a long journey, experiences, when he finds a house and a good bed in which he may recruit his exhausted strength.

As we had not yet relinquished the expectation of arriving at the *corps de garde*, we determined to pass this night as we had done the last; that is to say, among the branches of the cashew tree; but it was impossible for the exhausted Spaniard to climb. His strength was completely overwhelmed with grief (for his whole fortune lay in his vessel) as well as by age, disease, and fatigue. We were obliged to let him remain at the foot of the tree, under the care of the worthy La Prudence, who, voluntarily, without any consideration of the danger to which he exposed himself, offered to take care of him. This honest negro was a perfect model of zeal and attachment. Did he know some means of rendering himself useful, he lost, instantly, every idea of trouble or fatigue, and rested not till he had afforded each of us all the services that he was able to perform. To this eulogium I must add, it is very probable that many of us must have sunk beneath the weight of our sufferings long before the moment of deliverance arrived, had it not been for his indefatigable activity. This second night was terrifick, and whatever idea may be formed of it, the impression would still be feeble. To the horrours of our situation during the former night, must be added, not only faintness and the diminution of our strength, but the sight of our poor companion in misery whose disorder increased so much during the night, that at daybreak he was almost wholly insensible. He became so weak that we could not support him in a sitting posture without difficulty. While we were solicitously endeavouring to assuage his sufferings, his remaining recollection seemed entirely occupied about us, and, at length, appearing to forget his pains, he addressed us in these consolatory words:—

"My dear friends, I feel that my last hour is come, and that it is no longer permitted to me to share your misfortunes. Whatsoever may arrive do not yield to despair. I have a *presentiment* that you will surmount these evils, and that it will not be long ere you obtain the reward due to your patience and courage. As to myself, in quitting you, I have this great consolation, that I die surrounded by Christians; who, in restoring to the earth my mortal remains, will unite their prayers to those which I address to the Father of all, that he will deign to receive me into his mercy."

These were the last words which our poor companion uttered. Nevertheless, he retained his recollection, and ceased not to pray internally, until he had sighed his last. He held a *scapulary* in his hand, which he frequently raised to his lips; and it was not until the instant in which he let it fall, that we perceived he lived no more. Thus terminated the existence of this worthy man, whose death, while it suspended the sense of our own miseries for a short time,

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rendered us more acutely afflicted by his loss.

Our first care, after we were certain that he had breathed his last, was to employ ourselves in burying him. His coat (in one of the pockets of which we found a small lens, similar to those used by watchmakers to examine their work) served him for a shroud, and with our hands and our cutlass we dug for him a grave in the sand, tolerably deep, into which we consigned his body, after having recited over him the prayers used in the ritual of the dead, and ornamented the spot with the sacred symbol of redemption.

This solemn and melancholy ceremony, which apparently should have tended to weaken our remaining energies and to diminish our courage, produced a contrary effect. It seemed to invigorate our bodies and to redouble our resolution; so true is it that prayer, by drawing the soul nearer to its Creator, ennobles it, elevates it, and makes it, in some measure, participate in his power.

I have just said that we found a magnifying glass in one of the pockets of the Spanish merchant, which he made use of in reading his breviary. It was to this instrument, which we had seen twenty times in his hands, without thinking of the advantage we might derive from it, that we owed our preservation; for it is certain that we could not have passed the ensuing nights in the same manner as we had done the two preceding, without being exposed to become sooner or later the prey of the alligators, which, to our astonishment, had respected the last moments of the Spaniard. This we attributed to that repugnance common to every animal, even to the most ferocious, which makes them avoid the scene of natural death.

Our first care, when the sun was near its meridian height, was, by means of our lens, to steal from him one of his beams, and to make a large fire, of which M. Prudhomme and I took the charge, while our companions went forwards to make their discoveries, and did not return until sunset. Not only had they found neither water, nor food, but they had acquired the melancholy certainty that we were not upon the continent of Cuba, but upon a small island on its coast, which was separated from it by a canal three leagues in width.

This discovery, heart rending as it was, produced, nevertheless, a good effect. It delivered us from the cruel state of uncertainty in which we had been for three days, an uncertainty many times more painful than the conviction that our surmises were well founded, and that our safety must depend upon our personal efforts. After some reflection, we agreed that there remained to us one only way of escaping destruction. It was to construct a raft. But how to accomplish such an undertaking? I have already said that the island upon which we were, was low, producing little more than reeds and shrubs, which, in whatever quantity we might collect them, would never have formed a body sufficiently solid to bear us, or to resist the waves which in that channel are particularly turbulent. There were, indeed, some trees scattered here and there on the most elevated spots. But not only were these generally at a distance from the shore, but we had no tools nor instruments to fell them or to adapt them to our purpose. Still, this idea was too attractive to be rejected; and, by continually indulging it, we at length so far persuaded ourselves of the possibility of its execution, that in less than an hour not one of us doubted of the certainty of his preservation. The wretched are not difficult in the choice of their hopes. They see in all their projects the termination of their misery. All their conclusions are directed to one point; and neither the circumstances

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which may happen, nor the obstacles which may arise, impede the velocity of their minds. Their imagination refuses to reflect, and even rejects the most manifest impediments with the dread of beholding the flattering illusion dissipated, which consoles them; and, for a moment, blunts the sense of misery.

These pleasing ideas, united to the certainty of being able to pass a comfortable night, stretched at our ease on the sand, surrounded by good fires, and without any thing to fear from the alligators which had hitherto caused us so much terrour; these ideas, I say, caused our supper of saline herbs and dog-grass to appear excellent. We quenched our thirst with the water of the marsh, but with more precaution than on the preceding evening, and therefore with less inconvenience. We made three fires, and laid ourselves at our length in the space they encompassed. Each of us by turns kept watch to attend to the fires; and thus we passed an excellent night, which was not only free from uneasiness, but was embellished with the most seductive hope.

The next morning we awoke fresh and cheerful, and we conversed upon nothing but the means of putting our project into execution. A little fresh water which the indefatigable La Prudence had collected from those wild artichokes which I have already mentioned, added farther to our comforts, and augmented our expectations; but as we were on the side of the island most distant from the main land, we resolved to travel across to the other shore. This enterprise had numerous difficulties; and although the northern coast was not more than two leagues from the point whence we departed; yet the journey took up the whole of the day. Still this was preferable to the attempt to double the point of the island on a raft, which is always ungovernable when it meets with a current contrary to the course in which it is to be navigated.

It was not without a farewell sight of the tomb of the poor Spaniard, nor without paying his memory the respect of our mutual regret, that we quitted this spot, the scene of our affliction, our despair, and our hope. But the project which we had formed had so many charms, that it speedily concentrated all our ideas. It was, indeed, our only expectation, our last resource. As we walked, it formed the incessant subject of our conversation; and we spoke of it as of a measure, the execution of which was indubitable. We thus reanimated our courage and renewed our strength. In all the circumstances, and in every station of life, man delights to lull his reason with chimeras. He will even quit the real pleasures which he enjoys, to indulge his imagination in the creation of those which do not exist. He trespasses, madman as he is, upon the sacred rights of the unfortunate!— Illusion is the territory of the unhappy. The blessings which it produces are to them real. They soften the sensation of present evil; they strengthen their souls in the toils of adversity; and enable them to arrive at the termination of their miseries.

After a journey of seven hours we arrived, at length, on the other coast of the island. We were, indeed, in a most pitiable state. Our feet were torn by thorns, and began to refuse their support; and those among us who wore boots, had their legs so swollen, that they were obliged to cut the leather to obtain relief. But whatever were our sufferings, one single look towards the opposite coast, immediately overcame our sense of them, and a thick smoke, which we beheld rising through the trees that bordered the strand, transformed this country to a new Eden in our idea, in which our imagination presented us already, the oblivion of our miseries and the enjoyments of the land of promise.

After a meal of herbs and roots, we began our work. The strongest

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attacked the trees at their roots, while the rest stripped them of their bark, or went in search of reeds. When our materials were united, we delivered ourselves up to our occupations, with an ardour of which our situation can alone suggest an idea.

Night interrupted our labours. We made up our fires and thought of taking that repose which our journey and our work had rendered more than ever necessary to us. We enjoyed our rest in its fullest extent, until the moment when the dawn broke the charm of sleep embellished with the most promising dreams, and embellishing our waking hours with all that the most deceitful imagination renders seductive.

Resolved to depart on the morning of the next day, we busied ourselves in the construction of our raft. We had collected materials, and nothing remained but to put them in order. Capt. Durand was our engineer.

He began by instructing us to lash our wood together with the green bark of trees and reeds; and thus we succeeded, little by little, in fabricating a flat machine, to one of the ends of which we fastened a piece of wood that might serve us as a rudder. Our work being finished we moored our masterpiece firmly to the sandy bank, and went to rest at no great distance, still contemplating the spot that held the long laboured means of our expected safety.

Alas! the stroke of misfortune had not yet spent its force. We were doomed to feel every degree of affliction and to arrive slowly at the termination of misery!

We had slept two or three hours, surrounded by numerous fires, which we had intrusted to the care of La Prudence, when we were suddenly roused by loud claps of thunder, which rolled over our heads.

The sky was in flames with lightning. The clouds, heaped upon one another, reflected the most terrifick hues, more or less vivid, as they were more or less opaque, while the whole appeared so closely embodied round us, that we seemed to be in the very bosom of a volcano.

Our first ideas were naturally directed to our raft. Hitherto it had been the centre of our hopes; but at this moment it attracted all our fears. As I have already said, we had constructed it on the strand, where we had firmly moored it; but as the sea rose in immense billows, and even dashed over the eminence on which we were, we perpetually questioned each other, if it could be supposed possible that the waves would respect this last plank of our shipwrecked expectations? Alas! our mutual fears were too well founded! The greedy ocean had dragged it into its deep abyss, and there remained for us, on the return of light, nothing but despair and death.

At this sight, we stood immovable and lifeless. For some hours we had not even the courage to speak, much less to attempt any new resource. To this deplorable situation another trouble was superadded. Hitherto we had all preserved our health. Setting aside that uneasiness which is ever the consequence of continued misfortune, we had found sufficient strength to contend with all the wants that assailed us. But the moment in which we beheld the termination of our cherished hope, the force and courage which had, until now, sustained us, suddenly abandoned us, and we fell into a faint and lifeless stupor, which must infallibly have terminated in death, if that sentiment which ever recalls man to the care of his preservation, had not given a small portion of energy to our hearts, that had almost ceased to beat.

"Come!" exclaimed captain Durand, starting up with an accent that bordered upon desperation:—"when life is to be preserved every means is lawful! In our present state we must have food; otherwise, of six, not one will long remain alive, but we

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must die, one after another, the death of madmen!—We must not hesitate—the death of one, must assure the preservation of the rest: I have chosen my victim!" In uttering these dreadful words, he made a leap towards poor La Prudence, whom he seized by the hair, and brandishing the cutlass which he held in the other hand, he was about to strike our unfortunate companion, when a fearful cry of horrour, which burst from us all at once, arrested his murderous arm, and gave his victim an opportunity of disengaging himself from the arm that held him.—But what now was the conduct of his victim? Young, robust, and stronger alone than all the rest of us together; what if he profits by the advantages which he possesses, to disarm and beat to the earth, the monster who would have slain him, and whose hand still threatens his existence? In one word, ye philosophers, shall vengeance or generosity actuate the bosom of a slave? La Prudence, poor La Prudence is more than generous? He might make his adversary tremble, from whose repentant hands the steel has just dropped:—but no, he becomes a suppliant; he begs his life, which should his executioner refuse, his attitude (for he has thrown himself upon his knees) shows him ready to resign as the last proof of his attachment. He addresses himself to all: he seeks the compassion of all whom his late services have benefited. "O masses white mans not kill I—poor La Prudence!—do all for white mans: the good God help us!"*

What extremes are there in nature, and how frequent does she delight to unite them in the same individual! What opposite sentiments agitated at the same instant the soul of captain Durand, whose heart was naturally benevolent, sensible, and generous. With what astonishing rapidity did he return from a state of ferocity to the softest sentiments of compassion and humanity! He could not support his emotions. He shook through all his limbs. He fell; but it was into the arms of his negro slave, who is become for life, his brother—his friend!—He presses him to his heart. He sheds tears upon his face. Their tears unite, while ours flow in abundance, and the spot which was on the point of becoming the theatre of the most horrible murder, displays the triumph of humanity!

But what are we to do?—Our strength exhausted, we must perish with hunger before we can collect the materials necessary for the construction of another raft. Providence will still have mercy upon us, and the instrument which it employs to assure us of our deliverance, is to be the same man, who, a moment before, one of us had destined to become the most direful of all sacrifices!

While we were yet pensive and without hope, La Prudence ran towards us with speed: his joy deprived him of the power of utterance. Captain Durand and Pierre ran towards him, and we soon followed their steps. But what were our transports when we perceived a large alligator stretched lifeless along the shore, and which the retiring ebb had left upon the strand. It had no putrid smell; its flesh was fresh and white; and it seemed to have but that moment expired. To make a fire—to broil what we intended to eat, and to hang slices in the smoke that we might preserve this precious gift of Providence, was the business of an instant. How delicious was our repast! and with what ardour was it followed by the enterprise which we commenced!

By the evening of the next day we had collected together as much

* "O maîtres blancs! vous pas tuyer moi, pauvre La Prudence, faire tout pour blancs; bon Dieu secourir nous!"

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wood as was necessary for the construction of a second raft, and the most difficult part of our work was completed. We now had fears of nothing but a second tempest. The alligator afforded us sufficient nourishment, and drought was our only suffering. We had, indeed, habituated ourselves to the marshy water, which we drank in small quantities, and thereby experienced considerable relief without any great inconvenience. At length the moment of our departure arrived, and after a quiet night which was followed by a magnificent sunrise, we confided ourselves to our frail machine; while with one accord, we offered up an ardent and sincere prayer.

We were seven hours in making the voyage of those three leagues which separated us from the main land. We had departed praying, and we arrived praying. At the instant of our arrival we heard the lowing of an ox. We were on the borders of a forest, which we determined to enter and to make our way towards the spot from which the sound proceeded. It was, however, not before the next day that we arrived at a hut inhabited by a Creole family, who kept there a sort of suttling house, where the soldiers of the neighbouring station, who were undoubtedly the *corps de garde*, mentioned by the English, came to regale themselves.

The commanding officer of the station being made acquainted with our arrival, came to see us, and had the kindness to provide us with mules to carry us in two days to Batavano, and from thence to the Havanna, where, in the house of M. Trabuc, receiver of the dues of the French government on prizes, who discharged the functions of commercial consul, we met with all the aids of the most open and cordial hospitality. My companions had equal reason to be thankful for his kindness. He accommodated them with bed and board until each of them was able to exist on resources of his own.

On the Torpidity of Animals. By Benjamin Smith Barton, of Philadelphia, M. D.

To the editor of the Philosophical Magazine.

SIR,

I LATELY purchased, and have just finished the reading of, "An Essay on the Torpidity of Animals, by Henry Reeve, M. D" The work has afforded me much amusement, and some instruction; and may, doubtless, be read with great satisfaction and advantage by the younger class of naturalists. It is, however, I think, less replete with new facts and experiments, and with original and enlarged views of the nature and phenomena of torpid life, than might have been expected, considering the respectable author's opportunities of acquiring information, and the length of time that he has had the subject under his consideration.

Having myself, for several years, been engaged in inquiries relative to the same subject, in various classes of animals, but especially in the mamalia, the birds, and the reptilia (amphibia of Linneus) I hope to be able, at no very distant period, to publish the full result of my researches and experiments. I shall then, with that candour, which, I trust, will never forsake me in my inquiries as a naturalist, point out some of the errours (as I now conceive them to be) of Dr. Reeve's work; and in particular, I shall state at length the facts, the actual experiments, and the observations, which compel me to differ from him on some very material questions. At present, I have no other object in view than to draw your attention,

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and that of your philosophick readers, to that part of Dr. Reeve's Essay which relates to the real or supposed torpidity of birds. This part of his subject, the intelligent author does not seem to have examined with his accustomed ability.

In treating of the "migration of birds," Dr. Reeve has the following words: "Here a curious question arises respecting the disappearance of birds. It is singular that this subject should still admit of doubt, when it seems so easy to be decided; yet every month we see queries and answers about the migration of swallows, and every year our curiosity is attempted to be amused with marvellous histories of a party of these birds diving under water in some remote quarter of America. No species of birds, except the swallow, the cuckoo, and the woodcock, have been supposed to remain torpid during the winter months. And what is the evidence in favour of so strange and monstrous a supposition? Nothing but the vague testimonies, and histories repugnant to reason and experience.*"

It appears somewhat surprising to me, that an author who had so long had the subject of the torpidity of animals under his consideration, should have hazarded the assertion contained in the preceding paragraph. Dr. Reeve has certainly, read of other birds, besides the swallow, the cuckoo, and the woodcock, which are said to have been found in a torpid state. And ought he not to have mentioned these birds.

In my Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania, which Dr. Reeve, if I do not mistake, has seen, for he has referred to the work in his Inaugural Dissertation published in 1803, I have mentioned the common humming bird (trachilus colubris) as one of those American birds which do occasionally become torpid. I have particular reasons for quoting the passage, as it occurs in the Fragments. "I have not been able to learn, that the humming bird winters in any, not even in the warmest parts of the United States. I cannot hesitate to consider it as a bird of passage. A gentleman, however, whose name I do not recollect, wrote a little paper to prove, that these birds continue with us all the winter. Why? Because one of them was one frosty day, in the month of October, found a good deal benumbed in a church, in some part of New England, I think in Connecticut."†

In the same work, speaking of the caprimulgus virginianus, or whip-poor-Will of the Americans, I have said: "I have been informed, that some of these birds have been found in a torpid state, in hollow trees, in New Jersey. But I cannot entirely depend upon the fact; and I have little hesitation in saying, that this bird, as well as the swallows, to which it is allied, is a bird of passage."‡

Here, then, there are two American birds besides those enumerated by Dr. Reeve, which are supposed by some persons, to become torpid in the winter season. Nor do these complete the list. It is the opinion of many well informed persons in the United States (but I by no means vouch for the verity of the story) that the Virginia corncrake, or rail (rallus virginianus) becomes torpid, and remains among the mud and grasses of our meadows, &c. during the winter season. It is asserted, by many other persons, that whole flocks of the Carolina parrot, or parakeet (psittacus carolinensis) continue in a torpid state, in the

* An essay, &c. section 2, pages 39, 40.

† Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania, part first. Appendix I. pages 18 and 19. Philadelphia, 1799.

‡ Fragments, &c. Appendix I. page 18.

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hollows of trees, in the state of North Carolina, and in some other parts of the American union. I believe entire dependence may be placed upon this statement; though it would not be difficult to show, that these birds are often seen abroad, and pretty active, when the ground is whitened by snow. I could mention not a few other birds, the torpid state of which has been spoken of by naturalists and others; and these birds I shall mention in my "Facts, Experiments, and Observations, relative to the torpidity of animals."

But "what" (says Dr. Reeve) "is the evidence in favour of so strange and monstrous a supposition? Nothing but the most vague testimonies, and histories repugnant to reason and experience."

This, surely, is not the proper language to be employed in the investigation and discussion of physiological questions. Authorities are facts in natural, as well as in civil history. And in favour of the torpidity of some of the birds which I have mentioned, the authorities are, sometimes at least highly respectable; nor are they few in number. In regard to the swallows, I shall say but little at present. I have, at this time, in the press, a memoir on the migration and torpidity of these birds. I am confident that I shall be able to convince every candid philosopher, that great numbers of swallows, of different species, do occasionally pass into a state of torpidity, more or less profound, not merely "in some remote quarter of America," but in the vicinity of our capital cities, where there are some men of genuine observation and inquiry, and who are as little propense to believe the marvellous in natural history, as any philosophers elsewhere.

I do not suppose that all the swallows of North America become torpid. It is my present opinion, and it was my opinion when I published the "Fragments" in 1799, that the swallows, *in general*, are migratory birds.* But subsequent and very extensive inquiries have convinced me, that the instances of torpid swallows are much more frequent than I formerly supposed they were; and that there are two species of the genus *hirundo*, which are peculiarly disposed to pass the brumal season in the cavities of rocks, in the hollows of trees, and in other similar situations, where they have often been found in a *soporose* state. These species are the *hirundo riparia*, or sand swallow, commonly called, in the United States, bank swallow and bank martin; and the *hirundo palasgia*, or aculeated swallow, which we call chimney bird and chimney swallow. *There is no fact in ornithology better established, than* THE FACT *of the occasional torpidity of these two species of hirundo.*

I say nothing of the torpidity of swallows "under water." But I do not wholly deny *this* fact. And I take much pleasure in referring Dr. Reeve to a short paper, in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, vol. vi. part i. relative to the discovery of a torpid swallow under a quantity of mud and leaves. The author of that paper was a most worthy and respectable man; and a man so religiously attached to truth, that I believe him to have been incapable of uttering a falsehood. He was, moreover, a man of nice observation, and of a philosophical turn of mind.

I do not wish to urge this part of the swallow's history any further. I have nothing to say in support of the "swallow song." But when, in page 44, Dr. Reeve asserts, that no swallows "were ever found in all the rivers and lakes of England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, or Switzerland, although fishermen are constantly

* See Fragments, &c. Appendix I. page 16. See, also, Introduction to this work, pages xii and xiii. § xxiv, xxv, xxvi.

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employed on these their supposed hiding places," does he mean to say, that at it has never been asserted by any of his countrymen that swallows have been found torpid under water, in England? Swallows are said to have been found torpid "in the river Thames;" and the fact seems to have been credited by some illustrious Englishmen in the 17th century; and among others, if I do not mistake, by the immortal William Harvey.*

But I will take my leave of the swallows.—Since I published my Fragments, I have obtained much information relative to the torpidity of the humming bird. I have hinted at this subject, and have, indeed, most pointedly admitted the fact, in my letter to Mons. La Cepede, published in your Philosophical Magazine. I am now fully persuaded, that instances of the torpidity of the trochilus are by no means uncommon in the United States: and I regret my having treated with so little respect, the opinion of the Connecticut gentleman already alluded to. It is certain, at least, that the trochilus, like the generality of the swallows, is very impatient of cold; and that it sometimes, even in our houses, very suddenly passes into a profound slumber, from which, however, it awakes, to enjoy all the privileges of its life. I say this is certain. And this, so far as his sentiments may be collected from his Essay, is more than Dr. Reeve is willing to admit of any species in the great class of birds.

The fact of the torpidity of the trochilus was not unknown above two centuries ago. It is related by the Spanish historians Herrera, Ximenes, and several others, though it must be confessed that these writers have mixed with the truth, some fable. I have lately conversed with an intelligent gentleman, who was born, and has long resided, in the kingdom of Mexico. He assures me, that the fact of the torpidity of the trochilus is known to every one in that country, and in the adjacent provinces. He added, that he had himself seen one of these little birds in its brumal sleep, in a tree. I shall discuss this subject at length, and shall illustrate it by actual experiments, in my work on the torpid state of animals, to which I have already alluded. In the mean while, I flatter myself that the following lines, a part of which immediately relates to the somnus of the trochilus, will not be wholly unacceptable to some of your readers. The author is Raphael Landivar, a native of Guatimala; and his poem, entitled Rusticatio Mexicana, in fifteen books, besides an appendix, in verse also, deserves to be much better known than it appears to be. It is, indeed, well worthy of an English translation; and I sincerely wish that

* In Dr. Birch's History of the Royal Society, vol. iv. there are some curious notices about swallows. The following may not be deemed wholly unworthy of Dr. Reeve's attention. "Sir John Hoskyns proposed, that it might be duly examined, what becomes of the swallows, and in what state they are during the winter. In answer to which Mr. Henshaw affirmed; that the chancellor of Denmark told him, as an undoubted truth, that in Iceland, there had been taken out of the ice swallows, which being afterwards brought into a warm stove recovered and flew about the room." Mr. Henshaw observed, "that he had an account like the former concerning swallows from our watermen, viz. that they have found them in the river Thames; and that towards the end of the year they assemble in great numbers on the little islands of the river, and then submerge themselves in the water."—"Upon reading the minutes of the last meeting, Mr. Henshaw remarked, that Dr. Harvey had considered the state of swallows in the winter, and had dissected some of them, which had been found under water, and could not observe that there was either warmth or motion in them."—"Mr. Chetwynd, of Ingstree, being present [at a meeting of the Royal Society] observed, that during the time that the swallows are laid up for the winter, they moult, and return in the spring with all new feathers." The History of the Royal Society of London. &c. &c. By Thomas Birch, D. D. secretary to the Royal Society, vol. iv. pages 533, 534, 537.

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the elegant Mr. Sotheby, whose translation of the Georgicks of Virgil has so deservedly procured him a high reputation, could be induced to undertake the task. My copy of Landivar's work, which is, I believe, a very rare one, would be at his service. The publick pulse might be tried, by the publication of a version of one or two of the books.

In his 13th book the author treats of birds. And here it is that he speaks of the humming bird, its manners, its sleep, &c.

" Nil tamen exiguo novit præstantius orbis
Colibrio dulcis spoliato murmure vocis,*
Sed claro tenues pennâ radiante per artus.
Exiguum corpus, forsan non pollice majus,
(Quod rostro natura parens munivit acuto
Atque artus ferme totos æquante volucris.)
Induit aurato viridantes lumine plumas,
Et varios miscet tracto a sole colores.
Ille volat rapidum Zephyrum superante volatu,
Et raucum pennâ tollit stridente susurrum.
Roscida si vero fragranti educere flore
Mella velit rostro, viresque reducere membris,
(Quippe aliâ quacumque negat se pascere mensâ)
Sistitur in medio concussis aëre pennis,
Nectareum donec tereti trahat ore liquorem.
Ast adeo prompte subtiles concutit alas,
Ut vigiles fugiant oculos, ludantque citatæ;
Suspensamque putes volucrem super æthera filo,
Sin autem sylvis borealis bruma propinquet,
Plusque vagus solito frigecat Jupiter imbre,
Frigida præcipti linquit Colibrius arva
Nostra fugâ, linquitque levi viridaria pennâ
Et longúm montis nigris absconditus umbris
Indulget placido, ceu Progne arguta, sopori,
Dum luces Aries stellatis noctibus æquet,
Verque novum pratis antiquum reddat honorem."

Rusticatio Mexicana, lib. xiii. v. 217, 242.

All this, Dr. Reeve will perhaps say, may do very well in poetry: but something more positive on the subject of the "placidus sopor" of the colibri is required. Some facts, and therefore something more positive, I have already mentioned: and many additional facts, with experiments, I promise to give in another place. At present I will only add, that Mr. Landivar mentions the torpidity of the humming bird, not as a fable, but as an established truth. For in the short Monitum prefixed to his interesting work, he says "In hoc autem opusculo nullis erit fictioni locus, eam si excipias, quæ ad lacum Mexicanum canentes poetas inducit. Quæ vidi refero, quæque mihi testes oculati, cæteroquin veracissimi, retulere. Præterea curæ mihi fuit oculatorum testium auctoritate subscripta, quæ rariora sunt, confirmare."

I am, Sir, with much respect,
Your obedient servant, &c.
BENJAMIN SMITH BARTON.
Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1809.

Considerations on the Opinions expressed on Mr. Bruce, by Lord Valentia, and Mr. Salt.

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

SIR,

IN the seventh volume of your valuable publication, pp. 27, 213, 443, I find a review of lord Valentia's Travels, and Mr. Salt's Narrative of his Excursion into Part of the Province of Tigré, in Abyssinia; in which the latter calls in question the veracity of the accounts published by the late Mr. Bruce.

Being a resident at Grand Cairo when that gentleman returned from Abyssinia, I had the pleasure of his

* "Avicula hæc Colibri in America Meridionali, in Septentrionali vero Chupa-mirto dicitur." Note by Landivar.

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company during three successive months. He came almost every day to my house; and I often visited him at a Mr. Rose's, a French merchant, where he lodged. As I visited Egypt principally with a view of penetrating into Abyssinia myself, I was, of course, very inquisitive about that country; and this soon caused an intimate acquaintance between us. I therefore had sufficient opportunity to investigate his character; which I do not conceive was such as would allow of his advancing an unfounded falsehood. He had, moreover, too much good sense not to know, that in process of time, he might be detected by some future traveller; and besides that, his Greek servant, Michael, who followed him in all his travels, whom I knew for at least ten years afterwards, and with whom I had dealings in a mercantile way, might have contradicted any thing which was absolutely false. Of this Mr. Bruce must have been well aware.

I by no means defend Mr. Bruce in every thing. He had a great share of vanity, which often urged him to colour his narrative too highly. He is not always accurate in mentioning distances, bearings, &c. and by such negligences, he exposes himself to the lash of criticism. He may also be chargeable with other minor faults, from which scarcely any person is exempt; but I can never bring myself to suspect his integrity. When I found in your valuable publication the same feelings on this subject, as my own, I immediately resolved to transmit some observations on it, to you; but not having had, till lately, an opportunity of examining Mr. Salt's Narrative in lord Valentia's publication, myself, I have been under the necessity of delaying my communication.

It appears to me that Mr. Salt entered on his journey with a mind prejudiced against Mr. Bruce, and determined to find fault with him wherever he could. Times and circumstances alter many things, particularly with regard to persons, in the course of thirty five years; the period which elapsed between the travels of Mr. Bruce and those of Mr. Salt, into Abyssina. It cannot, therefore, be wondered at, that lord Valentia's reception at Dahalack, Massua, and Arkeko, differed from that of Mr. Bruce, who, moreover, had not the advantage of an English ship of war, or of any number of men, besides his own servants, for his protection. The dispositions of all those, more than half barbarous easterns, is such, that whenever they perceive that a person makes inquiries about another, against whom he is prejudiced (which they discover quickly) then they frame such answers as they think will best agree with his purposes without any regard to simple truth. Thus Mr. Salt was told that Mr. Bruce had never been in any battle; that the battle of Serbraxos was fought *two years* before he entered Abyssinia; that Mr. Bruce never had any office; nor was any territory given to him. Now, with regard to the first particular, I think I can bring a positive proof to the contrary. Mr. Bruce repeatedly showed me a wound in his arm by a spear, received in one of the battles at Serbraxos; and it was still troublesome, from not having been rightly cured; it even sometimes opened again and discharged matter. With regard to the other assertions, I have no other evidence than the statements of Mr. B. these, however, I think, are entitled to more credit, than the loose hints partly gathered, and partly forced out, from some of the natives.

A striking instance of such a forced answer was that given to lord Valentia (not less prejudiced against Mr. Bruce, than Mr. Salt was) by Mr. Carlo Rossetti, from whom, as a European, one would have expected more regard to fact. Lord Valentia, on his return through Egypt, [Vide vol. III. page 399, and 400]

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asked Mr. Carlo Rossetti, of whose abilities he seems to have formed a much higher idea than they deserve, if he knew Mr. Bruce? To which he replied: "He had known him very well, while on his way to the Red Sea; that he *had accompanied him in his canja** to Cairo, and had been *constantly with him during his residence there;* that he had therefore begun to read his book, as soon as he received it, but had never finished it, from finding so many misstatements respecting Ali Beg, all the adventures with whom, were to his knowledge, romances. You may know," said he, "that Bruce never saw Ali Beg, by the description he gives of the diamonds in his turban; every one will inform you, that no Mameluke ever wore any jewels there; it is contrary to their custom." "Rossetti was *in* Italy when Bruce returned; and *saw him*, as he says, *at* Venice. *He and another gentleman were shown the drawings made in Egypt and Abyssinia;* but the latter observed that they were made in the Italian manner, which so extremely offended Bruce, that he refused to exhibit any more."

From the beginning of the year 1770, to the beginning of 1782, I resided at Cairo, consequently full *twelve years;* during which period I never remember Mr. Carlo Rossetti to have been out of Egypt, except once, when he went to Cyprus, to settle his accounts with the family of Mr. Zambetti, a deceased partner of his, in trade. But though it be possible that my memory should fail me in this particular, yet I cannot be mistaken in another, viz. that Mr. Bruce never was in Italy at the same time as Mr. Rossetti was there. It is well known, that Mr. Bruce, after his return, staid about three months in Cairo; and then he embarked at Alexandria for Marseilles; where he performed quarantine, and from thence he hastened home by way of Paris. How, therefore, could Mr. Rossetti have seen him and his drawings *at* Venice?

Mr. Rossetti is no great scholar or reader. He got in favour with Ali Beg not long before I came into the country, by advancing him money when in distress; and from that incident arose the good will of Ali Beg towards Europeans, which ultimately proved very detrimental to the few French houses at Cairo. For though Rossetti (favoured as the chief provider of goods for Ali Beg) found means to reimburse *himself*, yet the French merchants were, through him, drawn in, so that they were induced to advance goods *on credit* to Ali Beg, a thing never done before; by which, at the death of the latter, they lost upwards 100,000 German crowns. Any person but Rossetti might easily have foreseen this calamity. Had Rossetti been a man of penetration, he would not have sent his own brother, Balthasar, to Gedda, to establish a mercantile house there, the moment he heard that Ali Beg's troops, under Mahamed Beg, had entered Mecca, where he deposed the old Sherrife, and appointed Hassan Beg, governour of Gedda. Very little reflection was necessary to foresee, that this state of things could not last long; and so it proved. The news of Mahamed Beg's success arrived September 12, 1770, and October 15, Mr. Balthasar Rossetti set off for Gedda. He advanced no farther than Suez, where he met Hassan Beg returning in great haste, with fifteen of his men only, having been driven from Gedda by the old Sherrife, who returned as soon as Mahamed Beg had retired, and re-established every thing on the old

* This could not have been strictly true, no European at that period being allowed to possess any vessel upon the river. Nor could he be always about or with him during his stay, for Mr. Bruce then also lodged at Mr. Rose's, where Mr. Rossetti could only see him occasionally.

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footing. I can, therefore, look upon Mr. Carlo Rossetti in no other light than that of a lucky adventurer.

Lord Valentia's work, and Mr. Salt's narrative contain many instances of mis-statements; particularly in those passages, where the veracity of Mr. Bruce is attacked. I will notice a few only.

1. Vol. II. page 487, Mr. Salt, contradicting Mr. Bruce, makes very light of the difficulties of the ascent of the mountain Taranta. Yet in vol. III, page 12, where he speaks of another rugged and very steep hill, he employs those difficulties as an object of comparison, saying: "In steepness and ruggedness *this hill may be compared to Taranta;* though its height is considerably inferiour." Page 70, speaking again of another very rough hill, he says: "The descent hence is extremely steep, and so much incommoded with loose stones, that we were obliged to dismount from our mules; and, before we reached the bottom, had reason to exclaim, that *it was as bad as the descent of Taranta.*"

2. Page 159, Mr. Salt calls Mr. Bruce *imprudent enough* to say, that "the Abyssinians eat raw flesh stripped from the living animal." To me it does not appear to be a decisive proof that this is never done—that Mr. Salt did not see it at Antalow. It may be done by rustick soldiers, in the provinces, or by epicures at the court of Gondar. There are frequent hints in Mr. Salt's Narrative, which show, that they cannot get it too fresh, and those help to establish Mr. Bruce's statement. Vide page 119, where it is said: "In the present instance the skin was only partly taken off, and a favourite slice of flesh was brought *immediately* to table, the muscles of which *continued to quiver*, till the whole was devoured." Mr. Salt likewise says: "The gross and disgusting scenes which Mr. Bruce describes as following a brinde feast, I firmly believe existed only in his own imagination." Vide page 158. Yet the repeated mention by Mr. Salt, of the free and often indecent behaviour, and drunken revels of the Abyssinian ladies and gentlemen, would lead us to suspect, that Mr. Bruce's account may be too true. [Vide pages 27, 52, 71, 102, 103, 150, and 151; as also page 124, which contains captain Rudland's report of a feast.] The inference is undeniable that modesty and chastity are not to be reckoned among Abyssinian virtues. Page 207, Mr. Salt says: "We spent the evening in the true Gondar style: *the conversation being extremely free.*"

3. Page 209. Among other answers received from Hadgee Hamet, to questions asked concerning Mr. Bruce, he says: "He did not well understand Amharick, or Tigré, and did not speak much more Arabick than I [Mr. Salt] do."

Now, with regard to Amharick, I heard him speak it, in the house of Mr. Pini, with a very respectable Armenian, who had known him in Abyssinia, from whence he was just returned. This Armenian said that he spoke Amharick "very well." With respect to Arabick, I myself was able to judge. He spoke it fluently, through in the Mecca dialect; which differs in a few instances from that spoken at Cairo. He certainly had had opportunities enough to become acquainted with that language, before he went to Abyssinia; for he had been consul at Algiers; he had visited other parts of Barbary; he then travelled in Syria as far as Palmyra; and afterwards through many parts of Egypt and Arabia, till he arrived at Massua.

That there should be inaccuracies in Mr. Bruce's description of the antiquities and ruins at Axum, cannot be a subject of surprise. Mr. Bruce had not the protection of a Ras of Tigré; the fear of whom made every one, even the priests, who are not at all well inclined towards Europeans, subservient to Mr. Salt's views. Mr. Bruce travers-

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ed that part of the country like a bird of passage, in continual danger from the natives, whose disposition Mr. Salt does not extol [page 99] where he says: "The lower class of the inhabitants of Axum, seem to be more rude to strangers, and less under authority, than any we observed during our excursion; so that it was not easy to prevent the occurrence of a serious dispute." Mr. Salt was, through the protection of the Ras's people, enabled to examine the ruins at leisure; he was twice there, and yet *he* had to correct some things at his second visit. Now, though Mr. Bruce may have been obliged to supply the defects of his hasty sketches of those ruins, which he saw *en passant* only, from hearsay, I think he is entitled to more candour and lenity than Mr. Salt has granted him. Though the latter cannot conceal his constant endeavour to find out something to the prejudice of Mr. Bruce's character; yet he is ready enough to quote his authority when it suits his purpose. Neither is this eagerness to detect errour, the less uncandid, even if it should be proved hereafter that Mr. Bruce was much to blame, for colouring too highly, events in which he was personally concerned; neither is it by any means the less censurable.

Mr. Salt left Dixan, which is the first town in Abyssinia, August 14, 1805, and returned to the same place October 31, in the same year, consequently he can only be said to have spent about eleven weeks, travelling included, in one of the frontier provinces of Abyssinia. For some time after his arrival at Antalow he was little better than a prisoner, being totally unable to converse without an interpreter. On the contrary, Mr. Bruce came to Dixan November 22, 1769; and January 17, 1772, he left Sancoho, a frontier town of Abyssinia, on his way to Sennaar. It appears, therefore, that he was full three years in the interiour of that country; and he could converse, at least in Arabick immediately as he entered it. During that time he travelled through many parts; associated with a great variety of persons; was much at court; and had time enough to become acquainted with the manners of the people.

Considering all this, I think the publick will do well to suspend its judgment concerning Mr. Bruce's veracity, till some other unbiassed witness, or even Mr. Salt himself, by a longer residence and further investigation, has been able to gather more ample information than was practicable in so short a time, and under such circumstances as attended his first visit.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
JOHN ANTES.

Bristol, Feb. 6, 1810.

Curious Property of the Toad. Communicated by a Correspondent.

To Mr. Nicholson, Editor of the Philosophical Journal.

SIR,

AMONG the many curious accounts that I have read of the toad, I never met with the following fact.

A person in the neighbourhood of Maidston, who manufactures brown paper, informed me, last summer, while I was observing his people at work, that he had frequently placed a toad in the midst of the pile of sheets to be pressed, and always found it alive and well on taking it out, although it must have sustained with the paper a pressure equivalent to several tons; but a frog could never survive the same degree of pressure. I searched a long time for a toad, to see the experiment myself; but it was a very warm day, and I was unable to find one, till after the men had left work.

I am, sir, your obliged, A. M.
March 25th, 1810.

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To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN reply to a query in the magazine for September, whether the sun-flower "follows the course of the sun in the day, and in the night time (the stalk untwisting) returns to the east to face the sun next morning," I beg leave to observe that I believe it to be groundless; having a number of very fine flowers growing in an open garden, not in the least influenced by any surrounding walls or building. They have the finest possible heads of numerous flowers, growing to face all quarters; but my principal attention has been paid to the main flower, and I find it always remains in the situation it first blows in, either north, east, south, or west. Some of the stalks appear twisted, which I consider to arise from the great weight of the head when in full seed; though, while making these remarks, a friend of mine asserted, he had observed the flower changed its position; but he is the only person I ever heard to believe it whilst I have many observers with myself to the contrary.

Also in observation on chalk becoming flint by a natural process. Whilst in Bedfordshire, this was the subject of conversation; and it was asserted to me as a fact, that on the chalky hills in the neighbourhood of Dunstable, chalk actually became flint, though to the observers by an unknown process and that after removing these flints, yet the fresh chalk replaced the usual quantity of flints, and that this would be the case *ad infinitum;* by what inherent chymical property in the chalk, aided by the atmosphere, remains to be solved by a more learned person than myself. An insertion of the above in the Monthly Magazine, will oblige a constant reader.

J. S.

William Julius Mickle, the undoubted author of the song—"There's nae luck about the House."

To the Editor of the Universal Magazine.

SIR,

TO the pages of your miscellany I would confide the following circumstances, respecting the true author of a beautiful ballad, much known, and much admired. I do not think that it will be needful to enter into any prefatory detail, as Mr. Mudford's letter to me, with my reply, and the accompanying copy of the song, will fully enable your readers to comprehend the cause and the nature of the inquiry which has been instituted, and which, I rejoice to say, has terminated in establishing the claim of my much respected friend, Mr. Mickle, to his own honours.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
J. SIM.

Pentonville, April 14, 1810.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Mudford to the Rev. John Sim, A. B.

SIR,

THE purport of this letter will, I hope, excuse the liberty I take in addressing you.

In your edition of Mr. Mickle's works, you have inserted, at p. 121, the song of "There's nae luck about the house," as the production of Mickle; and you have distinguished eight lines as the production of Dr. Beattie. There is a curious literary fact attached to this song, which can be finally settled only by yourself.

My friend, Mr. Cromek, who has lately published a volume of Burns's "Reliques," and whose ardour for Scottish literature is distinguished, had discovered, as he imagined, the

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author of this song in a *Jean Adams*,* who died in Glasgow workhouse in the year 1765. When he was in Scotland last, the circumstance was mentioned to him of a Mrs. Fullarton, a very old lady, now living, who remembers to have heard Jean Adams recite and sing the song as her own, prior to the year 1760.

This Jean Adams was a woman of some talents, having published a volume of poems; but being rather too much elated with authorship, she neglected the ordinary duties of life, and died in Glasgow workhouse.—These facts Mr. Cromek had obtained, with considerable trouble; and, when he called upon me, and mentioned the circumstance, he was greatly surprised when I told him that the song was ascribed to Mickle, and showed it him in your edition of his works. You will perceive there is some mystery in the affair, which can be cleared up only by the documents on which you ascribe the song to Mickle, and those eight lines to Beattie. Mrs. Fullarton is positive that she heard this Jean Adams recite the song about the year 1760: in fact Jean died 1765, at which time Mickle was only thirty years of age; did he publish or write the song within that period?

It is a singular circumstance that Burns, who was well versed in the history of Scottish ballads, says, speaking of the present song,—

"This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language. The two lines,

> And I will see his face again,
> And I will hear him speak,

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by any thing I have ever heard or read: and the lines,—

> The present moment is our ain,
> The neist we never saw,

are worthy of the first poet. It is long too posteriour to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771 or 72, it came first on the streets as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anteriour to that period."—*Reliques*, p. 217.

I cannot help thinking that you will feel some pleasure in being able to clear up this business: and I hope you will excuse this long letter about it. I thought the matter too singular to be neglected.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
WM. MUDFORD.

Sept. 24, 1809.

DEAR SIR,

I am extremely happy to inform you that I have been so very fortunate as to discover, among Mr. Mickle's papers, what I consider as the very first sketch of that celebrated song: "There's nae luck about the house," a copy of which, *verbatim* and *literatim*, I have enclosed. Besides the evident marks of haste and inaccuracy, which I have noticed in the margin, you will find the name Colin spelt with a double and a single *l;* the Scottish verb used for *must*, spelt first *mun*, and, in two lines after, *man;* and the verb *make* first spelt twice with the *e*, and then three times without that letter; all these are strong proofs of its being the very first attempt. Other variations, much for the better, you will find, by comparing the MS. with the song as now printed in my edition of Mr. Mickle's poetry. The ballad is, though evidently written in very great haste, perhaps the finest specimen of his hand writing now extant; from which, I think, it must have been written in, or before, the year 1760; as soon after that period his misfortunes in trade, and his consequent depression of spirits,

* For a further, and highly interesting account of this person, the reader is referred to the following work (Appendix A. vol. 1.) which will shortly appear: "Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern; with critical Observations and biographical Notices. By Robert Burns. Edited by R. H. Cromek, F. A. S. Ed."

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very much affected his hand writing. All these circumstances, duly considered, will, I trust, effectually lay to rest the illfounded pretensions of Jean Adams, and secure to my worthy friend an undisputed title to this very superiour production.

As to my ascription of the eight marked lines to Dr. Beattie, I had the most positive assurance of their being his composition, from the Rev. Patrick Davidson, of Rayne, Aberdeenshire, a gentleman of the first respectability, who had been a pupil of the doctor's; and this was confirmed by every literary character with whom I conversed, during an excursion which I made to the north of Scotland in the summer of 1801, so as not to leave the least shadow of a doubt upon that subject.

I cannot help adding, that I am exceedingly thankful that I have been spared, not only to give a correct edition of the poetical works of my friend, however they may be received by the present generation, but also to substantiate his right to what Mr. Burns calls "one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language."

I remain, dear sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
J. SIM.

Pentonville, April 7, 1810.

P. S. I forgot to mention another strong proof of its being the very first attempt, viz. that he was then undetermined as to the number of lines which the stanzas should contain.

To Mr. Mudford.

The first Sketch of the beautiful Ballad, "There's nae luck about the house," from the handwriting of W. J. Mickle, in the Possession of the Rev. Mr. SIM.

There's nae luck about the house
There's nae luck at aw
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gude man's awa
And are you sure the news is true
And do you say he's weel
Is this a time to speak of wark
Ye Jades lay by your Wheel
Is this a time to spin a thread
When Collin's at the door
Reach my cloak I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore

And gie to me my bigonet
My bishop's sattin gown
For I'm mun tell the Bailie's* wife
That Colin's in the town
My Turkey slippers man gae on
My stockings pearly blue
'Tis aw to pleasure my gude man
For he's baith leel and true

Rise lass and make a clean fire side
Put on the Muckle† pot
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock‡ his Sunday coat
And make their shoon as black as sloes
Their hose as white as snaw
'Tis aw to pleasure my gude man§
For he's been lang awa

There's twa fat hens upo the coop
Been fed this month and mair
Mak hast and thraw their necks about
That Colin weel may fare

And mak the table neat and trim
Let every thing be braw
For who kens how Colin far'd‖
When *he's been*¶ far awa

Sae true his heart,** sae smooth his speech
His breath like cauler air
His very foot has musick in't
As he comes up the stair

And shall I see his face again
And shall I hear him speak
I'm down right giddy wi' the thought
In troth I'm like to greet

If Colin's weel †† and weel content
I hae nae mair to crave
And gin I live to mak him sae
I'm blest above the lave
And shall I see his face again &c.

* The *e* in Bailie's is erased.
† The capital *M* erased, and a small *m* inserted.
‡ The *c* in Jock is erased.
§ This line is a repetition of the nineteenth line.
‖ This line is deficient in measure.
¶ Interlined *he was.*
** The first point in the MS.
†† The last point in the MS.

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To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IF you think the following worthy of a place in your valuable magazine, it may, perhaps, prove entertaining to some of its numerous readers.

One of its admirers,

F. F. R.

London, 12th. Dec. 1809.

SUPERB FETE

Given by the Duke of Orleans, at his Seat of Villers Cotterots to Louis the XV*th, after his coronation at Rheims.*

Statement of the Articles consumed or employed on the Occasion.

14,039 livres, 6 sous, were expended in sea and fresh water fish (*about* 585*l. sterling.*)
100,809 lbs. of butcher's meat.
29,045 heads of game and poultry.
3,071 lbs. of ham.
10,552 lbs. of bacon and hogs lard.
36,464 eggs.
6,060 lbs. of common butter,
600 lbs. of Vanvres ditto.
150,096 lbs. of bread.
80,000 bottles of Burgundy and Champain.
200 hhds. of common wine.
800 bottles of old hock.
1,400 bottles of English beer and cider.
3,000 bottles of liquors of all sorts.
8,000 lbs. of sugar.
2,000 lbs. of coffee, besides tea.
1,500 pounds of chocolate.
65,000 lemons and oranges (sweet and sour.)
800 pomegranates.
150,000 apples and pears of all sorts.
15,000 pounds of sweetmeats, preserved and candied.
2,000 pounds of sugar plumbs.
4,000 pounds of wax lights.
30,000 China plates and dishes for dessert.
20,000 pieces of crystal dishes for sweetmeats, lustres, &c.
115,000 decanters and glasses.
50,000 pieces (plates, dishes, tureens, &c.) of silver and gilt silver.
3,300 table cloths.
900 dozen of napkins.
2,000 dozen of aprons were used by the cooks and others.

OBITUARY.

LATELY at Edgeworth's town, in the centre of Ireland, died, without a struggle, the widow Burnet, aged 116 and upwards. She had been wife to an honest, laborious mason, and she was a woman of uncommon shrewdness and activity. The winter before last she was seen mounted on a ladder mending the thatch of her cottage. Though she was thus careful of her worldly goods, she was uncommonly goodnatured and charitable. Her mind was never fretted by malevolent passions. She was always ready to give or lend what money she possessed, and she was careful to do these services to her distressed neighbours when no witness was present; so that accident alone discovered some of her good deeds and bad debts. In her habits of diet she was very temperate. She lived chiefly on potatoes and milk, and stirabout; never drank spirits, or beer, but sometimes drank a glass of sweet wine, of which she was fond. She was (like most other long-lived people) an early riser, and took regular but not violent exercise. For the last twenty years of her life she seldom failed to walk from the cottage where she lived

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to Edgeworth's town, a distance of about an English mile, over a rough, stony road. She preserved all her organs of sense to the last; could hear what was said in a low voice, could distinguish the changes of countenance of those to whom she spoke, as she plainly proved by changing her topicks of conversation when she found they did not please her auditors. Her sense of smell had not failed. The summer before her death she took pleasure, as she said, in the smell of a rose, and showed that she perceived the odour by asking where it came from before she saw the flower. Her intellectual faculties were at this advanced age accute and vigorous. She narrated with uncommon clearness and vivacity; and it was remarkable of her memory, that it was not only retentive of things that had passed ninety years ago, but of recent facts and conversations. She had the habit, common to very old people, of continually talking of her approaching death, and yet making preparations for life. She was as eager about the lease or the rent of her farm, as if she felt sure of continuing many years to enjoy what she possessed. She was very religious, but her religion was not of a melancholy cast. The following epitaph is inscribed over her tomb: "Here lies, in hopes of a blessed resurrection, the body of Elizabeth Burnet, of Lignageeragh, born 1693; married 1733; died September 14, 1809, aged 116. To the last day of her long life she preserved the use of her limbs, her senses, and her memory, which possessed the uncommon faculty of retaining recent circumstances as well as those which happened in her youth. Every year added to the regard with which she was considered by the rich, and by the poor. Thus she was a conspicuous example that virtue in humble life, can render the possessor as useful, respectable, and happy, as it could in the highest situation."

At Bengal, in the 86th year of his age, died, Cudbert Thornhill, esq. late master attendant of the port of Calcutta, and one of the oldest European inhabitants of Bengal. He was resident in India some time before the taking of Calcutta by Surajaha Dowlah, in 1756, and was present during the greater part of that unfortunate scene. With several other Europeans, he sought shelter in the English shipping then at Fulta; and thus fortunately escaped the dreadful catastrophe of the Black Hole. Captain Thornhill had traded to almost every part of India; and at Judda, a port in the Red Sea, he became acquainted with Mr. Bruce, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, by whom he is honourably mentioned in his works. He was nominated master attendant in 1786, and held that appointment till April 1809.

POETRY.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at the Freemasons' Tavern, at a dinner held for the liberal purpose of raising a fund for alleviating the misfortunes of the veteran Charles Dibdin.

Tune—"*Poor Jack.*"

YOU may tell us the ancients, for honour and worth,
From modern folks bear off the bell;
But, surely, one virtue, the kindest on earth,
Has deigned with the moderns to dwell;
Benevolence smiling with tender delight,
While extracting the arrows of wo,
Benignly officious each claim to invite,
And with ardour celestial bestow;
See the sons of Britannia, with sympa soft,
Shield genius from sorrow's attac

As the sweet little cherub, that sits up aloft,
Keeps watch for the life of poor Jack.

"*Date obolum*" each of us bears in our mind,
And might more such examples repeat:
For wasn't poor Homer, who sung himself blind,
Left with scarcely a dinner to eat?
That your ancients were noted for heads very wise,
Every school-book we read in imparts;
But while a good head, we with justice may prize,
Still, "*You know there be such things as hearts.*"
Then applaud modern bosoms, whose sympathy soft
Can shield genius from sorrow's attack,
As the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
Keeps watch for the life of poor Jack.

Yes, with hearts, that responsive, in unison beat,
Distress, though by merit unbacked,
From Englishmen ever acceptance will meet;
Then, how much more must merit attract?
For the sailor, at Greenwich, there's moorings d'ye see,
When cramped by the fortune of war;
And the kind hand of friendship extended shall be,
To him who inspired every *tar;*
For the sons of Britannia acknowledge how oft,
Our seamen were cheered on each tack,
When his muse sung the cherub, that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

The bard of our navy to notice we hold,
Who deserves of his country, you'll own,
For fortune has veered; and now leaky and old,
On her beam end his bark's nearly thrown,
Like the lads he described, who, with honest delight,
Ever join to assist an old friend,
Let us all pull together, his vessel to right,
That his voyage may happily end.
Like true sons of Britannia, with sympathy soft,
Let us shield him from sorrow's attack;
And what here you bestow, there's a Being aloft,
Will, in pleasure, tenfold give you back.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winter, past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts to thee he did not spare;
A stain to human sense in guilt that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs,
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spite and wrongs;
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

THE OAK.

'TWAS winter; and except a leaf
Yet trembling here and there,
December, icy handed thief,
Had stript the forest bare.

Its tawny foliage strown around,
And silvered o'er with sleet,
Profusely carpeted the ground,
And rustled to my feet.

When 'mid the solitary scene,
A rustick seat I sought,
And pensive, yet devoid of spleen,
Indulged a moral thought.

An aged oak with ample head,
And arms extended wide,
Part living, shivered part, and dead,
Rose towering by my side.

A hoary rime its branches graced,
Resembling most a beard;
While clasping its gigantick waist,
An ivy green appeared.

Its reverend aspect fixt my eye;
I felt a pleasing awe;
A ruminating reverie,
Inspired by what I saw:

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When fancy, whose creative power
Can give to trees a tongue,
And furnish from their mystick lore
"A sermon or a song,"

Employing all her magick here,
Gave language to an oak;
Which, thus admonishing my ear,
Intelligibly spoke—

Vain mortal! wherefore dost thou come,
My nakedness see?
Why leave a comfortable home,
To moralize on me?

All rifled as I am and torn;
To taunt me com'st thou here?
Or dost thou come, with me to mourn
The exit of the year?

Whate'er thy motive, mortal, take
Instruction from a tree,
And condescend for once to make
Comparison with me.

If honour, joined to length of days,
Thou fondly wouldst obtain,
Behold an object that portrays
At once; and proves them vain!

For monarch of the woods am I,
The mightiest of my name;
A monarch, not by courtesy,
But by a prouder claim.

Two centuries round their circles rolled,
Ere I attained my prime;
Another, ere I waxed old,
Was registered by Time.

Surviving still, though wounded strong,
I brave the wintery blast;
And many a man in years now young,
Will not behold my last.

Yet he whose all destroying stroke
Lays men and forests low,
Will level me!—No more it spoke,
But ended with a bow.

"Will level me!" My muse records
The language o'er again;
"Will level me!" Emphatick words!
Nor altogether vain.

For, musing as I homeward turned,
I own it humbled me,
To think that I might lie inurned
Ere fell this aged tree.

J. POTTERS.

Chelmsford.

THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land breese blew mild, and the azure arched sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it;
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion,
From the dim distant isle till the beacon fire blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
(All hushed was the billow's commotion)
And thought that the beacon looked lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past and the scene is afar;
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow,
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
O then may the seraph of mercy arise;
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

P. M. I.

SONNET.

[*By Henry Richard Wood, Esq.*]

Why do those years which long since have passed,
More joyous than the present hours appear?
Say, were they chilled by no unkindly blast,
Sad with no sigh, polluted with no tear?
Yes! ere they fled, they felt misfortune's storms,
And like the present, had their sorrows too.
'Tis Fancy, fruitful in her airy forms,
That decks them in a garb they never knew:
Fancy, unfettered by that clay linked chain,
Which ever mingling with our present joys.
The purest charms of intellect destroys.
Thus foolish man seeks happiness in vain,
Who striving the reality to find,
Knows but its form by traces left behind.

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SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1810.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Voyage de Dentrecasteaux, envoyé à la Recherche de la Pérouse, publié par Ordre de Sa Majesté l'Empereur et Roi, sous le Ministère de S. E. le Vice-Amiral Decrès, Comte de l'Empire. Redigé par M. de Rossel, Ancien Capitaine de Vaisseau. 2 Tom. avec un Atlas. à Paris, 1808.

WHEN the treaty of Paris had put an end to what is usually called the American war, and given repose to Europe, the French government, unwilling to appear outdone by the British nation, however unable to cope with her in any thing connected with maritime affairs, resolved on fitting out an expedition of discovery in the Southern and Pacifick oceans, with a view of completing what our celebrated navigator, captain Cook, was supposed, by his premature death, to have left unfinished.

It will be in the recollection of many of our readers, that two frigates, La Boussole and L'Astrolabe, were prepared for this occasion; that a number of persons, eminent in the various branches of science and the arts, were engaged, and that the command was conferred on M. de la Pérouse; that the expedition left Brest in August 1785; and that the last accounts received of it were dated March 1788 from Botany Bay. Three years having elapsed without bringing any further tidings, it may easily be imagined, that, independent of the anxiety felt by the relations and friends of those who had embarked in the expedition, a very general solicitude was directed towards the uncertain fate of the two frigates; and it must ever remain as an honourable trait in the character of the national assembly of 1791, that, in the heat and ferment of a great change then operating on men's minds, and amidst concerns of the highest importance, they found time and inclination to pay so much deference to the publick feeling and to private distress, as to adopt the only means which could afford the least chance of gratifying the one, and relieving the other. It not only passed a resolution to petition the king to order all his ministers, consuls, and agents, residing in different countries, to induce, by suitable rewards, all navigators, and particularly those proceeding to the South Seas, to make every possible inquiry for La Boussole and L'Astrolabe, but also to request that his majesty would give directions for the immediate equipment of one or two vessels, for the double purpose of ascertaining, if possible, the fate of La Pérouse, and of extending the knowledge of geography, of the arts, sciences, and commerce. Accord-

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ingly, two frigates, La Recherche and L'Espérance, were ordered to be equipped at Brest, and vice admiral Dentrecasteaux, from his distinguished talents, his courage, his prudence, and long experience, was appointed to the command of an expedition which, to use the words of the unfortunate Louis, "présentoit une occasion de perfectionner la description du globe, et d'accroître les connoissances humaines."

Little ground of hope, it is true, could exist as to the safety of either of the ships after such a lapse of time; but the case was far different with regard to that of the people. The multitude of unfrequented islands, scattered over the wide surface of the Southern and Pacifick oceans, the steady breezes, the mild weather and smooth water that generally prevail in those seas, were circumstances which rendered the expectation not unreasonable, that the whole or a part of the officers and seamen might have survived the wreck of the ships, and escaped in their boats to some of those islands. Numerous instances are on record of more extraordinary preservations from shipwreck; and in distressing cases of this nature, hope should never be abandoned till all the chances are demonstratively against it. Of this description we consider the loss of the Blenheim and Java to be a case in point. The tremendous hurricane, the deep-rolling sea, the situation of those ships when last seen, and above all, their ill condition, forbid us to cherish a shadow of a hope that any part of their crews escaped a watery grave. Yet, even in this case, it was highly meritorious in the commander in chief of the India station, to send the son of sir Thomas Troubridge, like another Telemachus, to explore the coasts and creeks of Madagascar and the neighbouring islands, in search of a lost father.

It would afford us great pleasure to be able to include the court of directors of the East India company in the praise that is due to the national assembly of France and to sir Edward Pellew. We regret, exceedingly, that they have not allowed us to put on record their laudable anxiety to relieve, by every exertion in their power, the most painful and distressing situation in which the friends of at least a thousand individuals are placed, by the apprehended loss of no fewer than eight ships in one season; a loss more melancholy and disastrous, than the annals of the company have yet recorded. From all the inquiries, however, which we have been able to make, we do not find that one single step has been taken to ascertain the fate of the unfortunate sufferers. Some of the directors, we are told, hope and believe that three or four of the latter missing ships may yet "turn up." To hope and believe is a cheap and comfortable doctrine for the professors of it; but it affords little consolation to others of less sanguine temperament, who are suffering the excruciating torment of suspense. But the doctrine of resignation is also brought forward to stifle complaint. If publick calamity and private misfortune are to be ascribed solely to the fixt and unerring decrees of Providence, then, indeed, might acquiescence be accounted virtue; but this is a doctrine of which the tendency, we most fervently hope, will never benumb the native energies of Englishmen, though there is but too much reason to fear it has already affected the heads of some of them.

Since no state of mind can be more agonizing than that of doubt and uncertainty, as to the fate of those connexions that are nearest and most dear to it; and since very considerable doubts are entertained on the subject of the four last missing ships from India, humanity loudly demands that a search should be made on the coast of the great island of Madagascar, and the nu-

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merous inlets in its neighbourhood. That the whole of the companies of those and of the other four ships, so well furnished as they were with boats, should have perished, is scarcely within the calculation of probabilities, especially when it is considered how many more unexpected and well authenticated preservations from shipwreck, by means of boats, are on record. The extraordinary escape of captain Bligh, after sailing more than 3000 miles in an open boat, must be in the recollection of every one. Captain Inglefield left in the pinnace of the Centaur, when that ship sunk in the very middle of the Atlantick, at a time when the sea was running mountains high, reached in safety, the island of Fayal; and when the Lady Hobart packet foundered by striking against an island of ice, the cutter and jolly boat, after tossing on a dreadful sea for seven days, landed their crews in safety in Conception Bay. Numberless other instances might be adduced, sufficient, one would suppose, to encourage hope and instigate research. When the Grosvenor Indiaman was cast away on the coast of Africa, and the passengers and crew escaped on shore, there is no doubt that, had timely aid been sent, the whole of them might have been restored to their friends, instead of falling a sacrifice to the revenge, whether justly or unjustly provoked, of the native Kaffers. The expedition of the Dutch boors failed only in its object because it was too late; but it effected a curious discovery of a tribe of people, called Hamboonas, consisting of about 400 persons, all sprung from three white women, still living, who were evidently Europeans, and who most probably had been preserved from shipwreck when in a state of infancy. Had these three old women died, previously to the discovery of this tribe, how would its singular appearance, so different from that of all the neighbouring people, have puzzled future travellers! The mention of this fact brings to our recollection a recent, and extraordinary discovery, which affords an awful and instructive lesson, by showing how seldom criminals escape divine vengeance, however successful they may have been in flying from the punishment due to the offended laws of their country. It may also, in its consequences, be highly important to the natives of the numerous islands scattered over the Pacifick ocean. The following relation was transmitted officially to the admiralty from Rio de Janeiro by sir Sidney Smith.

"Captain Folger, of the American ship Topaz of Boston, relates that, upon landing on Pitcairn's island [Incarnation of Quiros] in lat. 25° 2′ S. long. 130° 0′ W. he found there an Englishman of the name of Alexander Smith, the only person remaining of nine that escaped in his majesty's late ship Bounty, captain W. Bligh. Smith relates, that after putting captain Bligh in the boat, Christian, the leader of the mutiny, took command of the ship and went to Otaheité, where great part of the crew left her, except Christian, Smith, and seven others, who each took wives, and six Otaheitean men servants, and shortly after arrived at the said island, where they ran the ship on shore, and broke her up. This event took place in the year 1790.

"About four years after their arrival (a great jealousy existing) the Otaheiteans secretly revolted and killed every Englishman except himself, whom they severely wounded in the neck with a pistol ball. The same night the widows of the deceased Englishmen arose and put to death the whole of the Otaheiteans, leaving Smith the only man alive upon the island, with eight or nine women and several small children. On his recovery he applied himself to tilling the ground, so that it now produces plenty of yams, cocoanuts, bananas and plantains; hogs and poultry in abundance. There are now some grown up men and women, children of the mutineers, on the island, the whole population amounting to about thirty five, who acknowledge Smith as father and commander of them all. They all speak English, and have been educated by him (captain Folger represents) in a religious and moral way.

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"The second mate of the Topaz asserts that Christian, the ringleader, became insane shortly after their arrival on the island, and threw himself off the rocks into the sea. Another died of a fever before the massacre of the remaining six took place. The island is badly supplied with water, sufficient only for the present inhabitants, and no anchorage.

"Smith gave to captain Folger a cronometer made by Kendall, which was taken from him by the governour of Juan Fernandez."

Extracted from the log book 29th Sept. 1808.

(Signed)
WILLIAM FITZMAURICE, lieut.

If this interesting relation rested solely on the faith that is due to Americans, with whom, we say it with regret, truth is not always considered as a moral obligation, we should hesitate in giving it this publicity. The narrative, however, states two facts on which the credibility of the story must stand or fall; the name of the mutineer and the maker of the timepicce. We have taken the trouble to ascertain the truth of both of these facts. Alexander Smith appears on the books of the Bounty as follows: "Entered 7th Sept. 1787 Ab. Born in London. Aged 20. Run 28th April 1789. One of the mutineers:" and it appears also that the Bounty was actually supplied with a timepiece made by Kendall.

We have been led into these prefatory observations with a view, not only of cherishing hope in cases not absolutely desperate, but of stimulating to exertion in the speedy application of the means to ascertain, at any rate, the real fate of those who are supposed to have suffered shipwreck. We shall now proceed on our long voyage of discovery with M. Dentrecasteaux, premising, however, a few words with respect to the history of the work under our examination. Its editor, M. Rossel, embarked on the expedition as lieutenant de Vaisseau; but on the death of vice admiral Dentrecasteaux and of the two captains Huon and D'Auribeau, the latter of which happened just as the voyage had terminated, he took the command as senior officer. On the arrival of the frigates at Sourabaya, a Dutch settlement on the eastern coast of Java, they had the mortification of learning the unfortunate situation of their country, the sanguinary proceedings of the revolutionists, the massacre of the king, and the war with England, in which the Dutch were likewise involved. In consequence of this intelligence the voyage was here declared to be at an end; the frigates were dismantled, and the officers and crew separated themselves into two parties, one espousing the cause of the royalists and the other that of the republicans. As senior officer, though attached to the royal party, M. Rossel was permitted to take charge of all the journals, charts and observations; and the collections of natural history were intrusted to the care of those gentlemen who had made them. The several officers and civilians availed themselves of the opportunity of getting to France by a fleet of Dutch Indiamen then on the eve of sailing for Europe; but before they had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, the Dutch had changed sides and were at war with England. Their East India ships were of course eagerly looked after by our cruising squadrons, and that which had on board the naturalists, with their whole collection, was captured by his majesty's ship the Sceptre, near St. Helena. M. Rossel, with his papers, charts, and journals, shared the same fate, being taken by an English frigate on the north coast of Scotland. The papers were deposited in the admiralty; and M. Rossel, thus circumstanced, accepted the offer made to him by lord Spencer of employment in the hydrographical department of that office, where he continued in arranging the papers, copying the journals, and finishing the charts, until the passing of the decree which allowed the return of emigrants to France,

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when he availed himself of the opportunity, and was allowed to carry with him complete copies of all the papers relating to the voyage. Having now transferred his loyalty to a new sovereign, he soon became a true and faithful subject of the great Napoleon, to whom, of course, he dedicates his ponderous work, assuring him, "that hec an only consider his labours of any use, in so far as they shall obtain the approbation of his majesty." While employed in the British admiralty, M. Rossel is said to have conducted himself with great propriety, and was considered as a man of some talent. It may be so; but he has led us a most wearisome route over the surface of no less than fifteen hundred pages of broad quarto, two thirds of which, however, we shall spare our readers the trouble and fatigue of wading through. In fact, that part which describes the proceedings of the voyage consists only of 590 pages of the first volume, and to this part only we request the attention of our readers for the present.

Vice admiral Dentrecasteaux sailed from Brest with the two frigates La Recherche and L'Espérance on the 29th September 1791, and on the 13th of the following month anchored in the bay of Santa Cruz in the island of Teneriffe. While at this place, they discovered a remarkable difference in the quantity of the declination of the magnetick needle from the true pole of the earth, or, as we call it, the variation of the compass, when observed on shore, and when taken on board the ships. At their observatory on the former it was found to be N. 21° 33′ W. on the mole it was N. 23° 43′ W. and on board La Recherche N. 18° 7′ W. Nearly the same difference had been remarked here by La Pérouse, and ascribed by him to the ferruginous quality of the soil of Teneriffe, a remark which the present navigators verified, by comparing an observation made on board one of the frigates with another that was taken on the top of a house, thirty feet above the surface of the ground, when the two results were found to be nearly the same. The soil equally affected the inclination, or dip, of the needle.

In the track of calms, squalls, and frequent heavy rains, that generally prevail in the neighbourhood of the line, the vice admiral caused these precautions to be observed, which were so successfully put in practice by captain Cook, for preventing disease among the seamen. He attributes the phosphorescent appearance of the sea to the twofold operation of animalculæ in the water, and of a highly electrified atmosphere, by which the luminousness of these and other objects become greatly increased: and the ground of this opinion he states to be, his constant observation that the light was most vivid when the air was most strongly charged with the electrick fluid, that is to say, in dense, stormy weather when the mercury in the barometer descends very low. "On those occasions," he observes, "the larger kinds of fish, as they dart along, become luminous." [p. 15.] In the justness of this observation he was afterwards fully confirmed by the appearance of the sea in a storm, on the night of the 14th of April, in latitude 42°, 14′, S. longitude 127°, 47′, E.

"During the whole of this night the sea was continually phosphorescent. Voluminous masses of water appeared to be rolling like globes of fire, and during the reiterated and violent squalls of wind and hail, a blaze of fire raged on the ocean with the greatest fury. At such times the points of the conducting rods were distinctly perceived to throw out plumes of electrick fire. The mercury in the barometer had then descended to 27 inches 6 lines, for the first time it had been so low. It was also the first time in the course of the voyage, that the meteor, usually called feu Saint-Elme, had been observed playing at the mast head, and on that account I

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thought it worthy of remarking, that its appearance was simultaneous with the phenomenon of an illuminated sea." p. 47.

On the 17th January, 1792, the expedition arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where the vice admiral received a despatch that had been transmitted to him from the Isle of France, by M. de Saint Felix, the commander of the French squadron in the East Indies. In this despatch were contained the depositions of two masters of French merchant vessels, who had been at Batavia when captain Hunter and the officers of the English frigate Sirius, wrecked on Norfolk Island, arrived there. The depositions stated that those English officers asserted that, in their passage from Botany Bay to Batavia on board a Dutch vessel, they had seen, near the Admiralty Islands, some canoes which gave the most unequivocal marks, that the inhabitants of those islands had recently communicated with Europeans; some of them wearing pieces of the uniform, and others the sword-belts, of the French marine. It was also stated that captain Hunter, who had seen La Pérouse at Botany Bay, entertained no doubt that these articles were procured from the wreck of his two frigates. The depositions, however, were at variance with each other; one of them having stated the uniforms, and the other mentioned only the sword belts; one said that the people made signs as if they wished for razors to shave themselves; the other, that they held up white flags as the signal for the ships to come near them. Other matters of an improbable nature were also stated. Besides, captain Hunter was still in Table Bay, when M. Dentrecasteaux entered it, and went away without making any communication on the subject. It was found, moreover, that he had positively denied to the governour and commander of the forces at the Cape, that he had made any such statement, and that the depositions, as far as regarded himself and his officers, were totally false and groundless. Still, however, as M. de Saint Felix had laid so much stress upon them, as to despatch a frigate to the Cape for the sole purpose of communicating their contents, the vice admiral, in spite of his better judgment, and contrary to his instructions, determined to steer a direct course for the Admiralty Islands. This determination appears the more extraordinary, as La Pérouse, in his last despatch, on leaving Botany Bay, states distinctly,

"I shall proceed from hence to the Friendly Islands, and carry strictly into execution my instructions relative to the southern part of New Caledonia, the island of Santa Cruz of Mendana, the south coast of the Arsacides of Surville, and the Louisiade of Bougainville, and endeavour to discover whether this last land be connected with New Guinea, or separated from it." [*Instructions, p.* 24.]

Here is not the least allusion to any intention of visiting the Admiralty Islands. If, therefore, we were much surprised that the commander of the expedition should so easily have been diverted from his instructions, by accounts so vague, contradictory, and absurd, avowedly resting on the testimony of a British officer, who had denied all knowledge of the matters stated, we were not less so, on finding him, after leaving Table Bay, cruising along the eastern coast of Africa, within six or eight leagues of the shore. This was an unfortunate course, whether he intended to make for the Admiralty Islands, by passing to the northward of New Holland, or to the southward of Van Diemen's land. We had conceived it to be ascertained long ago, that the sure way to reach any part of New Holland, or even the island of Java, was, in the first instance, to stretch to the southward of the Cape, as far as the parallels of 38° or 40° S. in order to catch the strong, westerly winds

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which usually prevail in those latitudes. Accordingly, at the end of twenty days, beating about to little purpose, he discovered his errour, and saw that it would be impossible for him to reach Timor, as he had intended by that route, on account of the monsoon. The same reflection, he tells us, occurred precisely at the same moment, to M. Huon, the commander of L'Espérance. They agreed, therefore, to stand back to the southward and shape a course for the islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam; and from thence round the southern extremity of Van Diemen's land. Here we cannot avoid remarking, that Dentrecasteaux appears not only to have shown a want of decision, ill suited to the character with which he was invested, but the want of skill also as a navigator, by which nearly a month was lost, in point of time; and what is infinitely more important, several months of wear and tear were completely sacrificed without an adequate object.

On the 28th of March, they perceived the island of St. Paul (which M. Rossel thinks proper to call Amsterdam.)

"The summit of this island," says M. Dentrecasteaux, "of which I was desirous to fix the position that had not yet been determined, was enveloped in clouds, which, on a nearer approach, we perceived to consist of thick smoke, from whence flame was presently observed to issue. This conflagration, on uninhabited land, gave rise to a conjecture among some of us, that it might be a signal, made by some unfortunate persons who had escaped from shipwreck to this island, to ask for assistance. It was obvious, however, that the mass of fire was too considerable, to suppose it had commenced only on the first appearance of the ships." p. 41.

Passing within four cable's length of the island, they observed the strata of rock to be exactly parallel and horizontal, and concluded that an organization so regular could not proceed from a volcanick origin; yet, jets of smoke were emitted from the crevices between the strata.

"These jets," he observes, "showing themselves at intervals, appeared to our naturalists as almost infallible indications of subterranean fire."

Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than this account. The smoke and fire which enveloped this island were either natural or artificial. If natural, it would have been highly curious and desirable to examine the structure of this little point thrown up in the midst of the ocean, and detect nature in the very act, as it were, of carrying on one of her most magnificent operations. If artificial, the probability was, that it had been lighted by some unhappy persons who had escaped shipwreck, to be consumed, perhaps, in the very fire they had kindled with the view of pointing out their miserable situation, or to perish by the slow and lingering process of famine. It is true, they could not be the people he was in quest of; yet it might be supposed that a kindred sympathy for others, in like distress, would have induced him to send a boat on shore. He did no such thing; but got out of the cloud of smoke as fast as he could, which was not, he tells us, until they were five leagues distant from the island. The only information we have of this island is contained in the "Authentick Account of the Embassy to China," which was collected from a seal-catcher on the neighbouring island of Amsterdam. This man says it is covered with frutescent plants, and that the shore abounds with pumice stone. He made no mention of any appearance of fire, natural or artificial, though his visit to it was only six months after it had been passed by M. Dentrecasteaux.

We have observed that M. Rossel has thought fit to call this island Amsterdam. It may be proper for us, before we proceed farther, to state, that we have been favoured with the opportunity of comparing his book with the *original manuscript* of Dentrecasteaux, wherein it is distinctly

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stated, that "*conformably* with the English charts, we have called it St. Paul," which passage M. Rossel has completely falsified, by saying that they did *not* conform themselves to the English charts, but followed the appellation as given by the Dutch. Had it merely depended on the insertion or exclusion of the negative particle, we should willingly have ascribed it to an errour of the press; but there could be no mistake in his altering the words St. Paul for Amsterdam. Trifling as this alteration may appear, we have no doubt that M. Rossel was *ordered* to make it by some of those minions of the French government who direct the press; and that as far as his authority extended, as he tells us in his preface: "La relation du voyage a été redigé d'après le Journal même du Contre-Amiral Dentrecasteaux, écrit en entier de sa propre main." Be it remembered, however, that he had only a *copy* of the original journal. We are the more inclined to this opinion of his not being a free agent, as in some other places, we observe he has been obliged to soften down the praise bestowed by the vice-admiral on captain Cook, captain Bligh, and other English navigators. In general, however, it is but justice to say that he has been faithful to his original.

On the 20th of April, they arrived in the bay of Storms, on the south-east point of Van Diemen's land, on the north side of which the frigates anchored in a harbour called by them Port du Nord, and which is described as being safe and commodious, the water smooth in the worst of weather, and the surrounding shores beautifully covered with forest trees.

"In vain should I attempt to describe the sensations with which the first appearance of this solitary harbour inspired me, placed as it is at the extremity of the earth, and closed in so completely, that one might there consider one's self as shut out from the rest of the world; every thing partakes of the wilderness of rude creation; here, at every step, reunited to the beauties of unmolested nature, one meets with traces of her decrepitude, trees of vast height, and bulky in proportion, without a branch along the trunk, but their summits crowned with evergreen foliage, some of them appearing as ancient as the globe; so interlaced and so close as to be impenetrable, they act as supporters to other trees of equal dimensions, but tottering with age, and fertilizing the earth on which they grow by their ruins reduced to a state of corruption." p. 54.

In those magnificent forests the naturalists discovered several new species of plants and birds, all of which, we imagine, with other subjects of natural history, have been described by M. Labillardiére, whose book has not yet come under our observation. A great number of the largest trees had their trunks hollowed out, apparently by means of fire, and were intended as huts to shelter the natives from the inclemency of the weather. One of these, at the height of a man from the ground, measured 25 feet 8 inches in circumference. The hollow side invariably faced the east, which is, generally, the quarter towards which the strong winds blow. Captain Cook met with the same kind of hollow trees at Adventure Bay, not many leagues distant from the same place. No natives made their appearance, but,

"One of the naturalists found some bones, which he concluded to belong to the body of a very young girl. They were discovered among the ashes of one of the places apparently used by the natives for cooking their victuals. Some fragments of broiled flesh were attached to these bones. A fact, thus isolated without other indications, especially among a people of such simple manners, is not sufficient to authorize conjectures so reproachful to human nature, sinking it below the most ferocious beasts of prey, which at least spare their own species. May we not rather conclude, from this one fact, that these savages are in the habit of consuming by fire, the last remains of the human body?" p. 78.

Here again we find the vice admiral indulging in vague conjecture,

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on grounds so very slight as in no degree to warrant either of the conclusions drawn by him; indeed it is by no means clear that Mons. le Naturaliste did not mistake the bones of a kangaroo for those of a young girl.

While the frigates continued in this bay, a discovery was made of a passage between Van Diemen's island and the islands to the southward of it; which, though of little importance to the general interests of navigation, since the discovery of Bass's Straits, furnishes a secure and commodious anchorage for ships in need of such a retreat. They gave it the name of Canal de Dentrecasteaux, and it is thus described.

"A navigator can never be accused of exaggeration in betraying a sort of enthusiasm at the sight of an anchorage prolonged to the extent of 24 miles, equally safe in every part of it; where not a rock occurs; where he may let go the anchor without the least hesitation; and where the shores may be approached within a cable's length without any danger; where the surrounding aspect is, moreover, highly delightful, though appearing monotonous at first sight from the uniform verdure of the trees, with which all the hills, piled on each other, are clothed, from the summit of the most elevated down to the water's edge; but varied, nevertheless, by the many picturesque retreats formed by the sinuosities of the numberless bays of this channel, and by the rivulets falling into them; the latter, however, confined to the shores of the main land. At a season so far advanced, and in a gulf which bears so menacing a name [Storm Bay] a discovery of such an anchorage is calculated to procure to a seaman, a luxury which, to be able to express, must have been felt." p. 100.

On each side of this channel a few natives were occasionally seen, and among others a woman appeared with a covering over her breasts, &c. This object immediately produces another conjecture from the admiral, namely, that the concealment was rather the effect of the severity of the weather, than of any idea she had of decency; and he draws this conclusion from captain Cook's having described the natives of Adventure Bay as going entirely naked.

Having lost nearly a whole month at this place, for we really are not able to discover an adequate object to detain them so long, they set sail on the 28th of May, and on the 16th of June made the island of Pines on the southern extremity of New Caledonia. From hence to the northern extremity we are assured that they examined with minute attention, every point along the western coast; standing in with both frigates close to the reef of coral rock, which is stated to bind the whole extent of the island, or islands, as it were, with an uninterrupted chain, whose edge rising to the surface of the sea, shows, even in the calmest weather, a silvery, rippling line, far as the eye can reach; thus warning the adventurous navigator of the dangers that surround him. Not only here, but in almost every part of the Pacifick ocean, these dangers, and the line that indicates them, occur. The unbroken reef of New Caledonia would not allow even their boats to pass to the shore, and as they saw neither natives nor canoes, it was presumed that it might equally prevent their coming out, and thus contribute to that mildness of character, which captain Cook had described the natives on the opposite side to possess. The admiral, however, adds, that being in latitude 22° 4′ S. they did see an opening in the reef, but that on approaching close to it, they observed the sea breaking with violence within a creek, to which on that account they gave the name of Le Havre Trompeur. This was rather an unfortunate appellation; for had they examined it with that attention which is required from navigators sent on voyages of discovery, they would have found the Havre Trompeur to be one of the most beautiful and extensive harbours, perhaps, in the world, for the discovery of which we are indebt-

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ed to captain Kent of the Buffalo, who in 1803 anchored there for some time.

"This beautiful and extensive harbour," says captain Kent, "is formed by islands, many of them of considerable size, which are about four miles within the coral reef that extends (excepting a few breaks) along the whole S. W. side (of New Caledonia) distant off shore from 4 to 8 miles; but considerably more from the north and south ends, where the land is out of sight when close in with the reef. The reef is level with the water's edge, and towards the sea as steep too as the wall of a house. We sounded frequently within twice the ship's length of it with a line of 150 fathoms, without being able to get bottom."
Captain Kent's Journal.

To this harbour captain Kent has given the name of Port St. Vincent, and from the mean of several observations, has laid it down as follows:—Latitude 22°, 0′, 10″ S. longitude 165°, 55′, 20″, E. He describes the passage into it as three quarters of a mile in width, the anchorage well sheltered, the water perfectly smooth, the depth 12 fathoms down to four, the bottom muddy.

"During our six weeks stay," says captain Kent, "we were visited by many of the natives, bringing fish, yams, sugar-canes, spears, clubs, and fishing-nets, neatly made, the whole of which they were happy to exchange for such things as might be offered. Red or scarlet cloth was what particularly struck their fancy. Iron they knew not the use of, consequently showed no inclination to possess it. On the whole they were a superiour race of black people, answering the description given by captain Cook of the inhabitants of Balade on the N. E. side of the island."
Captain Kent's Journal.

The vice admiral laments that he was prevented by the breakers on the uninterrupted line of coral reef, from landing the naturalists on this coast of New Caledonia, hitherto unknown to Europeans. We could have wished that in this dilemma he had employed them in examining what has never yet been done, the structure, at different depths, of those wall-sided fabricks, whose perpendicular columns are supposed to descend to the very bed of the ocean, "deeper than did ever plummet sound," and in endeavouring to trace the history of those insignificant beings, whose means appear to us so inadequate to the end, and whose stupendous productions extend for thousands of miles, and cover millions of acres of the Pacifick ocean, finally becoming the bases or foundations of new islands. This is a subject on which we are nearly destitute of information; and it is to be lamented that the French naturalists should have lost so many occasions, in the present voyage, of directing their particular inquiries into the nature and composition of coral rock, and of the marine worms by which they are supposed to be constructed.

Leaving New Caledonia, and the line of breakers which extends fifty leagues to the N. W. far out of sight of any land, the vice admiral passed on the 9th July the Eddystone rock, discovered by lieutenant Shortland, which is stated to be incorrectly laid down by that officer. According to their observations, its latitude is 8° 18′ S. long. 154° 10′ 38″ E. of Paris. The following day they fell in with the Treasury islands, and passed close to Bougainville's island on the northwestern extremity of the group of Solomon's islands, all of them surrounded by reefs of coral rock. Some of the natives crossed the line of breakers in their canoes, one of which, from her size, was supposed to be a vessel of war; having forty men on board, all, except sixteen, armed with bows and arrows, which they offered in exchange for mirrors, nails, and bits of iron: but nothing was coveted by them with such avidity as red cloth. They were entirely naked; their hair black and frizzled; their faces and bodies painted; and they had every appearance of being a savage and ferocious race of men. Their features, how-

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ever, relaxed on hearing some lively tunes on the violin. They still continue to answer the description long since given of them by Bougainville.

From the 17th to the 24th of July the frigates remained at anchor in Carteret Bay, New Ireland, where incessant torrents of rain prevented the navigators from making a single observation either of the sun or stars. Keeping the track of captain Carteret, through St. George's Channel, on the 29th July they reached Vendola, one of the Admiralty islands, which was supposed to be near to the spot where the depositions stated the traces of the ships of La Pérouse to have been seen. Observing some natives, who showed no inclination to come off to the ships, a boat was sent on shore. The inhabitants now flocked to the beach in great numbers. The air of confidence with which they advanced, and their open and pleasing countenances, were highly prepossessing. They offered various ornaments, and even their arms, in exchange for trinkets of different kinds and pieces of red cloth, all of which, however, they received with apparent indifference; but when a nail was shown to them, they manifested extreme anxiety to get possession of it. Many of them had strings of shells round their waists, which the admiral supposes might have been mistaken by the Dutch ship for French belts, while the colour of their skins might have given the idea of French uniforms. So credulous is man in believing what he wishes to be true, that even themselves thought they perceived, long before they came near enough to see objects distinctly, men covered with red cloth: and the branches and roots of a tree, tumbling about in the breakers on the edge of the reef, were at once converted into the wreck of La Pérouse's ships; "tant on aime le merveilleux, et tant on est disposé à le saisir avec avidité!"

"These islanders," he observes, "cover their private parts with a shell. I know not whether they wear it for the sake of ornament or decency; but the custom appears to be peculiar to the inhabitants of this group of islands, no mention being made of it in any voyage. The women wear a girdle. The air of content that is painted on their countenances, a fine climate, a fertile and abundant island, especially in cocoanut trees, all appear to announce the happy lot which these people enjoy." p. 136.

Having satisfied themselves that not the least trace of the ships or crew of La Pérouse was discoverable among the Admiralty islands; they stood away for the Negro islands of Morelle, which they observed to be covered with cocoanut trees. Numbers of canoes appeared on every side among the reefs and small islands, all seemingly employed in fishing. Some of them came off to the frigates, and were anxious to procure knives, nails, and iron of any kind, for which they offered in exchange different sorts of ornaments, arms, and even the shells which covered their nakedness. They appeared to be, in all respects, the same happy, cheerful, and contented people as those of the Admiralty islands. We cannot approve of an experiment made by the admiral "to excite the admiration" of this unsuspecting people, by causing a musket to be fired; and still less the childish trick of placing a lighted candle in a paper lantern and setting it afloat on a plank, which, as the ship receded, appeared to approach them, and caused so much affright that they speedily withdrew and disappeared altogether: and we most cordially agree with him "that he ought to have spared them this cause of alarm, which could only tend to create distrust."

Passing Los Ermitanos, the Thousand isles of Morelle, and numberless rocks and islands bound together by reefs of coral, they arrived, on the 17th August, on the coast of New Guinea. In standing through Dampier's straits, they observed a large proa bearing a flag; but the

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appearance of the two frigates excited no curiosity in the people on board, nor in those of the numerous craft that were seen passing and repassing on every side: a certain proof of their near approach to some European settlement. On the 5th September they accordingly arrived at Amboyna.

A whole chapter employed in describing the government, the productions, commerce, religion, and population of a Dutch settlement established two centuries ago, being in our opinion, totally out of its place, in a voyage of discovery, we shall make no ceremony in passing it over without farther notice.

Having remained at this place a little more than a month to refit the frigates and refresh the crews, M. Dentrecasteaux, on the 18th October, again set sail; and keeping along the west coast of New Holland and doubling Cape Leween, or S. W. Cape, anchored on the 9th December, in a bay to which he gave the name of *Espérance*, after one of the frigates. This bay is within a cluster of islands to which Vancouver, two years before had given the name of Termination islands. Standing off at this point to the southward, Dentrecasteaux continued along the coast about nine degrees farther to the eastward than Vancouver had done. Had he stood on a little farther, he would have effected the important discovery of Bass's Strait, which separates New Holland from Van Diemen's land; the merit of which was reserved for a landsman whose name it properly bears. This young man, the surgeon of the Reliance, solicited a boat at Port Jackson from the governour, to run down the coast and make observations.

"I fitted out," says captain Hunter, "a good whale boat for him, victualled and manned to his wish. On finding, when he had got the length of Cape Howe, that the shore inclined westward, he continued to trace it along till he came to a steep and high promontory, in lat. 39° S. From this cape, the land lay along W. N. W. He continued to steer in that direction for about sixty miles beyond this headland, where he found an extensive harbour, but his provision becoming short and his boat leaky, he was compelled to return."

This discovery was made in 1798, near six years after Dentrecasteaux conceived there might be such a passage, but had not the resolution to stand on and determine so important an object, not only for his own views at that time, but for the benefit of navigation in general, for the future.

The whole line of coast on this part of New Holland, usually called Nuyt's land, from a Dutch navigator of that name, is the most dreary that can well be imagined, consisting of drifts of sand, salt lakes, and swampy marshes. M. Riche, one of the naturalists, lost his way among the sandhills, and was absent two days from the ship. Worn by fatigue and famished with hunger, he became at length completely exhausted. In this state, when hope had nearly abandoned him, he discovered a small spring of fresh water, which caused him to exclaim: "Even an atheist, on a blessing so unlooked for, would bring back his thoughts to the benevolence of a deity." M. Riche is not the first man whom misfortunes have recalled to a sense of religion. The only discovery made by him of any interest, was a valley among the sand hills, covered with the remains of a subverted forest; the trees broken off at a few feet from the ground, and the whole converted into calcareous stone.

On the 21st January, 1793, they again visited the Bay of Storms, and anchored in Port du Sud. They had now much intercourse with the natives, whom they found to be a mild, inoffensive, and goodhumoured people, without suspicion or distrust. Each family appeared to live and eat apart, and the men were observed to show a remarkable degree of affection and tenderness for their chil-

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dren. Their food consisted of shell fish, lobsters, sea slugs, and other marine productions. They refused to taste of any kind of victuals, and even of wine, or spiritous liquors, which were offered to them by the seamen. They showed not the least inclination for trinkets or other articles, and consequently no disposition towards theft. Some of the tallest and stoutest men had two wives each.

The conjecture made by the vice admiral on their former visit, that they ate human flesh, he is now anxious to do away, and exclaims: "Oh! que l'on dût rougir de les avoir soupçonnés, l'année dernière, de se nourrir de chair humaine!" In fact he describes them to be the most harmless and unoffending of mortals.

The frigates again came to anchor in Adventure Bay. Here they searched for the fruit trees which had been planted by captain Cook, and discovered some of them still in existence, but so weak and languishing as to hold out no hope of their ever bearing fruit. No traces were found of the hogs left there by our celebrated navigator.

They now steered a direct course for the Friendly islands, where they arrived on the 23d March, and brought the ships to anchor at Tongataboo. Here we are, as it were, on classick ground, and feel ourselves perfectly at home; and we have no hesitation in avowing our predilection in favour of captain Cook's account of those islanders, where the description differs from that of M. Dentrecasteaux. Indeed, to the injudicious conduct of the vice admiral, and to that excessive vanity which seems to be inherent in the breast of a Frenchman, may be attributed all the disputes, squabbles, and actual hostilities in which they were engaged with the natives. Conceiving some of the armed people to be more turbulent than the rest, while carrying on their traffick on shore, the officers deemed it necessary to take precautions against a surprise. Let us hear what these precautions were:

"On the same evening it was thought advisable to inspire them with awe by making them acquainted with the use of our firearms. Two birds were suspended from the branch of a tree at a little distance, and one of our best marksmen presented himself, in full confidence of bringing them down at the first shot, but he missed them twice; a second marksman renewed the attempt—his musket missed fire. Peals of laughter now burst forth on every side, and particularly from that quarter where the armed people were assembled. One of these drew his bow, and pierced one of the birds; his expertness was rewarded with the greatest applause, and contrasted, in a manner sufficiently mortifying, with the little success which had attended our first efforts. A third marksman now presented himself and brought down the second bird. But the first impression was made; and it was remarked that the confidence of these people in their own strength was augmented, and the fear of our firearms weakened in proportion. The insulting air now perceptible among them, made me conclude, that our means of defence were too weak, and that it would be necessary for one of the frigates without loss of time to approach the island of Panghaimadoo, in order to overawe them by the appearance of our cannon." p. 279.

In the same night one of their sentinels was knocked down on his post, and his musket carried off; and those who had vainly endeavoured to strike terrour into the savages, became now alarmed in their turn. All was confusion, and all flew to arms. The natives kept their ground, and the party of warriours refused to withdraw. The Espérance hauled close in shore, the tents were struck, and every thing was speedily reembarked. All intercourse was declared at an end, till the person should be delivered up who had committed the outrage on the sentry. Soon after this, several of the chiefs came on board, bringing with them the supposed culprit, whom they proposed to put to immediate death; but the admiral was satisfied with

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giving him a severe flogging. Harmony was once more restored; but, on account of the daring robberies that were committed, quarrels and bloodshed speedily ensued.

The inhabitants of Tongataboo had a perfect recollection of the visits of captain Cook. His memory was held dear by many of them, especially by the family of Fatafé. Others, however, are said to have taxed him with cruelty. One person only, according to captain Cook's journal, is said to have been wounded; but M. Dentrecasteaux observes that more than one were seen by them with musket balls through different parts of the body. After much inquiry, they found that the horses and cows which had been left by captain Cook were all dead; but their hogs were most abundant, and had greatly improved by the cross with those of Europe, many of them weighing not less than two hundred pounds. Not the least vestige could be traced of any thing that had belonged to La Pérouse; no medals which he carried out with him, and of which they had exact copies; no trinkets, no French clothes, nor any thing belonging to their nation. They proceeded, therefore, to the north-westward, and on the 17th April, came to anchor in the harbour of Balade, on the northeast extremity of New Caledonia, having passed the islands of Tanna, Annatom and Erronun, three of the New Hebrides, without discovering any trace of the objects of their search. Here the vice admiral found the natives to resemble, in their persons, those of Van Diemen's land, differing from them, however, in every other respect; ferocious in the extreme, and the greatest thieves he had yet met with. He is perfectly astonished that Forster should have described them as so amiable and mild a people, when he pronounces them, from what he saw, to be the worst of cannibals.

"This people, who are said to have exhibited such marks of horrour, on seeing the sailors eating animal food, because they imagined it to be human flesh, are themselves anthropophagi, are ravenous after human flesh, and use no pains to disguise their avidity for it. This very day," continues he, "one of these ferocious savages gave a human bone, with pieces of broiled flesh upon it, to M. Piron, which was the cup bone of the knee of a youth of 14 or 15 years of age. To prevent mistake, the savage was asked what it was, and he pointed to the place to which it belonged. This same bone being brought on board and presented to two natives, they finished the remains of the flesh attached to it. Another native was seen devouring a slice of flesh, which, by the skin, was ascertained to be human." p. 333.

With all these proofs of the vice admiral, and with all the skulls and skeletons of human beings which he saw piled up in different places, we yet doubt, exceedingly, if there exists upon the face of the earth, a race of beings who delight in devouring human flesh; and we are persuaded that, if the practice exists at all, it must either arise from a mere ceremonial of tasting the flesh and blood of some powerful and detested enemy, or from being driven to it, as the last resource, by famine. This might have been the deplorable state of the New Caledonians at that time; for he describes them as meagre, miserable looking beings, and tells us that they were observed to eat calcareous earth. They had lost the breed of hogs left them by captain Cook; which causes the admiral to observe, that "it is not likely people who spare not one another, should afford time enough for animals to multiply their species." With the favourable testimony of captain Cook and Mr. Forster, before the visit of M. Dentrecasteaux, and of captain Kent, subsequent to that period, M. Rossel must excuse us if we place more reliance on the justness of the character of the New Caledonians as we have received it from our own countrymen, than on that which he has given us from M. Dentrecasteaux's journal. In

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the propriety of many of the vice admiral's observations on the condition of the Pacifick islanders, we most cordially agree; as when he observes, that their disposition to thieving, for instance, and their mutual animosities are, in a great degree, owing to the articles which we carry among them. Could iron be made to produce iron, then indeed, this metal would be the greatest of all benefits that could be conferred on them; but what must be the situation of that savage, who is unfortunate enough to possess the last nail, or the last knife? He must either fall a sacrifice to the man who is stronger than himself, or it must become the apple of general discord, and the cause of civil war and desolation. With regard to thieving, it may be observed, that, among a tribe of savages, whose precarious subsistence depends chiefly, if not altogether, on chance, cunning and strength are the only laws by which property can be acquired and secured. Among such a people, stealing can scarcely be considered as a crime, and *may* be accounted a virtue. It is stated in a recent publication, that a savage was deliberately shot while stealing a bit of red rag from a staff, because it interrupted the person from completing the observation of an angle. It must be confessed that the conduct of the thief was innocence itself when compared with that of the murderer. The truth is, the conduct of voyagers has generally been incompatible with the characters of the people with whom they held communication; and it is painful to reflect that the intercourse of Europeans with the South sea and Pacifick islanders, has done them no good. On the contrary, it has tainted their bodies with new diseases, and corrupted their minds with new vices; it has created new wants, and furnished new incitements to hostility, without conferring on them any one benefit to compensate the multitude of evils arising from this calamitous traffick.

—Finding no trace of La Pérouse among this "effroyable peuple," who had even forgotten captain Cook, and gave no indications that Europeans had ever visited their coast, except by their avidity for iron, M. Dentrecasteaux took his leave; and on the 21st May, the frigates came to anchor off the Isle of Santa Cruz. Here the French quarrelled with the natives, and shot one of them in an affray. On passing Solomon's islands, their frigates were attacked by a number of light, well constructed, and gayly decorated proas. The men in them were naked, but ornamented with plumes, bracelets and necklaces of shells and mother of pearl. From hence, stretching along the northern coast of Louisiade, and the southeastern side of New Guinea, they passed the straits of Dampier, along the north coast of New Britain. The natives of Louisiade appeared to be more civilized than those of the islands which they had recently passed. They wore a covering round their loins, and used shields, as weapons of defence. They had large proas with masts; they were anxious to procure pieces of red cloth, but perfectly indifferent as to iron, whence the admiral concludes that he was the first European who had visited that part of the coast.

M. Dentrecasteaux's health had for some time been on the decline, and the scurvy had found its way into the ships. M. Huon, the commander of the Espérance, died before they left New Caledonia. Their provisions, especially their bread and water, were becoming short; their wine was turning sour; every thing, therefore, considered, it was deemed advisable to make the best of their way to the island of Java. On the 8th July, they made the coast of New Britain, and on the 20th of the same month M. Dentrecasteaux departed this life. The command now devolved upon M.

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D'Auribeau, who determined to execute the intentions of the vice admiral, and make the best of his way to Java. Passing the Admiralty islands a second time, and coasting New Guinea, they anchored, for a few days, at Boni, in the island of Waigiou. Hence they stood for Cayeli, in the island of Bouro, where they continued several days; but this being a Dutch settlement, and inhabited by half cast Portuguese, Chinese and Malays, afforded nothing worthy of particular notice. Directing their course through the strait of Boutoun, they arrived at Sourabaya, in the island of Java, on the 27th October, 1793; where, as we have already observed, the voyage was declared to be at an end, "the ulteriour events being equally foreign to the voyage of vice admiral Dentrecasteaux, and to the end which government proposed by it."

M. Rossel, after paying many handsome compliments, deservedly, we have no doubt, to the character of his deceased friend, thus concludes his encomium:—

"We are bold enough to flatter ourselves that geographers and men of science will now rank him among the number of those illustrious navigators who have acquired a right to the gratitute of all nations; and that every reader will feel a lively interest for the religious and tenderhearted man who deserved so well of humanity." p. 448.

We can by no means subscribe to M. Rossel's opinion that either geographers, or men of science, will consider M. Dentrecasteaux to have "acquired a right to the gratitute of all nations," for the discoveries made in the present voyage. We sincerely believe that he was, what M. Rossel states him to be, "a religious and tenderhearted man;" but amiable as such a character unquestionably is in private life, we do not conceive it to be the best adapted for an undertaking that demands many other qualifications. We do not mean to say that M. Dentrecasteaux's piety stood in the way of his duty; but we have no hesitation in asserting that his own journal furnishes incontestible proofs of inactivity, and a total want of curiosity. Satisfied with vain and idle conjectures grounded on the reports of his officers, he seldom gave himself the trouble of setting his foot on shore. We have seen his want of resolution and apparent want of skill, on leaving the cape of Good Hope; his vague speculations, and total want of curiosity at the island of St. Paul; his want of perseverance on the south coast of New Holland, which lost him the merit of discovering Bass's Strait; and his mistaken conjectures at Van Diemen's land "injurieuses à la nature humaine:" the dread indeed of cannibals seems to have haunted him through the voyage. With simple, uneducated, and uncivilized nature, he appears to have been wholly unacquainted. But the most serious charge against him is the extraordinary delay in visiting the Friendly islands, to which La Perouse had distinctly stated his determination of proceeding from Botany Bay. He did not arrive at them till the 23d March, 1793, though they are within a month's sail of Van Diemen's land, which he left on the 28th May, 1792. This is not all. On the 16th June, when at New Caledonia, he *passed* the Friendly islands within eight or ten days sail, when the wind was at S. W. and consequently as favourable as it could blow. To have taken them in his way to the Admiralty islands, could not, therefore, have delayed him three weeks; probably, not a fortnight. Thus nearly twelve months may be said to be lost, in arriving at that point to which he was directed, by his instructions, to proceed without delay, and where intelligence was most likely to be received. La Perouse and his companions might, for aught he knew to the contrary, be fallen into the hands of savages, and

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anxiously expecting their release, while he was amusing himself with circumnavigating New Holland, drinking coffee with the Dutch governour of Amboyna, or composing memoirs on the commerce, population, and religion of that settlement.

We are most willing to bestow on the memory of M. Dentrecasteaux that character to which he appears justly entitled—that of a truly good and honourable man; but we should ill acquit ourselves of the duty which we owe to the publick were we to admit that the choice of his sovereign, on the present occasion, was the most happy; or that the admiral fulfilled the expectations of the unfortunate monarch whose confidence in his "talents, resolution, and prudence," led him to imagine that he would be able—"de perfectionner la description du globe, et d'accroître les connoissances humaines."

When M. Rossel holds out the discovery of Dentrecasteaux's channel, and of a few degrees of the barren coast of Nuyt's land, to be of such magnitude, as to induce the British admiralty in 1797 and 1798 to ground a voyage on the information contained in the vice admiral's journal, we cannot believe him to be serious. In fact no such expedition, as he afterwards confesses, was sent out in either of those years. In 1801, captain Flinders sailed from England in the Investigator for the purpose of completing the survey of New Holland, and especially of the coast of the great gulf of Carpentaria, which is diametrically opposite to that part of New Holland where the French frigates carried on their operations.

Our remarks on the remaining part of the work must be very brief. In the first volume an appendix is subjoined to the account of the voyage, containing a scientifick statement of the method employed in laying down the charts and plans of the great atlas, illustrated by a number of figures engraved on 32 plates, making, with the letter press, an addition to the volume of nearly 200 pages. The second volume consists of 692 pages. It will be sufficient to enumerate the contents of the chapters. The first is "A Description of the instruments employed in making the observations." The second, "Inquiries into the errours arising, either from the instruments, the observations, or the tables; and the method of correcting or reducing them." And the third and last, "Tables containing the astronomical observations." This volume, it will be seen, bears an air of science which will alone deter many from opening it. More, indeed, is made of trivial matters than could possibly be necessary or even desirable, in a work of this kind. It has too much science for the practical navigator, and too much common place practice for the mere man of science. Indeed the whole substance of the voyage might, with ease, have been brought into the compass of a moderate sized quarto; but with a moderate sized quarto the great nation would not have been satisfied.

The atlas, though tremendously large, is made up entirely of detached portions of charts, plans of bays, and harbours in small compartments, several being contained on one sheet, and of etchings of coasts and headlands. Some of these are pretty enough, and we have only one objection to make to them—they are not accurate. This assertion we conceive ourselves called upon to substantiate by proofs. We shall take the very first plate of "Views" in the book, which is that of the island of St. Paul. This island we know to be covered with that species of coppice usually called brushwood, without a tree of any description; yet it would appear, from the first view, which has been copied from Valentyn, that the whole coast of that side of the island was covered with trees (cabbage-stalks, a painter would call

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them) at least a hundred feet high! whereas in all the other views they have given of this island some of them taken within a few cables length of the shore, there is plenty of fire, and smoke, but not a single shrub to brake the barren uniformity of the surface. The second instance, is the chart of New Caledonia, which we are assured is constructed "avec la plus grande precision," and from observations that were taken with the greatest attention and exactitude, particularly in the vicinity of Havre Trompeur. Now we know from captain Kent's observations, made during his stay of six weeks in Port St. Vincent, that there is not one line of truth in that part of the chart of New Caledonia, as laid down in this atlas. Captain Kent found one of the finest harbours in the world; the French declare positively that there is no harbour. Captain Kent says that the distance of the reef from the coast is from four to eight miles; the French assert, from accurate and repeated observations, that it never exceeds three miles, and frequently runs nearer to the coast. Captain Kent says that within the reef, and between it and the coast, are a number of islands, not only at Port St. Vincent, but on each side of it, forming, as he conjectures, other harbours. The French have not laid down one single island in the vicinity of this harbour, nor on the whole line of coast from the S. E. to the N. W. extremity of New Caledonia, except a few near the middle, obviously placed at random; yet the mountains and promontories are all shaded down to the coast as if they had been accurately measured and actually surveyed.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The Real State of France, in the Year 1809; with an Account of the Treatment of the Prisoners of War, and Persons otherwise detained in France. By Charles Sturt, Esq. late M. P. for Bridport. Resident in France before the War, and detained nearly seven Years as a Hostage. 8vo. pp. 168, price 5*s*. London, 1810.

NOTHING could be more apropos to meet the eulogia of Mr. Byerly, on Buonaparte, than this publication of Mr. Sturt. It was proper that this "Real State of France" should be authenticated by the writer, and thus we have testimony against testimony, and witness against witness. Mr. Byerly says "*Buonaparte is adored*," Mr. Sturt says "*he is detested*." A few who prosper by the system of favouritism may applaud his measures, but the nation at large abhors both his government and his crimes. Opinions so diametrically opposite, we shall not attempt to reconcile; yet we think that a consideration of the places visited by these gentlemen, respectively, would afford a hint of assistance in that undertaking. Mr. Byerly, we presume, resided at Paris; and we have little doubt but in that licentious and degraded capital the emperour and king is popular enough. This has been the object of all his labours: his buildings, his alterations, necessary and unnecessary. He has, by these means, a body of the labouring people always in his pay, of course in his interest; and these control, as they long have done, the sentiments and the conduct of the very few better instructed citizens of Paris. On the contrary, we do not perceive that Mr. Sturt has been at Paris; or if he has, he formed no connexions there, which could give him information on the principles that govern the policy of the *Great Man*. His observations are restricted (as we

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guess) to the provinces; and these, as we know, are far enough from enjoying those golden times which soi-disant philosophers promised them without let, hindrance, or molestation.

Mr. Sturt apologizes for the ill arrangement and confusion of his pamphlet. "To elegance of style, or even to correctness," says he, "I renounce all claim—but I claim credit for the truth of my statements." "I have seen the misery and distress I describe with my own eyes." He proceeds to exhibit the weaknesses of the Corsican hero: but these we pass, as founded on the inductions of reasoning, and as presenting nothing new. We also pass Mr. S's exposal of the French *exposés;* the false boasts of the progress of works at the ports, &c. because the "American," in our last number, sufficiently confutes whatever the minister of finances has vented on those subjects; yet we cannot help recording the fate of Fort Napoleon, at Cherbourg. "Two years ago it was overwhelmed by a tempest, which swept away the whole garrison, consisting of about five hundred souls, who all perished in sight of their families and countrymen." Nevertheless, another fort is building on the same spot!

We proceed, without further introduction, to the assertions of Mr. S. on the present state of France.

"The complete stagnation of commerce in every city, town, and village; the serious augmentation of every necessary of life; the vast increase in the wages of labour, the oppressive and vexatious effects of the *droits réunis;* the dreadful conscriptions pursued with unrelenting severity; have given rise to such a general discontent, that the death of Buonaparte is devoutly wished for; his name is feared and abhorred by every reflecting Frenchman, by all who are not enjoying pensions or lucrative employments under his tyrannical power. The severe and arbitrary restrictions laid on the little commerce that remains; the overbearing insolence and extortion of his numerous customhouse officers, paralize all the efforts of trade in the interiour of France.

"In some few districts the agriculture appears to be improving; but by far the greater proportion of France, shows a poverty and a negligence in the general cultivation of the lands, that strongly marks the weak state of commerce, and the great want of capital. Still there are a few merchants, who, in consequence of their political sentiments, meet with great support from the usurper, and are permitted to carry on a considerable commerce, notwithstanding his senseless decrees of Milan and Berlin.—

"In the villages, scarcely a cottage can you enter, without beholding the fathers and mothers of families bewailing the loss of a beloved child, dragged to the armies. Several assured me they had lost three, four, or five children of the age of seventeen or eighteen, and after all, some had at last an only child wrested from them by the conscription. As for the cultivated fields, there the sturdy youth is not to be seen, but old and infirm men, with old women scarcely able to support the fatigue of ploughing, tilling, and reaping their lands, perform all the labours of agriculture. For hundreds of leagues, that population formerly so remarkable in France, has disappeared. You may travel through her villages, through her towns even, and see a vast defalcation, and in the field scarcely a peasant."

The incessant conscriptions have produced this. We have repeatedly described some of the evils attendant on that scourge of humanity. Mr. S. affirms that "hundreds of conscripts have had recourse to the desperate measure of destroying the organs of hearing, or of sight;"—we have known them purposely injured, to avoid serving; but we affirm no further. To such a pitch had this arisen, says Mr. S.

"The medical men, often in easy circumstances, sold a powder to these brave youths, that produced a temporary blindness if applied to the eye, and if applied to any open wound, an inflammation and swelling of the limb, that often endangered the life of the wretched lad, and notwithstanding heavy fines and severe imprisonment, in some instances for life, the government cannot stop it. These are facts, many of which come within my knowledge.

"When the unfortunate young men are collected together, they are often sent chained by the neck and hands, and driven

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like condemned criminals to the different places of rendezvous.

"If any thing further were necessary to prove the wretched situation of the French people, her decrease of population, and her want of commerce, it would be sufficient to allude to what is seen at her churches, her fairs, her publick fêtes, and the numerous amusements in which the lower classes used to indulge. You meet there with scarcely any thing but old age and infirmity; at their Trivolis where they dance, and which are always conducted with great decorum, no youths are to be seen, excepting a few who, through bribery, may have escaped the conscription. Ask the women where the young men are? They one and all answer, *gone to be butchered.** This is no secret; this is no untruth; they speak feelingly, for many are parents, sisters, or lovers of those absent youths dragged to the armies. In their fêtes, the absence of young men is strikingly conspicuous, and there is always a prodigious disproportion of females to the males. This is too evident to escape the notice of the most careless observer.

"If the finances of France are so flourishing; if her internal commerce is so rapidly improving, why are her numerous works suspended? If France fail not in population, why are the prisoners of war obliged to labour on these works at a price not sufficient to support them, and how does it happen that the moment they are exchanged, all these labours are suspended? This, however, is the case, with the exception of a few maimed men, who are compelled to wait for months before they can obtain their pitiful wages. The injury and injustice they suffer may be easily conceived; for they are compelled to have credit for the bread their families consume from small and miserable shops, who cannot from their poverty give long credit. The sad consequences of this state of things the poor man soon feels, by his property being sold, and himself driven into the army, if he be fit for that service. If not, he and his family must seek refuge in one of the wretched poor-houses, where they soon become victims of disease.

"Nothing is more visible in all the towns of France, than the failure of commerce; the coffeehouses are empty, the restaurateurs are unable to keep up their establishments, as travellers are few in number, and compelled to be rigidly economical. The very expense of fire is scarce covered by their receipts. As to the best kinds of wine, the price is so increased that few Frenchmen indulge themselves in drinking them. Sugar and coffee are not within the reach of the publick, who suffer endless privations from the want of commerce.

"The little commerce they had on the continent, as well as with England, received such a check by these absurd measures, that failures took place in every great commercial town, and many of the great houses were forced to apply to the government for aid. The manufactories are equally distressed. The price of labour owing to the want of hands and the prodigious expense at which the raw material is procured, has occasioned such an enormous augmentation in the price of the manufactured article itself, that none but the very rich can purchase it. Numbers of the new cotton manufactories have failed. The machinery collected from England at a great expense, and introduced into France by many who call themselves patriots, and friends to their country are on sale."

Many other particulars, such as the immense glut of wheat; the payment of taxes in money, whether or not it can be obtained; the imprisoned state of literature, and the falsifications of the press [even the translation of Mr. Fox's work was falsified] the devastations committed by the French armies, &c. we pass as not new to our readers; but we believe that we have not hitherto presented them with a portrait of the *Gens-*

* This expression is more literally true, than either the speaker or Mr. S. intends. We have spared our readers the pain of perusing accounts of this nature, that have reached us from the highest authority. We shall only mention two; one of them related the slaughter of three hundred French conscripts in the bloom of life and manhood, led in pairs to the slaughter-house, where cattle were usually slain, and treated in a like manner: the other was of no less than seven hundred French conducted to a similar death on a much later occasion. Humanity shudders at these facts; and what says policy to the loss of the rising generation, in the mad pursuits of insatiable ambition?—*Edit.*

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d'armes, which are the present real rulers of France. Let Mr. S. draw this picture for us.

"One of the most formidable engines of tyranny in France is the military police, called the Gend'armes. They excite the dread and hatred of the whole nation. Their employment is to search for murderers, thieves, conscripts, and they are also employed to execute the dreadful orders of Buonaparte. This increases that fear, hatred, and contempt, so universally felt; unprincipled in general, of course corrupt and treacherous, they accept your bribe, and betray you afterwards; however, their establishment is too important for the safety of the tyrant's power to be put down, *for it is chiefly this honourable corps* that secures him on his usurped throne. In every town, city, village, or commune throughout the departments, these instruments of tyranny are established, and being, in general, artful men, and very poor, they exercise a tyranny equal to their ruler. To every coffeehouse, and every place of publick amusement, they have access, under the pretence of preserving peace and order. They establish idle and worthless people, in every publick house and hotel, as spies, who make their reports, often from pique and malice, or to prove their zeal. The same system is established by seducing the servants of every family to report what is said at table, of whatever nature. These reports, *true or false*, are sent to the minister of police, who, without notice, and even without inquiry, sends an order to arrest the whole family, often in the dead of the night. This dreadful tyranny is exercised so instantaneously that the unhappy people are never aware of the blow until it is struck. If any observations have been made on Buonaparte or his government; or on his favourites, they never see the light again, nor can a friend trace them out.

"Another description of police more terrible even than the gend'armerie, is employed by Fouche, minister of police, *whose sanguinary deeds are still fresh in the memory of all those who have read the events of the frightful revolution.* These men travel through every city, town, and village of a department, and are supplied with money, that they may attend publick places, being men better dressed, better educated, and often wearing the insignia of the légion d'honneur, they insinuate themselves into society, and freely abuse the government, Buonaparte, and his favourites in the hopes of entrapping the unwary. Having given his information, the miscreant leaves the district for another, and the unfortunate family are after some months seized in the accustomed manner, and conveyed to the dungeons of Paris, or to some strong fortress in the departments, *and never heard of any more.** The wretch who informs removes to some other department, the moment he becomes suspected or known."

Other parts of this pamphlet relate the manœuvres of general Wirion, and sundry assistants to pillage the English prisoners of war. We cannot commend the conduct of our countrymen. Like fools, they lay themselves too open to knaves. Have any other prisoners been so overreached? Austrians? Prussians? *They* were not worth the powder and shot of ingenious villany: and why must John Bull's *cullibility* render him the proper prey to Gallick cormorants? We nevertheless recommend Mr. S's narration to the consideration of the British publick. It is truly disgraceful to the great nation.

We conclude with a word or two in reference to the great man himself.

"There was not a well informed Frenchman who did not know the tyrant had been attacked with a violent and singular malady, distinguished by the name of Catalipse [Catalepsy] which leaves the object in whatever attitude he may be in at the time, deprived of sight, of hearing, of speech, and of motion. Buonaparte was discovered in his chamber by one of his greatest favourites seized with this extraordinary malady, and remained for several hours deprived of every function of life, but that of breathing. His confidential physician was sent for by a telegraphick despatch, not as the Moniteur impudently asserted to attend a disorder which the army laboured under. Such, indeed, was Coversait's [Corvisart] eagerness to ar-

* This in part explains why the tyrant acknowledges he is obliged to erect EIGHT new bastilles, because it is *not convenient to try these state prisoners.*

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rive at Schoenbrunn, that his own carriage broke down on the road, and madame Lannes's carriage was directly offered and accepted to convey him to Buonaparte, whose recovery was doubtful, and who was actually reported to be dead Is it probable, after this positive fact, that the physician was going to the service of the army? would he have put madame Lannes, overwhelmed with the recent death of her husband, the marechal who lost his life at the battle of Asperne gained by the archduke Charles, to such inconvenience?

"It was, indeed, the general opinion, that the disorder was occasioned by the result of that battle in which the Marechal duke of Montebello [Lannes] with the flower of the imperial guard was nearly annihilated by the Austrians. For hours after this disastrous event, Buonaparte was in such a state of agitation of mind, that he was bereft of reason, and of course incapable of commanding. He recovered at the end of thirty six hours; but was strictly advised not to exercise his mind or body.

"The narrative I have laid before the publick are facts, and I pledge my existence to the truth of what I have stated. I fear it will never be seen in France, although it shall not be for want of pains; at least, even *Buonaparte himself shall be put in possession of a few copies*, and as the vapouring warriour does not understand a word of the language of the nation he is so irritated against, care will be taken to have these observations translated into French."

We shall here inform Mr. Sturt, that he need not despair of mortifying the *Great Hero*. By an agency not entirely unknown to us, a copy of colonel Titus's "Killing no Murder," translated into French, was laid on the desk of Buonaparte's most private cabinet, to which himself alone was understood to have access, merely to delight him. That it dropped from the clouds we do not say; from whence it did drop, it "would *not be convenient*," as his phrase is, to explain. It vexed him horribly; and he long remembered it; for on its being copied into the Courier de Londres, he stanchly affirmed in the Moniteur that Pichegru had conducted the business. As he has not yet forgot it, we hereby inform him and Fauchet, and Boissy d'Anglas, and count Fontanes, that, to our own knowledge, Pichegru was innocent of the transaction. We trust our readers will not imagine that we correspond with the court of the Thuilleries, although we certainly do know some things which are transacted there; and the *secret* passages of that building have been trod by some of our friends.

Is this the great man at whose footstool have bowed down the powers of Europe? We quit him with the sarcasm of the apocryphal Daniel, on the prostrate Bel, and the confounded Babylonians: "*Lo, these are the* GODS *ye worship!*"

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Travels of the Duke de Chatelet, in Portugal. Comprehending interesting Particulars relative to the Colonies; the Earthquake of Lisbon; the Marquis de Pombal, and the Court. The Manuscript revised, corrected, and enlarged, with Notes, on the present State of the Kingdom and Colonies of Portugal. By J. Fr. Burgoing, late Minister Plenipotentiary, from the French Republick, in Spain, Member of the National Institute, and Author of the Modern State of Spain. Translated from the French, by John Joseph Stockdale. Illustrated with a Map of Portugal, and View of the Bay of Lisbon. 2 vols. 8vo. 17*s*. 1809.

NOTWITHSTANDING the interest which Portugal has of late years excited, and still continues to excite among us, we have no complete work descriptive of that country. Link's Travels were, in many instances, exceptionable, and Portugal formed but a small portion of his work. Murphy's State of Portugal, though a curious performance, was principally employed on architectural subjects. The Picture of Lisbon, as

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far as it goes, has much merit, but though a great many years have passed since the ci-devant duke de Châtelet visited Portugal, allowing for the prejudices and misrepresentations of a Frenchman, particularly as directed against this country, this work altogether is entitled to superiour attention. The duke had great advantages from his rank, character, and profession of the same religion, which procured him easy access, where national jealousy excluded strangers generally, and protestants in particular. He was well known to the marquis de Pombal, one of the greatest characters which Portugal ever produced.

The work is comprised in two volumes, which have been arranged, systematized, and commented upon in additional notes, by M. Burgoing, who was minister in Spain from the French republick, and author of the Modern State of Spain.

The first volume, after describing the author's arrival at Lisbon, and reception at court, represents, in ten succeeding chapters, the climate and origin of the kingdom of Portugal, its geographical description, constitution and laws, religion, manners, and customs, colonies, population, commerce, and agriculture.

There is not in the whole of this volume a more interesting portion than the description of the marquis de Pombal in his retirement, which is, accordingly inserted for the reader's amusement.

"In one of the excursions which I made into the interiour of Portugal, I paid a visit to the marquis de Pombal. I had a particular recommendation to him, and was, therefore, received with the utmost politeness. I knew this minister, by reputation, and was desirous of being personally acquainted with him. On my arrival at the village, from which he takes his title, I wrote from my inn, requesting to be informed at what hour I might wait upon him, with the letters which I had for him. I went, for this purpose, at ten the next morning, and was introduced into the cottage of this great man. He has now a habitation more suitable to his rank; but, at the period of my visit, he was in a very small house, and slept in an apartment, the walls of which had been recently plastered.

"In point of manners, no person can be more agreeable, or more easy, than M. de Pombal He asked me a thousand questions, and affected total ignorance of what was passing in Europe. He requested me to inform him of the present state of affairs. He even questioned me on the subject of Portugal, and asked concerning the state of Lisbon. He inquired, what motive, or what accident, had brought me to such an obscure corner of the earth. 'Accustomed,' I replied, 'from my youth to travel, I always visit the interiour of the countries which I traverse, without confining myself to the principal cities, and seaports, where there is nothing new to be observed. Besides, I was desirous of becoming acquainted with a man, who had made such extraordinary efforts to promote the welfare of his country.' We entered, by degrees, into conversation. He invited me to spend a week with him, and kept me that day to dinner and supper. I expressed my astonishment at the state in which I had found Lisbon, considering the short time that had elapsed since the calamity which had befallen it. He replied, that he then thought no more of that subject; that he was an old man, and wished for repose; but that if Providence had pleased to prolong the life of the king, his master, he would have exerted himself with the same zeal to accomplish the enterprise which he had only just begun, and that he should, undoubtedly, have laid the foundation of a palace for the king. He described the magnificent plan which he had adopted for that edifice. Seated on an eminence, contiguous to Belem, it would have overlooked the city and the sea, and have been surrounded with a large park, enclosed with high walls, against which, at suitable distances, were to have been erected the palaces of the principal nobility belonging to the court, and residences for persons officially attached to it.

"M. de Pombal has brought with him a great number of books, and spends most of his time in reading, or having them read to him. They are all French. He speaks our language with the fluency of a native and is equally conversant with German, English, and Italian. He never mentioned his *worthy master* without emotion. 'He honoured me,' said he, 'with his confidence. To lose my king, and my friend, is a trial too severe for me to endure. To me, the sun's rays appear, shorn of their lustre, and nothing can ever make me

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amends for the loss which I have sustained.' While he spoke, tears fell from his eyes. In vain I endeavoured to change the conversation; he was continually recurring to the same subject. 'At any rate,' continued he, 'I shall be happy here. You see this cottage. It is not mine; I only rent it. The man who is accused of having thought only of himself, has not even built himself a habitation on his estate.' Then, pointing to a spacious, new edifice: 'That,' said he, 'is a magazine belonging to the city. I had i terected to contain corn, with which it is filled. Still, like Sully I shall live more happily in my retirement than at court, and among the great. I have been permitted to take my books with me, and there is very little else that I should wish for.' He had scarcely finished these words when madame de Pombal entered. He was pleased to present me to her. She still retains a portion of her charms, and dresses with great art and taste. She certainly is not deficient in understanding; but she has neither her husband's fortitude, nor strength of mind to endure her situation. During the prosperity of the marquis, she had the grandees and the people at her feet, and her house was a sort of court. Men, when they called to see her, knelt to kiss her hand, according to the practice of the country. Her vanity, flattered with so many marks of respect, cannot familiarize itself to the seclusion, to which her husband's disgrace has doomed her. Forsaken by all, and buried in the solitude of an obscure village, she has no other satisfaction than what she derives from the company of her children, who, sometimes, come to spend a fortnight with her. A German by birth, she has all the pride of the great families of her nation, and secretly grieves on account of her exile, after having moved in such an exalted sphere. These sentiments she strove to conceal from me; but they were too powerful to be repressed. After conversing about ten minutes, her eyes overflowed with tears. 'This is but natural in her sex,' said the marquis: 'to comfort her is an additional occupation for me; but, by following my example, she will soon learn to bear her reverse with fortitude.' Dinner was announced immediately afterwards. 'Come,' said he, 'and partake the frugal meal of a hermit.' Instead of the frugal meal which he taught me to expect, I found a well furnished table: nothing that indicated any change of fortune, or that even bore the stamp of dejection. There was nobody except us three. The conversation was very lively. I talked about Germany to madame de Pombal, and we spoke, for some time, in her native language. The repast was short, or, at least, appeared so to me. The heat was excessive; and, on rising from table, each retired to take a short repose. I availed myself of this opportunity to examine the place where this illustrious couple resides. It is not disagreeable, as it had been described to me at Lisbon. On a neighbouring eminence, the ruins of an ancient castle form an extremely picturesque object. The water is excellent. On leaving the habitation of the marquis I found at his door above two hundred persons, to whom the servants were distributing bread and soup. In this manner he gains a great number of partisans who extol him even in his disgrace; and he seemed to me to be beloved by all the inhabitants of the place. After a walk of two hours, I returned to M. de Pombal's, and found him in the midst of his books. We resumed our conversation. He inquired if I had seen the ceremony of the queen's coronation. I guessed his reason for asking, and replied that I had, and that I thought it was performed with great pomp and magnificence. He asked if I had noticed all the ineffectual efforts made, on this occasion by his enemies, to accomplish his destruction. He even questioned me respecting the manner in which the people had conducted themselves. I told him what I knew; and added that this circumstance was an additional triumph for him, since it proved the impotence as much as the animosity of his enemies. On this he said with an extreme vivacity, which highly becomes him: 'People advance a paradox, who pretend to interpret the sentiments of the people; who are represented as detesting me. It is impossible; my actions, my conduct, all assure me of the contrary. The people cannot hate me, and I will tell you why. What was the Portuguese forty years ago, and what is he now? Have I not rendered him independent of his neighbours? Have I not every where established arts, trades, and manufactures? Have I not, besides, caused one third of the city of Lisbon to be rebuilt? Have I not revived industry, and diffused wealth among the artizans? No; with all the claims which, I think I possess upon the gratitude of the people, I consider them too just to have ever entertained a wish to destroy me; neither did they. I will tell you who were the authors of all that you may have seen and heard at the coronation. The nobles, who persisted in the insolent pretensions, which I endeavoured to annihilate, employed all possible means to effect my ruin; but they could

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not, decently, appear at the head of the persecuting party. What course did they pursue? They selected some of their creatures, who, in the disguise of barbers, seamen, cooks, &c. ran about, in the publick places, calumniating me, and painting my character in the most odious colours. The people, easily misled, seconded a resentment, which they were told they ought to share. They hated me, because they were taught that it was right so to do. Several persons whom you know,' added he, 'in order to injure me, ran about for whole days, in this disguise, among the populace, and invented calumnies, which they propagated as incontestable truths. For the rest, whatever I did, was by the orders of my master. I have nothing to reproach myself with. I am particularly accused of cruelty; but I was compelled to be severe. When I announced the commands of the king, and people disdained to attend to them, it was then necessary to have recourse to force; prisons and dungeons were the only means that I could discover, to tame this blind and ignorant people.'

"In this manner I spent five days, in the most interesting conversations with this great statesman. He was pleased to communicate to me much information, and many of his own reflections respecting Portugal. I have availed myself of both in the course of this work." *Note by the Author.* p. 172.

The second volume is employed upon the army, navy, imports and finances, science and literature, arts and manufactures, and finally, the policy of Portugal.

The state of the arts, of science, and of literature, are, we fear, not much improved in Portugal since the duke de Châtelet visited it. They have no painters, sculptors, nor architects. Their dramatick authors are of the lowest order. Their mathematical knowledge contemptible. Yet, nevertheless Portugal has academies for the cultivation of all these sciences. How can it be believed that Portugal produced the first navigators of the world, first established settlements on the coast of Guinea, doubled the tremendous cape of Storms? &c. &c. &c.

We have received much satisfaction and information from these volumes, and are obliged to Mr. Stockdale for translating them. The performance is highly creditable to him; the style is always easy, often elegant; and has much the appearance of an original work.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Memoires de Physique et de Chimie, de la Societé d'Arcueil. Tom. 2. 8vo. pp. 500. Paris, 1809.

WE resume, with much satisfaction, our account of the labours of this new and active association. The present volume appears to rise considerably in importance above the former. To the list of members is now joined the name of Malus, whose communications must be deemed peculiarly valuable. The society appears duly to appreciate this recent acquisition; and we are charmed with the dawning prospect of having the more recondite properties of light at last detected and satisfactorily explained.

In estimating the progress of scientifick discovery, it is expedient, not only to mark the successive steps by which it is carried on, but to notice the doubts and imperfections which often affect even the most improved departments of knowledge. Our selections from this volume shall be confined to such papers as excite material interest, or will afford room for some discussion.

Researches on the Respiration of Fishes. By MM. Provençal and Humboldt.

In our last number, we noticed some interesting observations which M. Biot was led incidentally to make

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respecting the nature of the gas contained in the air bladder of fishes. The general results have been since confirmed by M. Laroche, an able naturalist, who was lately joined to the commission for extending the measurement of a degree of the meridian to the Balearick Isles. It now seems fully ascertained, that those fishes which inhabit at great depths in the ocean, have a much larger share of oxygen lodged in their air bladder. Yet the small portion of air obtained from the water drawn from such depths, is found to be scarcely so pure as the common standard of the atmosphere.

The steep shores of Yviza and Formentera presented these philosophers with an opportunity of determining, whether extreme mechanical compression be capable of effecting combinations among the elementary gases, similar to those which the energy of electrical influence can produce. Oxygen and azote, in the proportions which compose the nitrick acid; oxygen and hydrogen, in the proportion that forms water; and the mixture of hydrogen and azote that generates ammonia, were all severally introduced into strong tubes, and confined by mercury; but, though let down in the sea to the depth of 150 fathoms, and therefore subjected to a pressure of thirty atmospheres, they showed no alteration whatever.

The experiments of Provençal and Humboldt, to which our attention is now directed, were undertaken for the express purpose of investigating the mode of the respiration of fishes, and were prosecuted with scrupulous attention and elaborate care during the space of seven months. The first point was to determine the nature and proportion of the gas contained in river water. From repeated trials, it appeared, that at the temperature of 10 degrees centigrade, or 50° of Fahrenheit, the water of the Seine yields, by ebullition, over mercury or through distilled water, about the thirty-sixth part of its bulk of a gas which has nearly the same purity as atmospherick air, but alloyed with from six to ten per cent. of carbonick acid. These facts served as the basis of the subsequent observations. Small river fish, chiefly tench, were introduced into huge bell-glasses, filled with the water of the Seine, and placed over a surface of mercury. In the space of a few hours, the fishes thus confined became visibly languid, but were always withdrawn before they appeared quite exhausted and about to expire. A certain measure of this water, in which the respiration had taken place, being subjected to a process of boiling, the gas then extricated was examined and compared with the usual products. Of the numerous experiments performed, we will cite only a single example. Seven tench were put into a balloon holding above sixty English pints of river water, and they remained alive eight hours and a half. Of this water, 2582 centimeters, or 816 2-3 English cubick inches, gave, on boiling, a volume of gas equal to 453 centimeters, at 10 degrees of the centigrade scale; and these 453 parts were found to contain 290 of azote, 153 of carbonick acid, and only 10 of oxygen. But the same quantity of water drawn fresh from the Seine would have held 347 parts of azote, 21 of carbonick acid, and 156 of oxygen. Those small fishes must, therefore, have consumed 145 parts of oxygen, and 57 of azote, and produced 132 parts of carbonick acid.

It hence appears that, though extremely limited in its extent, the breathing of fishes is, with regard to its effects, on the whole, very similar to that of the warmblooded animals. They can support life, even after the oxygen is so much attenuated, as not to exceed in bulk the five thousanth part of the containing

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fluid. A tench consumes, at an average, fifty thousand times less oxygen than a man.

Yet respiration is indispensable to the existence of the fishes. Confined in a small body of water, which is excluded from the contact of the external air, they soon become faint and oppressed; and their sufferings evidently increase in proportion as the oxygen is abstracted and consumed. The gold fish, cyprinus auratus, which is extremely vivacious, introduced under water that had been carefully purged of its air by distillation and recent boiling, was almost instantly affected. In ten minutes it was seized with violent convulsions, followed by utter prostration of strength; but its functions were again speedily restored, on admitting into the receiver a portion of river water.

In the mammiferous animals, the whole oxygen inhaled by them is again expired in a state of combination with carbon. But the carbonick acid that fishes reject, never amounts to four fifths of the quantity of oxygen which they had previously abstracted from the mass of water. What becomes, then, of this surplus oxygen? Is it absorbed into their system? And is it the cause of that superiour irritability which they display?

It is another distinguishing circumstance, that fishes absorb a very large portion of azote, nearly equal, sometimes, to the oxygen itself. This phenomenon was proved, by subsequent experiments, to be in no respect accidental, but to depend on the regular principles of their organick assimulation. Some fishes were introduced under water which had been impregnated with azote, oxygen, and hydrogen, by exposing it newly boiled to a mixture of these gases, the hydrogen assisting, by the play of double affinities, the union of the oxygen: in the space of three hours, they were taken out almost dead; and the water being then distilled, yielded back only its share of hydrogen, the oxygen and azote having both disappeared.

Water, charged with carbonick acid, powerfully affects the nervous system, and acts on small fishes as a mortal poison. Tench, confined in it only for a few minutes, expire in convulsions. The oxygenated muriatick acid is scarcely more prompt in its effects.

It was of importance to determine, whether fishes extract air from water by the action of their gills only, or have, besides, a power of absorption diffused over the surface of their body. The most lively tench were selected for this trial. Their heads were cased in collars of cork lined with wax cloth, which spread out into a covering fastened by means of sealing wax to the top of a cylindrical vessel containing river water. This cylinder was next inverted into a bucket filled likewise with river water; and the more effectually to prevent any communication between it and the water in which the body of the fish was immersed, a small layer of quicksilver covered the ring about the neck. A tench would live in that constrained position for the space of five hours, without experiencing much inconvenience. The water contained in the cylindrical vessel now furnished, on being distilled, nearly the same aërial products, as if respiration had actually been performed in it. The venous blood must, therefore, attract oxygen, and transmit carbon through the fine expansion of the skin, with an energy similar to what is exerted by the proper organs of the bronchials themselves. The skin, however, shows no action at all on the ambient air. But the bronchials are capable of performing a double function; they not only separate oxygen from water, but can inhale it from the atmosphere. A fish, placed in a vessel containing a very small quantity of water, is soon obliged to rise to the surface, and project its head, for the

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sake of breathing. The water, which had been robbed of its oxygen, indeed, attracts this again from the atmosphere, and gradually communicates it to the lower strata; but the process of restoration is so extremely slow, that, if the fish be prevented from getting to the surface, languor and exhaustation will quickly supervene.

Various kinds of fishes were introduced into the several permanent gases. In common air and oxygen gas, they opened their gills very wide, but did not absorb that vital nutriment in a larger proportion than if water had been the medium of communication. Under azote, they became languid, and apparently dead, in the space of four or five hours. The effects of hydrogen were still more deleterious. But carbonick acid acted with such envenomed force, that though the fishes hastened to shut their gills against its influence, they were yet absolutely killed by it in a few minutes.

Since the respiration of fishes is so very limited, we should scarcely expect any notable evolution of heat from that process. Accordingly, it was found, that the most delicate thermometers, inserted in their mouths, indicated no visible difference from the temperature of the ambient fluid.

With regard to the nature of gas contained in the air bladder, it was observed to vary exceedingly, even in the same species of river fish. Though tench were kept in water charged with hydrogen, not a particle of the gas had penetrated into that vesicle. On extracting the air-bladder, by means of a lateral incision, the fish would live three days, though generally in a state of languor. But the separation of that organ seemed to affect the action of the bronchials; for they were observed to absorb more oxygen and azote than before, and to produce no carbonick acid.

The experiments now recited, certainly throw considerable light on the physiology of fishes. We are only disposed to doubt a little, whether their accuracy can be entirely relied on. The analysis of the gaseous products was evidently imperfect; for water, which has been thoroughly boiled, will still continue to discharge a notable residuum of air, if placed under an exhausted receiver. But the indications of the eudiometer are, from a variety of causes, peculiarly liable to inaccuracy, and depend much on the skill and manipulation of the experimenter. The observations of Provençal and Humboldt, however, are decidedly more complete than any of a like nature; and, after making every deduction, we cannot hesitate to regard the general results as, at least, near approximations to the truth. They are not incompatible, however, with those conclusions which Biot's experiments appeared to countenance. A fish that inhabits the depths of the sea, under such enormous compression, living in circumstances extremely different from one which plays near the surface, may be expected to exert a far superiour energy. If a small river fish can, by the action of its gills, overcome the adhesion of air to the encompassing liquid, may we not suppose an inhabitant of the ocean to be capable of developing an organick force sufficient to dissolve that union of oxygen with hydrogen which constitutes water itself? On any other hypothesis, indeed, the minute portion of oxygen dispersed near the bottom of the sea, must have, in time, become exhausted; nor could it again be sensibly restored by the very slow absorption at the surface, and the still slower communication through such a lengthened series of incumbent strata.

On the Motion of Light in Diaphanous Media. By M. Laplace.

The curious phenomena of double refraction is produced by various mineral substances. It was first ob-

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served in Iceland spar, or the rhomboidal crystals of the carbonate of lime, in which it appears very conspicuous; but several other crystals manifest a similar property, though differently modified. If a dot made on a sheet of paper be viewed through a piece of Iceland spar laid over it, *two* dots are constantly seen in the direction of a diagonal joining the obtuse angles of the rhomboid, and separated from each other by an interval generally proportioned to the thickness of the crystal. It is evident, therefore, that, in penetrating into rhomboidal spar, a ray of light must, besides the usual refraction, suffer an *extraordinary* one, bending it towards the obtuse solid angle of the crystal. When light traverses the substance, the opposite sides of the rhomboid being parallel, it must always escape at the same inclination with which it entered; but the part that suffered the extraordinary refraction, emerging at a different point, will, according to the length of its internal passage, occasion a small shifting or parallax, thus forming the secondary image, which likewise, for that reason, appears at a less depth.

The cause of this double refraction has long tortured the ingenuity of philosophers. Huygens, who, with the finest taste for geometry, and the most exquisite skill in conducting mechanical analysis, unfortunately blended some prejudices, derived from the Cartesian school, advanced an hypothesis, repugnant, indeed, to the sober principles of induction, but which seemed to furnish an easy explanation of the leading facts. He supposed light to consist in the undulations of an etherial fluid, highly elastick, of extreme tenuity, and diffused through universal space. Those undulations, in ordinary cases would, from their equable expansion, form spherical shells; but, in entering Icelandick spar, each incipient undulation would, he conceived, assume the shape of an oblate spheroid, whose centre is the point of incidence, and its axis parallel to the short diagonal of an equilated piece of the crystal, and having, to the perpendicular diameter, the ratio of nine to ten. As ordinary refraction depends on the sine of inclination or the ordinate of the circle, so extraordinary refraction was made to depend on the ordinate of the generating ellipse. An hypothesis so fanciful and arbitrary, sunk, on the triumph of the Newtonian philosophy, into hopeless neglect, from which a concurrence of circumstances has again drawn it into notice. This memorable instance may teach us, that, while in physical matters, we ought to proceed with the utmost caution, yet we should not hastily reject, even the wildest hypothesis. To proscribe the workings of the fancy, would, in many cases, be to arrest the progress of science. If an hypothesis be not allowed to warp the understanding, it may serve at least usefully to connect certain insulated facts, until their true explication be discovered. The earliest attempts of Kepler were employed in tracing the relation between the periods and the distances of the planets. Struck with the mystical properties of numbers, he tried the multiplied combinations; and the result which he thus obtained, was the offspring of a teeming and restless imagination. But the speculations of that sublime though irregular genius, afterwards guided the steps of Newton, and finally merged in the great law of gravitation. Our learned countryman, Dr. Woollaston, who has, on many occasions, shown such uncommon felicity in adapting to practice the known principles of science, lately invented a very simple apparatus, which enabled him to determine, with equal ease and accuracy, the refractive power of the smallest fragment of crystal, or of the minutest film, whether solid or liquid. He was hence led to examine narrowly the constitution of rhom-

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boidal spar. He remarked, that the deviation of the extraordinary from the ordinary refraction, is not a constant angle, as Newton had inferred; and pursuing his observations, he discovered, that the force which produces this extraordinary refraction, is itself variable, and depending on the position of the refracted ray. Thus, he found the refractive power to be greatest in a line bisecting the obtuse solid angle of the rhomboid, and least in the transverse direction, the index of the former being 1,571, and that of the latter only 1,488. In the intermediate positions, those measures followed a certain law; which Dr. Woollaston could not unravel, till he was referred to the Huygenian hypothesis, with which they seemed perfectly accordant. This unexpected and singular coincidence has been since confirmed by some delicate experiments of M. Malus. However then, we may value the hypothesis of luminous undulations, as an attempt at philosophical exposition, we cannot, with justice, refuse it the merit of connecting the chief phenomena, and of accurately marking the various results.

Impressed with that sentiment, M. Laplace has sought to arrive at the same legitimate conclusion, by combining the principles of dynamicks with the higher calculus. His investigation is founded on the celebrated law of *least action*, first proposed by Fermat, next improved and extended by Maupertuis and Euler, and afterwards deduced by Lagrange from the primary condition of motion. According to this law, a particle of light, in its passage between two given points, one without, and another within the crystal, must describe such a route, that the distance traced before it enters the crystal multiplied by its velocity, and the distance traced after its entrance multiplied by the corresponding velocity, shall, together, form a sum which is a *minimum*. M. Laplace hence derives two differential equations, in which the internal velocity is an indeterminate function of the angle which the refracted ray makes with the shorter axis of the rhomboid. He then examines two simple cases, in which these equations are modified. The first is, where the square of the velocity of light within the crystal is increased by a constant quantity, and which it is well known, obtains generally in diaphanous *media*. The second case is, where the expression of the action of the crystal is of the same form as that of the square of the internal velocity, or where this square is further augmented by a term proportional to the square of the cosine of the angle made by the refracted ray with the shorter axis. The measure of deflection being the same on either side of the axis, it was obvious that the even powers only of the sines or cosines, and which are always positive, could be admitted into the expression for the effect. Having thus restricted the equations of partial differences, M. Laplace subjects them to a variety of operations, and brings out, after the usual reductions and substitutions, certain integral *formulæ* which comprise the phenomena of refraction, and are entirely consonant with the Huygenian hypothesis. He, therefore, concludes, that we may regard this result with confidence as an established law of nature.

We are disposed to give full credit to the penetration, the expanded views, and the rich and varied talents of Laplace. In the management of the calculus, he cannot, indeed, rival the clearness and elegance of Euler; but he surpasses that great master of analysis in the extent of his acquirements, and the general soundness of his physical ideas. The present memoir may be considered as a fine specimen of analytick art; but here we are inclined to think that its praise should stop. It is grounded on assumptions

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just as gratuitous and arbitrary as those involved in the hypothesis with which it is contrasted. If Huygens supposed his spherical undulation to flatten regularly into a spheriod, Laplace thinks himself entitled, by the theory of functions, to round the expression of the square of the internal velocity, by an additional term of the same form, which might coalesce into a shapely compound. But this is only a mode of conception, and surely not the genuine interpretation of Nature. Fancy will, according to the taste or prevailing habits of the individual, amuse itself alike in contemplating the properties of figure, or the relations of quantity. Huygens, as a geometer, looked to the transformation of curves; Laplace, as an analyst, has preferred the symmetry of functions. Much as we admire the lofty flight and commanding skill of the continental mathematicians, we are not blind to their defects and errours. They have long overrated the real value of the art of analysis; and have in many cases applied it to objects which it is not capable of attaining. Forgetting that the most refined calculus can only facilitate the combinations of thought, and can educe no principle but what was previously infused into it, these inquirers appear sometimes to imagine themselves occupied with contemplating the connexion of actual existences. In marshalling their symbols, and performing the grand evolutions, they are apt to overlook those smaller occasional movements on which the final position really depends. Several of the most eminent mathematicians of the continent seem almost to have persuaded themselves, that without recurring to external observation, they could demonstrate the laws of motion, and the primary relations of space, and consequently establish the principles of physicks and geometry, by a dexterous application of the methods of analysis! That all this is mere illusion, requires no proof; but we may remark how imperceptibly the more obvious truths steal upon us, and become blended with the structure of a laborious and intricate process of calculation.

We cannot help thinking, that the continental philosophers, in their physical researches, are by far too much disposed to generalize. The conditions of the problem, under its widest aspect, they instantly embody in symbols, and proceed, by various changes and contractions, to reduce the principal expression to a manageable form; and not until then does the serious attack commence. Such a procedure might remind us of the toil of Penelope. It would surely be wiser to moderate the pretensions of analysis, and avoid the glaring abuse of symbols. If, as at a former period, the necessary restrictions and abbreviations affecting the nature of a problem were previously introduced, the differential expression that results would always be much simpler, and less apt to bewilder.

We would not particularly object to the choice which M. Laplace has made of the law of *least action*. Yet, though it is now derived from a legitimate source, it is but too apt, we think, to betray the vagueness of its metaphysical origin. The subject of this memoir might, we presume, admit of a simple investigation, from the fundamental principle of accelerating or retarding forces. Since the differential of the square of velocity is equal to the product of the force into the differential of the space, it easily follows, that a ray of light which undergoes the ordinary refraction, has the square of its velocity increased by a constant quantity; and, therefore, from the decomposition of motion, the sines of the angles of incidence and of refraction are proportional. But when a ray suffers the extraordinary refraction, it is moreover attracted in the direction of the short diagonal of an equilateral rhomboid. Now,

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the direct impression of that force is evidently diminished in the ratio of the cosine of the inclination of the ray to that diagonal; and the space of its action is also reduced in the same ratio. Wherefore, by this combined influence, the square of the velocity of a ray must receive, from extraordinary refraction, a further augmentation, proportioned to the square of the cosine of the angle which it makes with the short diagonal of the rhomboid. Hence the law of extraordinary refraction is at once deduced, without requiring any more aid of the integral calculus.

Does not such increased attraction in the line bisecting the obtuse solid angles of a rhomboidal spar, indicate a condensation of molecules in that direction? And may not the shortness of the axis, and the compression of the crystal, proceed likewise from the same cause? Of the particles of light which enter a transparent medium, part suffer internal reflection, and part are absorbed in their passage. These different effects must depend on the casual degree of approximation to the molecules of the crystal which lie adjacent to the track of the ray. But when those molecules range more closely in a particular direction, as probably in the case of Iceland spar, a particle of light that chances to come within the reach of their attraction, is deflected from its ordinary course. The nature and circumstances of this deflection, would require mature examination.

1. *On a Property of reflected Light.*
2. *On a Property of the repulsive Forces which act upon Light.* By M. Malus.

These interesting papers announce some very curious and unexpected properties of light. The facts are stated in a distinct, though concise manner, and without such accessary details as experiments so novel might require, especially from an observer who has not yet attained that character for accuracy which inspires entire confidence. The correctness of the general results we are not inclined to dispute; and should those important discoveries be afterwards fully confirmed, they will certainly constitute an epock in the history of optical science. It will, therefore, be sufficient, for the present, to notice their leading features, reserving the bulk of our remarks till they come again before us in a more extended form.

We have already described the property of double refraction which belongs to Icelandick spar. But the effects produced by combination are equally singular. If a ray of light that has been split in its passage through the crystal, be received by another crystal of the same kind, placed in a similar and parallel position, the ray which had obeyed the ordinary refraction will then suffer the extraordinary, and reciprocally that which underwent the extraordinary refraction will sustain the ordinary; and hence the image will still be only doubled. If the second crystal be now turned gradually round in the same plane, each portion of the divided ray will again suffer extraordinary refraction, so as jointly to produce four images. But after the crystal has quartered its circuit, the bisection of the transmitted rays again stops, and only a double image appears. These phenomena rise in succession as the crystal turns round. Nor is it requisite that the two crystals should be of the same sort. The first may be carbonate of lead, or sulphate of barytes; the second rock crystal, or crystallized sulphur. The direct light thus always suffers a double refraction; but the effect produced on the transmitted light depends on the angle of its incidence with the axis of the integrant molecules, or the plane of its principal section.

These facts are rendered more prominent, by looking at the flame of a candle through two prisms of

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different substances possessing the power of double refraction, and applied to each other. Four images are generally seen; but on turning one of the prisms slowly about the visual ray, those images are reduced to two, whenever the principal sections of the contiguous surfaces are parallel, or at right angles. The one pair of images gradually decay, while the other pair become proportionally brighter.

But this power of modifying the rays of light is not confined to the double refracting substances. All bodies can, under certain circumstances, excite a similar impression. Thus, if the flame of a candle reflected at an angle of 52° 45′ from the surface of water, be viewed through a double refracting prism, one of the images will vanish every time that the prism makes the fourth part of a revolution. It is, therefore, evident, that the ray which has suffered such reflection from water, must now possess the same quality, or disposition, as the extraordinary refracted ray, after its escape from a rhomboidal crystal. Other transparent substances, whether liquid or solid, manifest a like property, only at different angles according to the measures of their refractive powers. This also obtains with respect to the internal reflections which take place at the second surface. Light reflected at certain angles from opaque bodies, such as ebony or black marble, is found to have suffered the same modification as that which has been deflected in its passage through Iceland spar. The polished metals appear to form the only exception to this property.*

If a ray of light be reflected from a surface of glass at an angle of 54° 35′, and strike another like plane at the same angle, it will experience no second reflection, but will enter the glass with undiminished strength. Direct light is the most copiously reflected as its incidence becomes oblique. The case is quite different with light that has been once reflected; for the intensity of the second reflection depends on a compound relation of the angles which the incident ray makes with the mirrors, and of the mutual inclination of the mirrors themselves.

These curious facts indicate clearly the operation of certain attractive and repulsive forces, and appear altogether incompatible with any supposition but that of the materiality and actual emission of light, which the noble discoveries of Newton have placed on so firm a foundation. In general, let a particle of light, considered as a solid, however minute, have its three perpendicular axes expressed by *a*, *b*, and *c*, the axis *a* lying constantly in the direction of the ray, and the axis *b* or *c* deflected into the position of the repulsive forces in consequence of their action; and the phenomena of partial and total reflection, with the distinguishing circumstances of double refraction, are all reduced to a single law, which may be thus enunciated: Considering, in the translation of luminous molecules, their motion about the three principal axes, the number of molecules of which the axis *b* or *c* will come in to a direction perpendicular to that of the repulsive forces, will always be proportional to the square of the sine of the angle which these lines would have to describe about the axis *a*, in order to acquire such a position; and reciprocally, the number of molecules of which the axis *b* or *c* will approach nearest to the direction of those repulsive forces, will be proportional to the square of the cosine of the angle of rotation about the axis *a*, which would bring them

* Does not this exemption from the peculiar action of the refringent surface, imply a less intimate approach of the luminous particles? And is it not entirely correspondent with the theory which makes light and the hot or cold pulses of air to be repelled at a greater distance from a metallick than a vitreous surface?

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into a plane passing through the direction of those forces. In the case of two opposite crystals having the power of double refraction, the quantity of light from the ordinary refraction of the first, which again receives the ordinary refraction from the second, is as the square of the sine; and the quantity that suffers from it the extraordinary refraction is as the square of the cosine, of an angle formed by two planes, the one passing through the ordinary ray and the axis of the first crystal, and the other passing through the extraordinary ray and the axis of the second crystal. With regard to the combined reflection of light, the quantity thrown from a second surface, is proportional to the square of the cosine of the inclination of two planes that pass through the first reflected ray, perpendicular to each of the surfaces. The phenomena of double reflection, at the posterior surface of transparent crystals, are analogous to those of the refraction in two crystals of which the principal sections are parallel and their axes perpendicular; combining likewise the property common to all diaphanous bodies, that, when the reflecting surface is parallel to the axis *c* of the luminous molecules, the reflection ceases at a given angle.

Such are the conclusions which M. Malus has drawn from his very delicate experiments. They evince great precision, and open a wide field for inquiry; but the ingenious author modestly contents himself with tracing out the phenomena, nor ventures to explore the system of forces by which those curious effects are produced. The particles of light are decidedly capable of undergoing certain changes of disposition, which influence or derange their subsequent action. If the globular form belong only to free *collections* of matter, those corpuscles may really have some determinate figure; and the conditions of the several facets would then occasion a property analogous to that which has been vaguely named *polarity*. But it appears much simpler to consider the particles of light in a state of ultimate tenuity, as atoms, or mere physical points.

The facts which M. Malus has so nicely observed, remount, we presume, to a higher source, and are intimately connected with the various phenomena of the deflection and inflection of light, and with the production of coloured spaces from thick or thin plates. These abstruse subjects occupy the third book of Newton's Opticks, which was confessedly left very imperfect; and they still remain covered with obscurity, or deformed by inaccurate observation. In the deflection of light, and its modification by thick plates, we know, from some precise experiments, that the luminous particles suffer an impression, from which, in their progress, they gradually recover. The most obvious effect of a lateral force, would be to augment in a small degree, the velocity of the particles, and consequently to widen somewhat their mutual distance, supposing them to follow each other in a direct line; and from this deranged state they might again restore themselves, if these particles have any analogy to those of an elastick fluid.

We would also remark, that the exemption of polished, metallick surfaces from the power of modifying the incident light, as it indicates a less intimate approach of the luminous particles, seems entirely correspondent with the theory which makes light, and the hot or cold pulses of air, to be repelled at a greater distance from the metals.

Experiments on the Propagation of Sound in Vapours. By M. Biot.

That sound is propagated through elastick media, by a certain tremulous motion, has long been known to philosophers. The invention of

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the air-pump by Otto Guericke, near the middle of the seventeenth century, demonstrated, in a striking manner, the operation of the atmosphere, as the ordinary vehicle of transmission. But Newton, with his mighty grasp, subjected the phenomena of sound to the laws of dynamicks. The patience of that transcendent genius could surmount every difficulty, and his incomparable sagacity often supplied the defects of his calculus. He showed that the propagation of sound is analogous to that of undulations, and is reducible to the same principle as the motion of the pendulum. The velocity with which sound travels along the air, should, therefore, be equal to what a heavy body would acquire, by falling through half the height of a homogeneous and equiponderant atmosphere. But, at the mean temperature of our climate, this would amount only to 945 feet in a second, while the most recent and accurate observations on sound, give about one fifth more, or a celerity not less than 1130 feet in a second. Such a discrepancy, so very unlike that nice harmony which invariably connects the results of calculation with the measures of the celestial phenomena, has long perplexed geometers. Newton was himself aware of this disagreement; but laying aside his usual caution, he did not scruple to resort to certain hypotheses which are exceedingly clumsy, and altogether inadmissible. He supposed that each particle of air occupies a breadth equal to the eighth or ninth part of their interval; and that for every ten such particles, there is an admixture of one particle of a latent and inelastick vapour. The ingenious Lambert carried the assumption still further; and fancied that air contains, dispersed through its substance, about one-third of extraneous and intangible matter. The theory of aërial vibrations remained in this unsatisfactory state, until the year 1759; when the celebrated Lagrange, at the early age of twenty-three, shone forth like a luminary, and gave a rigorous and profound investigation of the problem in the first volume of the Memoirs of Turin. He pointed out some mistakes that even Newton had committed in the reasoning; but mistakes which, by a happy compensation of errours, did not affect, essentially, the results. Advancing from these discussions, he assigned the dynamical conditions of undulation, which after the proper limitations, were reduced to an equation involving partial differences of the second order. But this refined branch of analysis, invented by Dalembert and Euler, is still so imperfect, that, in order to integrate the final expression, it had become requisite to omit the higher powers of the differentials. Yet, after all this display of accurate research, and skilful adaptation of symbols followed by a lax and incomplete calculus, the same conclusion was obtained as that which Newton had derived chiefly from the force of analogy and sagacity of observation; and philosophers were thus obliged to submit and to content themselves with recording the variance between fact and experiment in regard to the celerity of sound, or with referring that discrepancy to some extraneous influence.

Laplace has lately, from an application of the recent discoveries on heat, proposed a conjecture which would seem to obviate the principal difficulty. When a portion of air is compressed, its capacity for heat becomes diminished, and its temperature is, therefore, elevated. The changes are sometimes very considerable. Thus, air suddenly squeezed into the twentieth part of its bulk, by help of a small condensing syringe will easily set fire to a bit of tinder, or even a few grains of gun powder. M. Laplace hence inferred, that the particles of air suffering a successive compression from the

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rolling tide of sound, will evolve heat, and, therefore, acquire an augmented elasticity; which must likewise increase the velocity of propagation. But, by a contrary process, air, on being dilated, has its capacity for heat enlarged, and consequently its temperature depressed. Since, therefore, each pulse, which carries the impression of sound, consists of two opposite portions of air, alternately contracting and dilating, the heat extricated from the one, might at first appear to be counterbalanced by the cold proceeding from the other. But these antagonist energies, so far from mutually counteracting, must really conspire in producing the same effect. If the heat elicited by their contraction quickens the return of the aërial particles, the cold occasioned by their dilation likewise accelerates their collapse; and thus both causes equally concur in shortening the fit of pulsation, and consequently in giving additional swiftness to the transmission of sound.

M. Biot, the pupil and friend of Laplace, solicitous to confirm this hypothesis by the evidence of experiment, has, with that view, devised a plan, which seems very ingenious and novel in the conception. It is well known that the elasticity of vapour, left to itself, depends merely on its degree of temperature. Every change of elasticity, however partial or temporary, must hence indicate a corresponding alteration of heat. Biot, therefore, tried whether sound, which is only conveyed by the fluctuations of elasticity, can be transmitted through perfect vapour. His experiments were made at Arcueil, in the presence of Berthollet and Laplace. To the neck of a glass balloon, containing about nine English gallons, a stop-cock was nicely fitted; and a small bell having been suspended within the cavity, a little water was then introduced. The air was next carefully extracted, leaving only vapour behind. On agitating the bell, a feeble sound was heard, the temperature being only about 66 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. But, removing the balloon into a stove at a heat of 115°, the vapour being now much denser, the sound became very audible and distinct. It was, therefore, decided, that vapour is susceptible of alternate compression and dilation, and consequently that the vibration of sound is productive of corresponding changes of temperature.

Admitting, however, the justness of the principle thus established, we contend, that it is totally inadequate to the explication of the discrepancy which M. Laplace has sought to remove. For, since the celerity of pulsation is as the square of the elasticity, it would require each aërial wave to have its elasticity augmented in the proportion of two to three, and consequently to have its temperature raised 125 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. But to evolve this heat, the successive portions of air must have been condensed into the fifth of their usual space; and, to produce such violent compression, it would be necessary to suppose a rapidity of impact equal to 3350 feet in a second. Can we imagine, that the simple transmission of sound should rend the atmosphere with such tremendous concussion? The measure of impulsion which those effects would imply, utterly exceeds any thing ever witnessed upon earth. The utmost rapidity of a cannon ball is only 2000 feet in a second, and to impress a velocity of 3350 feet, even for a single instant, most assuredly surpass the human faculties. But the hypothesis of Laplace is exposed to another objection, which seems entirely conclusive. Since the intensity of pulsation, and, therefore, the degree of heat excited, must depend on the quickness of impact, it would thence follow, that the velocity of sound is materially affected by the mode of its production. Yet this inference is contradicted by observa-

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tion. All sounds, whether acute or grave, are found to travel through the atmosphere with the same celerity. Nor are these the only objections which may be urged. If the atmosphere suffered by the passage of sound such excessive commotion as to vibrate in each successive pulse through a range of five times its density, the conditions of the problem would be totally changed, since the previous investigation was grounded on a supposition that the limits of oscillation are infinitely small. The hypothesis advanced, so far from correcting the result of calculation, would, therefore, occasion a complete derangement.

But though Lagrange rightly determined the equation of aërial pulses, he was unable to effect its complete integration. Might not the difference proceed from his omitting all the powers of the differentials beyond the second? In such delicate processes, the example of Clairaut should teach us caution. That able geometer, on revising his investigation of the precession of the equinoxes, and resuming some terms which he had before neglected, obtained a result conformable to nature, and exactly the double of what was at first assigned. Till the integral calculus has arrived at much greater perfection, it will often be requisite for the analyst in the solution of dynamical questions, to descend from his elevation, and seek to simplify the differential expressions by a sober and judicious application of the principles of physicks.

Imagine a string of particles or physical points A, B, C, D, E, F, &c. in a state of rest or mutual balance. If A were pushed nearer to B, and then suddenly abandoned, it would recoil with a motion exactly similar to the oscillation of a pendulum. The time of this relapse might easily be determined from a comparison of the force of gravity with that of elasticity, or from the number of particles contained in a column of equipoise. The minute interval between the adjacent particles, being now divided by the duration of each fit of contraction, will give the velocity with which the vibratory influence shoots along the chain of communication. This simple investigation leads still to the same result as before. But it proceeds on assumptions which are evidently incorrect; for it supposes the pulses to follow each other in accurate succession, every contraction terminating as the next begins. Since the particles, however, do not exist in a state of insulation, while B repels A, it must likewise press against C; and C, in its turn, must gradually affect D. Before the contraction of A and B is completed, that of B and C is, therefore, partially performed; and this anticipated influence may even extend to the remoter particles. Nor is the system of mutual action at all materially disturbed by such anticipations. Each pulsation is performed in the same way as if it were quite detached; only the succeeding one is partly accomplished before the regular period of its commencement. The velocity of aërial undulation is in this way much accelerated. To estimate the quantity of correction due to that cause, does not require any great profusion of calculus; but it would lead us into a tedious digression, altogether foreign to the nature of this journal.

We cannot, however, dismiss the conjecture proposed by M. Laplace, without remarking, that it serves at least to elucidate the explication which professor Leslie has given of the curious phenomenon hypothetically and inaccurately termed the *radiation of heat*. Having established, by experiment, that such dispersion never takes place but in some species of gas, and that the impression is not conveyed by the actual transfer of the heated portion of the fluid, the conclusion hence appeared irresistible, that this communication

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of heat must be performed, by means of the only other motion of which an elastick medium is susceptible, or by its internal oscillations. The author has, indeed, stated the result of induction with excessive brevity; nor has he at all sought to varnish over a subject which is naturally difficult. To comprehend the process distinctly, would require some attention and reach of thought, not quite in the taste of the multitude of chymical amateurs. It is the present fashion to exclaim against theory, and yet indolently to admit the most vague and flimsy assumptions. The principle of the transmission of heat by the agency of aërial pulsation, has not, therefore, attracted that notice, which, from its extent and precision, it so justly deserves. But when it shall be fully developed and strengthened by the concurring analogies, we have no doubt of its being generally embraced as the true exposition of the mode which Nature employs for producing an important class of operations in the physical world. Let AM, BN, CO, DP, &c. represent a series of atmospherick pulses, each pulse being composed of two distinct portions, which alternately contract and dilate. The part A, relapsing from a state of expansion, delivers its surplus heat to M, which now expands, and has consequently its capacity enlarged. This M, next contracting, abandons its heat to the absorption of B, which comes in turn to dilate. The charge of heat is, therefore, conveyed through the atmosphere, and with the rapidity of sound, by a successive transfer along the chain of undulating spaces. In like manner, an impression of cold might be communicated to distant objects by the system of internal vibrations, the primary contraction being followed by a corresponding expansion in regular sequence. It forms no solid objection, that the existence of those hot or cold pulses is not cognizable to the senses. If we had not recourse to analogical deduction, we should not have discovered that sound itself is propagated through the atmosphere by means of internal vibrations. But such aërial vibrations do not always produce sound. A certain quickness in the succession of pulses seems necessary to make an impression on our organ of hearing; and the peculiar influence of a hot or cold surface may disperse itself in gentle undulations, without exciting in the air that tremor which causes noise.

Experiments on the Propagation of Sound through solid Bodies and through Air in very long Tubes. By M. Biot.

It is well known that air is not essential to the propagation of sound, which can be transmitted through any elastick medium, solid, liquid or gaseous. The celerity of its flight is also much greater in the denser substances. This fact has been ascertained in Denmark and England, by direct experiments on the sound conducted through beams of wood and stretched wires; through water and sheets of ice. It was very conspicuous in the observations made by Hassenfratz in the subterranean quarries extended under the site of Paris. The ingenious Chladni proposed to determine the relative swiftness of transmission through a solid body, merely from the note which a rod of the given materials yields when excited into a tremor by friction.

M. Biot, whose attention is ever alert, has seized the occasion of some considerable improvements now going forward in the capital of France, to repeat similar experiments with great precision. The pipes intended to convey water to that metropolis consist of cylinders of cast iron, each eight feet three inches in length; the joints are secured by a collar of lead nearly half an inch thick, covered with pitched cotton rag, and strongly compressed by screws. Into

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one end of the compound pipe, was inserted an iron hoop, holding a bell with a clapper, and at the other end, the observer was stationed. In these observations, M. Biot was occasionally assisted by M. Bouvard or M. Malus, colonel of artillery, and by Martin, a chronometer maker. On striking the clapper at once against the bell and the inside of the tube, two distinct sounds were heard at the remote extremity, the one sent through the iron, and the other conducted along the air. The interval between those sounds was measured by a chronometer that marked half seconds. In the first experiment, the pipe consisted of 78 pieces; its length, exclusive of the lead rings was 647 feet; and the interval between the two sounds was ascertained, from a mean of fifty trials, to be .542″. But the ordinary propagation of sound through the atmosphere would, at that temperature, have required .579″; and consequently the difference, .037″, must give the time of transmission through the metallick tube. In another experiment, the assemblage of pipes, including the leaden joints extended to 2550 feet, or nearly half a mile; and on a medium of 200 trials the two sounds were heard at the interval of 2.79 seconds. The time which sound would take, according to the calculation, to travel the same distance through the air, is 2.5 seconds; whence the difference .29″ marks the time of conveyance along the combined tubes. But M. Biot was enabled, by ingeniously varying the experiment, to arrive directly at that conclusion, without employing any previous computation. He concludes, from numerous combined trials, that the true quantity was .26″; and, therefore, that sound is transmitted ten or twelve times faster through cast iron than through the atmosphere.

These experiments sufficiently confirm the results of abstract theory. Perhaps cast iron is more languid in its tremors than the purer, malleable iron. Chladni had assigned the celerity of vibration through iron and glass at 17500 feet in a second; and Leslie had shown, in one of the curious notes annexed to his book on heat, that through a fir board, the velocity of impulsion, which he proved to be the same as that of vibration, is 17300 feet in a second. We wish that some experiments, on a large scale, were made on the time of the transmission of sound through water. They could not fail, we are sure, to lead to consequences highly instructive in the economy of nature.

Besides the paper which we have now analyzed, this volume contains several *chymical* dissertations of no ordinary value, though the length of our preceding observations will prevent us from going very fully into their examination. There are one or two, however, on which we shall subjoin a few remarks.

On the relation between the Oxydation of Metals, and the capacity of Saturation of their Oxyds by Acids. By M. Gay-Lussac. Read at the Institute, December 5th, 1808.

Mr. Dalton, in his "New System of Chymical Philosophy," published in the beginning of 1808, maintains, that bodies combine only in certain definite proportions, and that all metallick oxyds of the same class possess the same quantity of oxygen, and differ from each other solely in the proportion of metallick matter they contain. According to his theory, one portion of metal, in its first state of oxydation, requires, for its saturation, one portion of acid. Now, it is well known that some metals, when highly oxydated, take more acid to dissolve them than when oxydated in an inferiour degree. Of course, it follows, that one portion of metal, in its second state of oxydation, ought, if it takes up more acid, to take up at least twice as much as it did in the first; or, to employ a more gene-

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ral form of expression, it should always be found, that the quantity of acid in metallick salts, so constituted, is directly proportional to the quantity of oxygen in the oxyd—the very principle which M. Gay-Lussac endeavours to demonstrate in this memoir. We shall not pretend to determine the claims to originality which our author tacitly makes, or to risk a conjecture whether or not he is indebted to Mr. Dalton. That the principle maintained by both, is the same, we conceive to be undeniable; and it is certain that M. Gay-Lussac was in possession of the English work, if not before, at least within twenty-four days after this memoir was read (and long before it was published) as he expressly refers to it, in another paper of that date, as a work with which he was familiar.

The facts advanced by our author, in support of the principle, consist chiefly in the phenomena which occur during the precipitation of one metal by another. Thus, when neutral solutions of acetate of lead, sulphate of copper, and nitrate of silver, are precipitated by zink, iron, and copper, respectively, it is inferred, as no gas appears to be extricated, that merely a transfer of the oxygen and acid is made from one metal to the other.

By similar facts and reasonings, the principle is extended to salts containing metals at their maximum of oxydation; and then it is applied to the sulphites by means of a calculation depending on two facts. The change of sulphurick acid, by heat, into oxygen and sulphurous acid gas; and the curious circumstance that, during the conversion of sulphite into sulphate of lead, the neutral state of the salt undergoes no alteration. Our author, in an observation at the end of this memoir, attempts to prove, that the quantity of sulphur in sulphurets, formed by the action of sulphurated hydrogen or the hydrosulphurets on metallick salts, is directly proportional to the quantity of oxygen previously combined with the metal.

We have not entered into a minute analysis of this memoir, nor pointed out the particular application of the author's conclusions, because the hypothesis which he endeavours to establish, appears to us to stand in need of much additional confirmation. The series of facts on which it rests, strikes us, at first sight, as far too narrow and limited for the basis of so extensive an inference; and some of the experiments referred to in proof of its truth, seem to us contradictory to each other. Our author no where adverts to the nature of the sub and super acid salts, the very existence of either of which equally opposes the hypothesis that the quantity of acid is, in all cases, directly proportional to the quantity of oxygen in the oxyd. As a particular instance, let us take the subsulphate of iron, produced by exposing a solution of the green sulphate to the atmosphere. It is well known, that, during its formation, the liquid becomes sensibly acid;—but how is this phenomenon to be reconciled with the hypothesis, according to which, as the metal acquires more oxygen, it should possess a greater capacity for acid, and retain that with which it was combined, with additional force? To remove this objection, it would be necessary to prove, that the acid, in this case, exists only in mechanical mixture with the oxyd, and not in chymical union, which is highly improbable. Many other instances of a similar nature might be quoted.

The spirit of theory and generalization, in short, is evidently too much indulged throughout this memoir; and the ingenious author is so fully satisfied of the truth of his hypothesis, though countenanced but by a few insulated facts, that he does not scruple to set it up as the very standard and test of truth, by which the accuracy of the laborious

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experience of other philosophers is to be estimated and controlled. He has, in some other of his late inquiries (which we hope to be able to refer to on a future occasion) as well as in this, followed the path originally struck out by Mr. Dalton, and pursued by him with much industry and talent. The idea of uniform proportions, in all chymical combinations, has received support from some other chymists of high authority; but the fact, we conceive, is still very far from being established; nor can we investigate too rigorously, or receive with too much caution, general principles which are intended to be applied to correct the results of actual experiment and analysis. The quantities of elementary materials which form compound bodies, and the nature of their arrangements, are scarcely susceptible of rigorous demonstration. As yet, a few facts only have been compared in relation to these numerical doctrines; and any decision upon them will be premature. We hope soon to be enabled to resume this important subject, with better grounds of conclusion. In the mean time, we would earnestly recommend the most minute experimental inquiry, in all cases in which mathematicks are applied to chymistry. To use the words of Boerhaave: "egregia illius ancilla est—non alia prejor domina."

1. *Of the Action of Vegetable Acids on Alcohol, both with and without the intervention of a Mineral Acid.*
2. *Of the Combination of Acids with Vegetable and Animal Substances.* By M. Thenard. Read at the Institute, November 23, 1807.

The new facts detailed in the first memoir are processes for forming compounds by distilling the oxalick, malick, citrick, gallick, and tartarous acids, respectively with alcohol and a mineral acid. The substances thus produced are all analogous to each other, and to the oil of benzoin discovered by Scheele; and, according to M. Thenard's experiments, they are entirely free from the mineral acid employed. These facts are both new and curious; and others are brought forward which are also curious, but not new. Such, for instance, are some of our author's experiments respecting acetick ether, particularly the process by which he succeeded in procuring it without the intervention of a mineral acid. Few chymists, we conceive, can be ignorant of this method, as it was known as long ago as 1759, when the count de Lauragais made it publick. His results, indeed, were considered as incorrect by Scheele; but their accuracy has since been well established by M. Pelletier and Dr. Henry, as well as by the experiments of M. Thenard himself. Whether this neglect towards the inquiries of these gentlemen, was intentional or not, on the part of our author, is of very little consequence; for, whilst the records of chymical discovery exist, philosophers may rest assured that justice will be done to their labours, sooner or later, by the enlightened part of mankind.

Led by a train of reasoning, like that which M. Thenard followed in concluding the experiments of Scheele on acetick ether and oil of benzoin to be inconclusive, we cannot but think the investigation, here brought forward, of the same description; and that much remains to be done, before the nature of the new substances will be fully understood. They are considered by our author, as combinations merely of the vegetable acids and alcohol; and he asserts, that the mineral acid employed in the operation, acts no other part than that of condensing the vegetable acid and alcohol; and of inducing in each a state that disposes them to combine. This is possible; but it is not demonstrated by any experiments he has described. Independent of the failure of all his attempts to form the combination directly, there are many reasons

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which would induce a cautious inquirer to refuse his assent to the proposition. The powers, for instance, necessary to decompose these substances are apparently inconsistent with the difficulty of forming them. Our author found that a strong solution of potash required a considerable time to separate the acid from the alcohol. Their densities, too, as well as those of ethers which they so much resemble in their formation, are contrary to the chymical law, that compounds usually possess a specifick gravity greater than the mean specifick gravity of the bodies which enter into their composition. It may be said, and it appears more consistent with the phenomena, that the affinities which preserve the vegetable acids and alcohol in their perfect states, are broken by the mineral acid; and that, from a new arrangement of the elements of both bodies, the substances in question are formed. M. Thenard is evidently premature in his conclusions concerning these bodies, particularly as he endeavours to establish on them a general principle. The details, too, are not sufficiently ample to render his memoir complete and satisfactory; or to convince others of the justness of his opinions.

From the new facts, our author conceived it probable, that acids, in general, are capable of being combined with all animal and vegetable substances. The subject of his second memoir was to ascertain how far this idea might be correct. With this intention, he states, that he very carefully examined the compound formed by passing oxymuriatick acid gas through alcohol, and the substance known by the name of artificial camphor, produced by the absorption of muriatick acid gas, by oil of turpentine. The most singular property noticed in these bodies, is the strength with which their elements are combined. The acid M. Thenard has ascertained, is not easy separated by the strongest alkaline solutions. From his experiments, and the striking analogy existing between artificial camphor and muriatick ether, he concludes, contrary to the opinions of Gehlen, and others, who have studied the subject, and apparently with great propriety, that the artificial camphor is a compound merely of muriatick acid and oil of turpentine; and that the other substance is a similar compound of the same acid, and a body which he has not been able to obtain in an uncombined state. In support of his conjecture, he refers to the known combinations of acids with animal and vegetable substances. The facts are in his favour; yet the proofs which they afford, only strengthen an analogy, but do not establish the truth of the opinion.

Our author's observations on the combinations of tannin, are not new. Mr. Davy has noticed those combinations in a paper on tannin, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1803; and they have since been described by Tromsdorf and Bouillon-Lagrange. M. Thenard's opinion on the artificial tannin of Mr. Hatchett, is remarkable for its precipitancy and improbability; and is advanced with a flippancy very unworthy of the philosophical character. He considers it as a combination merely of nitrick acid and vegetable matter. Even if, by vegetable matter, he means charcoal, we are of opinion that he has distorted the fact to make it suit his hypothesis; and, though he is supported by M. Chevreul, who, it is said, in a note annexed to the volume, will find it an easy matter to determine the question, we confess, that we shall prefer Mr. Hatchett's views of the subject, till the notion of the French chymists is established by experiments and arguments of a different kind from any that we meet with in this paper.

We have already exceeded our limits; but we cannot resist the pleasure of noticing, though in the most

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cursory manner, a valuable paper by Thenard and Gay-Lussac, on the subject of the new alkaline metals. It contains the substance of eight memoirs communicated to the national institute of France, and which treated of the nature and relations of those singular products. Mr. Davy's brilliant discovery of the metal of potash, was no sooner known in Paris, than the chymists of that capital eagerly hastened to explore a new track. The researches of Thenard and Gay-Lussac appear to have been conducted with uncommon ingenuity and success. By fusing with intense heat, in a clean gun-barrel, the caustick potash in contact with iron filings, and condensing the sublimate by the application of excessive cold at the other extremity of the barrel, they procured a quantity of the fluid metal at much less expense, and in far greater quantity than that which is obtained by the ordinary galvanick process. They were, hence, enabled to examine the combinations of this new substance on a pretty large scale. In a similar way, the metal of soda was procured. The action of these metals, among other striking effects, occasions the decomposition of ammonia and of the acid of borax.

In combining their analyses, MM. Thenard and Gay-Lussac, if we may judge from this short abstract, display juster views and closer philosophical deduction, than are generally met with in the writings of the mere chymists. They have established, we think, most convincingly, that the new metals are not simple substances, but really compounds of the several bases with hydrogen. To the arguments here brought forward, we would add another consideration, grounded on analogy.—Every compound must have the intermediate density of its distinct ingredients. But the specifick gravity of the alkaline metals, one of which floats on water, is far less than that of the substances from which they are derived. Does not this clearly indicate the union of their bases with some attenuated species of matter, such as hydrogen, which, by its infusion, may widely distend the primary molecules, and thus reduce the compound to a much lower density? Should these metalloids be of the same nature with the ordinary metals, we can only conclude, that all metals are the compounds of certain bases with hydrogen. These bases may have not been yet exhibited, though we are familiarly acquainted with their oxyds and metalline hydrates, which would be considered as only opposite compounds. Such, indeed, is the present very loose and unsettled state of chymical principles, that we should not feel great surprise at seeing the old doctrine of *phlogiston*, with some modifications, again restored to its former credit.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

A Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government, including a View of the Taxation of the French Empire. By an American recently returned from Europe. Philadelphia. Reprinted in London.

WE must all learn to love the Americans, if they send us many such pamphlets as the present. Here is a stout republican, who praises England, and declaims against France, with more zeal and intelligence than any of our own politicians; who writes better, and shows more good learning, than most of our men of letters; displays the characteristick keenness of his countrymen, without any of their coarseness; and has all their patriotick prejudices, without their illiberality.

A work of this political character

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was pretty sure of succeeding among us, whatever might have been its defects as a composition. It is so long since any body has praised us but ourselves, or since any one has even ventured to second our unwearied abuse of the enemy, that a warm eulogium on England, and a powerful invective against France, must have come with all the delight of surprise, from a native of that country which we have done all in our power to alienate and offend. The present publication, however, has other claims to attention. Independent of its good writing, it contains a great mass of facts, very important to be known, and very difficult to be procured; and though the author's antipathy to France is so strong, as to breed an instinctive distrust of his accuracy, in matters where there was room for the operation of an unsuspected bias, yet this is in a great measure corrected by a constant uprightness of principle, and a general habit of careful reasoning.

The scope of the work is to persuade the people of America, that their true interest lies in cultivating a cordial alliance with England, and in avoiding all close relations with her enemy. With this view, the author enters into several copious and interesting details, to show that France feels nothing but contempt and hatred for America; that she dislikes the freedom which is established in that country; and not only cares nothing about the commercial prosperity of the world, but actually regards it with jealousy and aversion. He then goes on to point out the proofs of that lawless and insatiable ambition, which looks forward to the subjugation of America as well as of Europe; and to lay open the sources of that tremendous power, which seems to justify the formation even of such gigantick projects. In order to develop this part of his subject, and, at the same time, to show the wretchedness and oppression that is exercised even over the French subjects of the imperial despot, he lays before the reader a very full and curious view of the system of taxation now established in that country. He then contrasts the condition of the people of England, and the consequences of cultivating that connexion; and, admitting in the fullest degree the hostile dispositions and narrow policy of *our present ministers* (against whom it is really edifying to see men thus thronging to testify from the east and the west) he concludes, by recommending to both countries that cordial union which their common concern in the trade and the liberty of the world, so loudly calls upon them to form.

We love our country, and are proud of the eminence it still maintains, and the blessings of which it is still the centre; nor could we read the following splendid and liberal testimony in its favour, without a glow of gratitude and affection to the author.

"Whatever may be the representations of those who, with little knowledge of facts, and still less soundness or impartiality of judgment, affect to deplore the condition of England, it is nevertheless true, that there does not exist, and never has existed elsewhere, so beautiful and perfect a model of publick and private prosperity; so magnificent, and, at the same time, so solid a fabrick of social happiness and national grandeur. I pay this just tribute of admiration with the more pleasure, as it is to me in the light of an atonement for the errours and prejudices under which I laboured, on this subject, before I enjoyed the advantage of a personal experience. A residence of nearly two years in that country, during which period I visited and studied almost every part of it, with no other view or pursuit than that of obtaining correct information, and, I may add, with previous studies well fitted to promote my object, convinced me that I had been egregiously deceived.

"I saw no instances of individual oppression, and scarcely any individual misery, but that which belongs, under any circumstances of our being, to the infirmi-

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ty of all human institutions. I witnessed no symptom of declining trade or of general discontent: on the contrary, I found there every indication of a state engaged in a rapid career of advancement. I found the arts and spirit of commercial industry at their acmé; a metropolis opulent and liberal beyond example; a cheerful peasantry, well fed and commodiously lodged; an ardent attachment to the constitution in all classes; and a full reliance on the national resources. I found the utmost activity in agricultural and manufacturing labours; in the construction of works of embellishment and utility; in enlarging and beautifying the provincial cities. I heard but few well-founded complaints of the amount, and none concerning the collection, of the taxes. The demands of the state create no impediment to consumption, or discouragement to industry. I could discover no instance in which they have operated to the serious distress or ruin of individuals."—"The agriculture of England is confessedly superiour to that of any other part of the world; and the condition of those who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil, incontestably preferable to that of the same class in any other section of Europe. An inexhaustible source of admiration and delight is found in the unrivalled beauty, as well as richness and fruitfulness of their husbandry; the effects of which are heightened by the magnificent parks and noble mansions of the opulent proprietors; by picturesque gardens upon the largest scale, and disposed with the most exquisite taste,—and by Gothick remains, no less admirable in their structure then venerable for their antiquity. The neat cottage, the substantial farm house, the splendid villa, are constantly rising to the sight, surrounded by the most choice and poetical attributes of the landscape."—"The vision is not more delightfully recreated by the rural scenery, than the moral sense is gratified, and the understanding elevated, by the institutions of this great country. The first and continued exclamation of an American, who contemplates them with unbiased judgment, is

Salve magna Parens frugum, saturnia tellus,
Magna virum.

"It appears something not less than impious to desire the ruin of this people, when you view the height to which they have carried the comforts, the knowledge, and the virtue of our species; the extent and number of their foundations of charity; their skill in the mechanick arts, by the improvement of which alone they have conferred inestimable benefits on mankind; the masculine morality, the lofty sense of independence, the sober and rational piety which are found in all classes; their impartial, decorous, and able administration of a code of laws, than which none more just and perfect has ever been in operation; their seminaries of education yielding more solid and profitable instruction than any other whatever; their eminence in literature and science; the urbanity and learning of their privileged orders; their deliberative assemblies, illustrated by so many profound statesmen and brilliant orators. It is worse than ingratitude in us not to sympathize with them in their present struggle, when we recollect that it is from them we derive the principal merit of our own character, the best of our own institutions, the sources of our highest enjoyments, and *the light of freedom itself*, which, if they should be destroyed, will *not long shed its radiance over this country*." p. 181, 188.

It is delightful to read all this; and to know that it is substantially true. We are still the freest, the most moral, most opulent, and most *comfortable* people of which there is any memorial; and, upon our freedom and our morality, the freedom and happiness of the whole world never were so conspicuously dependent. If there were but any proportion between the wisdom of our rulers and the value of the stake for which they play, our position would be indeed triumphant; but it is truly appalling to think, that, in the greatest crisis of human affairs that ever existed, we should be committed to the guidance of those, whose incapacity is in a manner admitted even by their most resolute supporters, to whom no part of the nation looks up with respect or confidence; and who are maintained in office entirely by court favour, and by the prejudices they have excited against their probable successours.

The resources of our enemy, alas! are administered upon far other principles. There, indeed, there is neither freedom, nor comfort, nor morality; but there is a dreadful energy, and a portentous talent and activity. The ends and the means of that government, are alike cruel and unhallow-

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ed; but the skill with which they are adapted to each other; the vigour with which they are pursued; and the contrivance with which they are arranged for a course of inexhaustible exertion, are calculated to inspire at once admiration and alarm. This terrible energy, indeed, is now recognised by all thinking men, in all parts of the world. It gives rise to apprehensions and precautions in Asia and America, and is no where overlooked or disregarded, but by those English statesmen who have been intrusted with the care of counteracting it. The intelligent author before us trembles for his country on the other side of the Atlantick, and earnestly exhorts her to lay aside all little jealousies and grudges, and unite for safety with England; while our more prudent and magnanimous statesmen are strengthening us for the combat, by alienating Ireland and insulting America.

In a preceding number, we took occasion to lay before our readers a pretty full view of the principle and practice of the French system of *conscription;* and are happy to avail ourselves of the opportunity of the present publication, to complete the picture of the gigantick resources of the enemy, by directing their attention to their arrangements of *Finance*. We will not be readily suspected of holding out either of these systems as a pattern for our own imitation; but it is of incalculable moment, both that the publick should possess clear notions as to the extent and the nature of their danger, and should be fully aware of the measure of that wretchedness to which they are destined, if these dangers cannot be averted. After having surveyed the chief sources of the power which is opposed to us, we may also venture, perhaps, to speculate, with some assurance, both as to its probable duration, and as to the means by which its downfal may be most securely accelerated.

In her levies of money, as in her levies of men, France will be found to have calculated every thing for a system of war and conquest. In her financial operations, she is as rapacious of the people's treasure, as in her military operations she is prodigal of their blood. No one must expect to find, in the administration of her exchequer, that cautious wisdom which relieves the pressure of taxation, by calculating and balancing, and calculating and distributing anew,—by the certainty of the impost, and by the responsibility of the government. One broad and dreadful simplicity pervades the whole; a simplicity regardless of the people's comforts, and of the principles of justice; but admirably adapted, by the facilities it affords to the executive power, for the rapid movements of conquest and ambition. Thus, while all without is triumph and glitter, all within is meagreness and toil! And the French people tremble and pay tribute, that their neighbours may tremble and pay tribute also.

The interesting and able sketch of their fiscal arrangements, which now lies before us, is developed under three heads. 1st, The principal sources of the actual revenue of France: 2ndly, The system established for the collection of that revenue: and 3rdly, The amount of the receipts and disbursements.

The sources of the revenue are enumerated under three heads. The direct taxes; the indirect taxes; and those additional imposts which do not fall precisely under either of these heads. The direct taxes are, 1. the land tax; 2. the impost upon moveables, divided into the personal, mobiliary, and sumptuary taxes; 3. the tax on doors and windows; and 4, the tax on the wages of industry, entitled, "*le droit des patentes.*"

1. The land tax is called the "*contribution fonciere.*"

"This tax," says the author, "which has superseded the former taille and vingtiemes, must be understood, not only in its usual acceptation, but as a charge on

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income. The maximum, at which it is fixed by law, is one fifth of the net income of the subject, upon a general estimate of the whole product of the French territory.

2. "The personal contribution embraces every article which falls within the list of the assessed taxes in England, and which the epithet can imply. Horses, dogs, servants, vehicles, utensils, the rent of dwellings, stock of every description, &c. are all included in one or other of the three branches, the personal, mobiliary, and sumptuary taxes.

3. "An impost on gateways, chimneys, &c. is added to that on doors and windows. The charges on these articles are all of the heaviest kind." p. 87, 88.

4. The droit des patentes of the new empire is founded on the maitrise, jurandes, et droit de marc d'or, which, under the old government, were taxes paid for the privilege of exercising trades and professions, and upon the emoluments and transfer of publick offices. To this droit des patentes, which is at once a capitation tax, and a tax on the wages of industry, nearly 1,800,000 heads of families are subject.

These direct taxes are assessed according to tables of distribution, which

—"are constructed from a view of the population; the territorial extent; and the supposed wealth of each department. The prefects and the general councils allot a quota to each district within their jurisdiction; the subprefects to each arrondissement; and the mayors, of whom there is one for each commune or subdivision, apportion their contingent among the inhabitants of the commune." "The general government, in determining the contingents of the departments, is supposed to be guided by the amount of taxes which each paid to the old government; by the reports of the prefects, relative to the ability and dispositions of the territories within their jurisdiction; and by general calculations with regard to the sources of publick wealth. The subordinate allotments are supposed to depend on similar considerations." p. 86, 87.

Accustomed as we are to taxation, the amount of these burdens, we think, must strike us as oppressive; but their actual amount is the least of their evils. It is altogether uncertain at what it may be fixed; and the principles on which the calculation proceeds, are manifestly unjust and erroneous. Government is, in all cases, to determine, by its own arbitrary award, what sum shall be made up by each department; and the inferiour agents of government are to settle how it shall be contributed by the districts. As all uncontrolled power is sure to be abused, these repartitions must often be dictated by partiality; but, even where the intention is fair, the avowed principle of the assessment is such as must lead inevitably to oppression. The density of population, for instance, is taken as one criterion for that assessment; as if it were not certain, that, under such a government, the very multitude of the people must be a cause of general poverty. The larger the family, the less can it afford to pay; and the more anxious the competition for employment, the less likely is that employment to furnish incomes capable of heavy contributions to the state. The supposed wealth of each department is another of the criteria adopted by the French ministers; and this wealth they calculate by the amount of the taxes which it paid to the old government. Our author protests against this absurdity; and observes justly, that

"What a department may have paid to the old government, furnishes no proof of its ability at this moment, on account of the total obstruction of many channels of wealth, and of the revolutions in the possession and value of property. Under the *régime*, the value of real property was estimated at twenty and twenty-five years' purchase: at this time, it is not more than twelve or fifteen in many departments. This difference is owing to a want of confidence in the stability of the government, to the high rates of interest; to the duties on registration and transfers; and to an apprehension of those violent expedients to which an arbitrary government may have recourse, in order to relieve its necessities." p. 91, 92.

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It is needless, however, to waste time, in attempting to show, by argument, that such a mode of assessment must give rise to the most grievous inequalities, since there is the most direct and unquestionable evidence of the fact in the official report of the minister of finance for the year 1807. In that document, it is distinctly stated, that "the formation of the new registers has led to the discovery of the abuses of the former distribution. While some proprietors paid, in 1806, *the fourth, the third, and even a moiety and more of their incomes*, others were taxed at the rate of the one twentieth, one fiftieth, and one hundredth part only. These inequalities would have remained for ever unknown, if the preparation of the new lists had not enabled us to discover them." The new survey, to which reference is made in this extract, goes on, our author assures us, with wonderful slowness; and is generally supposed only to have shifted the place of the oppressions it affected to correct.

Against all these evils, however, the subject is allowed to petition; but we may judge of the value of this privilege, and of the extent of the redress that is likely to be procured by means of it, when we are informed, that, by a special clause in the law, it is provided, that "*no* relief shall in any case be granted, but upon condition, that the party aggrieved shall point out some estate within his district, which has been underrated, in order that the treasury may be indemnified!" It is likewise enacted, that if the sums collected do not amount to the contingent prescribed by government, a *second* distribution shall take place; and if that proves insufficient, a *third;* so that the vexation is as infinite in its recurrence, as it is intolerable in its pressure.

All this relates to the three first kinds of direct taxes, which must be born by every body who is in or out of a profession or business; but, if a man happens to be engaged in any sort of lucrative employment whatever, he is further obliged to submit to the fourth kind of direct tax, the *droit des patentes;* which is a duty paid for the liberty of working for one's bread—a sort of preliminary tax, that a man must pay before he is permitted to earn wherewithal to pay his other taxes.

So much for the direct taxes. The indirect revenue is derived from the imposts on registration and legal proceedings, from the lands belonging to the crown, from licenses for sporting, from lotteries, the post office, the customs, and the seignorage on coin, from the taxes and monopolies upon saltpetre, gunpowder, snuff, and salt, and from the *droits réunis*, which comprise the duties of excise, and those on publick carriages, playing cards, &c.

The imposts on registration and legal proceedings, appear peculiarly heavy. Under this head comes the tax on inheritances, which was estimated, in 1803, in the following dashing manner.

"It was calculated," we are told, "by the minister of finance for that year, that the capital value of the real property of France was at least thirty milliards of francs; that, according to the usual probabilities of human life, the changes of property, occasioned by death, would affect about one thirtieth of that capital annually, and that the duty, therefore, upon inheritances, at one per cent. only, must yield ten millions of francs." p. 106–7.

The crown lands, which are still called the national domains, are vastly more numerous than under the old government. For there has been an annexation of all the forests formerly held by corporate bodies and emigrants; and of large districts in Belgium, and on the left bank of the Rhine; and of all forests whatever, above the extent of 300 acres; besides other less important parcels of territory.

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"These constitute a fruitful source of revenue; and yielded, in 1806, something more than seventy millions of francs, according to the budget of the year." p. 111.

Our author, proceeding on principles that are now universally recognised, reprobates, in the severest terms, this most oppressive and improvident mode of raising a revenue, as a source of oppression, and a bar to that improvement which would result from "the more productive care of individual interest." Here is an immense territory, amounting to nearly five millions of acres, withheld from the publick in the most prejudicial of all modes; on which territory are employed no fewer than *eight thousand* government officers, calling themselves conservators, inspectors, guards, surveyors, &c. And to complete the injury, "no individual proprietor of woodland can cut down his timber, or clear his land, under a heavy penalty, without making, six months previously, a declaration of his intention to one of the conservators, whose report determines the government either to grant or refuse permission to that effect. This regulation gives the government a virtual monopoly of the sale of wood throughout the empire." p. 111.

The next branch of revenue is derived from the lotteries; and these lotteries, blamable as they are, even in the moderation to which they are confined under our government, are mischievous beyond all calculation, in the excess to which they are encouraged among the French. "The drawings take place twice a week at Paris; and so often at Bourdeaux, Brussels, Lyons and Strasbourg, as to afford one every other day." Under the same head are included the numerous gambling tables of the metropolis; all of which are licensed, and some farmed out by the government. There is but too much truth, we fear in the following striking passage.

"The rapid destruction and creation of fortunes, the fate of the paper currency, and the impoverishment of all classes during the revolution, have given, in that country, tenfold activity to the spirit of gambling, which naturally belongs to a sanguine people. It may be truly said to rage in the metropolis; and exhibits there, under the most disgusting and frightful aspect, all the miseries and disorders which usually follow in the train of licentious adventure and criminal indulgence. The tickets of the lottery pass from the hands of the factors, at a considerable advance, into those of the lower orders, whom the tumults of civil commotion, and the absence of religious instruction, have estranged from the love of regular industry. They circulate widely, also, among the class of abandoned profligates; of persons without employment, *les gens desœuvrés*,—and of decent but necessitous individuals, with whom Paris abounds beyond any other capital in the world. I have heard it asserted, by an intelligent person engaged in the administration of the lotteries, that they occasioned in Paris more than one hundred suicides in the course of the year." p. 116–17.

The suppression of all this evil is hardly to be expected, while the sum of twelve millions of francs continues to be yearly produced by it. And yet, nothing but experience would make any man believe that rulers in general can be so blind to the ultimate interests of their own revenue, as to fancy these irregularities productive to the exchequer. That a government should care very little about them, in a moral point of view, is credible enough; but that, in a calculating age, when the land and industry of the people are acknowledged to be the ultimate funds of revenue, a system should be encouraged which leads so directly to the neglect of the land and the diminution of industry, is not a little astonishing.

One of the most remarkable instances in which financial and political objects are combined by the French government, may be found in the system of the postoffice. The discipline, indeed, of that branch of it which is charged with the supply

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of horses for travellers, appears to be exceedingly commendable; but this advantage is purchased at a great price; for we find that—

"No papers of any description, whether printed or manuscript, are suffered to reach their destination, if not perfectly conformable to Buonaparte's views. No communication can be held through this channel without being subject to governmental inspection. Through the agency of the numerous functionaries of this establishment, and of the innkeepers, with whom they are in close correspondence, a minute supervision is exercised over travellers in every part of the empire, of whom scarcely an individual can pass unnoticed or unknown. I was credibly informed in Paris, that more than thirty clerks are unremittingly employed in opening and copying the letters which are received in the postoffice of that capital. The provincial postoffices are similarly constituted." p. 119–20.

This branch of the revenue, in the year 1807, yielded about seven millions of francs.

"The gross produce was estimated at twenty five millions. The necessity of maintaining postoffices near the armies, is assigned as the cause why so small a portion of the receipts were emptied into the treasury." p. 118–19.

Englishmen will hardly wish to see this system imitated; but they will easily perceive its immense utility to an enterprising government.

The history of the *customs* is also very remarkable. This branch of the revenue was stated, in 1805, as having yielded forty one millions of francs. At present, we are assured that the produce of this import

"is drawn almost exclusively from the smuggling trade, and the forfeiture of goods of British manufacture. It will, however, be thought necessary, for some time, that a large item under this head should be introduced into the budget, compounded of these, or any other ingredients, however extraneous, in order to conceal the amount of the loss consequent on the total privation of external trade." p. 122–3.

Of the seignorage on the coin, we are told that it

—"produced in the year 1807, about four hundred thousand francs. The whole amount of the new coinage, at that period, was about three hundred and sixty millions of francs. There has been some improvement in the machinery of the mint; but a material adulteration, particularly in the gold coin, although the new laws on this head prescribe the standard of the old *regime*. A tax, under the title of *droit de garantie*, is raised upon all articles of gold and silver fabricated by jewellers, &c. upon which the government imprints a stamp. The amount of specie existing in France before the revolution, was estimated, byNeckar, at 2,200,000,000 francs. Peuchet supposes it to have amounted, in the year 1807, within the limits of the old territory, to 1,850,000,000. The diminution, however, must have been much more considerable than this writer is willing to allow. To be satisfied of this, it is only necessary to reflect on the various causes which conspired to drain off the specie in the course of the revolution; such as, the vast amount of coin paid to the armies abroad; the operation of the paper currency; the subtraction of capital by emigrants and others; and the great balance of trade, which has been uniformly against France during the present and the last war, and which, in the year 1801, amounted to 112,559,000 francs. Much of the specie which remains is locked out of circulation, in consequence of the small proprietors among whom the great estates have been divided." p. 123–4.

These persons, from being mere farmers and tenants, have acquired an income of more than 300,000,000 francs; and do not disburse the third part of what the former landowners expended upon the products of national industry.

"The government enjoys a monopoly of gunpowder and saltpetre, and exercises an exclusive privilege in the fabrication and sale of snuff and salt, in the departments beyond the Alps. They have laid a general tax on salt, more productive than the famous *gabelle*, and scarcely less burdensome, although they are at great pains to inculcate the utility of the exchange. The duty is levied upon its fabrication at the salt marshes, and farmed out to an administration or *règie*. The retail sale is left unincumbered in the interiour of the empire. In this difference, the principal advantage ascribed to it over the *gabelle* is said to consist. The price of the commodity is, however, higher than at any antecedent period." p. 126.

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In order to diminish the unpopularity of this new duty, "it was stated to be in lieu of, and destined to the same purpose, as the tolls previously collected on the high roads;" which had given rise to so gross a peculation, and excited so universal a disgust, "that it was at length found necessary to abolish the whole system of turnpikes." The state of the roads at present is very unequal. The military highways in the directions of Spain, Italy, the Rhine and the Netherlands, are carefully repaired; while the humbler, but more useful communications, constructed for commercial and domestick intercourse, are falling into lamentable decay. On every side, says the minister of finance in his report for the year 1805, are to be observed "des ruines à reparer, des landes arides à couvrir d'habitations et de troupeaux; des marais qu'il faut rendre à la culture et à la salubrité; des ports qu'il faut ouvrir ou recreuser; des départemens entiers qu'il faut, par des communications, attacher au reste de l'empire."

The Droits réunis have nothing peculiarly remarkable, except the painful proportion which the expense of collecting them bears to the whole sum collected. "They yield a net revenue of about fifty millions of francs; and draw, altogether, from the people, about one hundred millions."

But these direct and indirect taxes are not the heaviest of the impositions to which the demands of conquering ambition subject the people. The following extract exhibits a series of grievances yet more deplorable.

"Under the name of additional centimes [*centimes additionels*] a certain per centage is levied upon the whole amount of the direct taxes, for various purposes: one of which is the supply of the deficit which may occur in the collection of those taxes. The government exacts, also, a large per centage on this fund, under the title of a war tax. The councils of the departments, and of the communes, are authorized to levy a similar contribution for the purpose of defraying local charges of every description; for the support of the judiciary establishment, and all its appendages; of the provincial bureaux; of prisons, hospitals, &c. I shall state the amount of this per centage in several instances, in order to convey an idea of the vast addition which it makes to the publick burdens.

"Ramel calculates, that the additional centimes levied in the year 1800, amounted to *forty-three and a half per cent.* on the total of the direct taxes. In the year 1807, the government imposed an additional duty, on account of the war, of ten per cent. on the land tax; ten per cent. on the window tax; fifteen per cent. on the *droit des patentes, &c.* The general councils were authorized to levy sixteen per cent. on all the direct taxes, for the purposes mentioned above: one and a half per cent. for the expenses of the general survey; four per cent. for the reparation of the publick buildings, roads, &c. The councils of the communes were also impowered to raise a considerable per centage, in order to defray the expenses of their particular subdivisions."

The total addition for that year, therefore, was something under forty per cent. on the whole direct taxes.

"In 1808, the councils of the departments were authorized to raise seventeen per cent. on the direct taxes, for general purposes; and five per cent. for the improvements of the roads, bridges, &c. The councils of the communes were invested with the privilege of collecting duties according to the rates of the preceding year, within their particular jurisdictions. Ten per cent. was also imposed upon the income of all real property; ostensibly for the purpose of rebuilding and repairing places of worship, for the reparation of the ecclesiastical seminaries, and for the purchase of dwellings for the ministers of religion, both catholick and protestant." p. 134, 136.

This gives an addition of about 30 per cent. But

—"the councils may also, at any time, propose to the government such an additional per centage as the domestick interests of their departments seem to require. The government may also, at any period, by a special law, impose an additional tax of this sort, either conformably to a proposition of the councils, or according to exigencies of state, produced by the war, or

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other *unexpected causes*. Additional *centimes* have also been levied upon the indirect taxes, under the name of a war tax.

"In districts, the revenue of which exceeds twenty thousand francs, ten per cent. is levied upon the net produce of these duties, for what is termed the *pain de soupe des troupes;* a contribution for the subsistence of the troops in the neighbourhood of the cities, resembling the *Annona Militaris* of the Romans."—p. 137—38.

We now proceed to the second head of our abstract, namely, "the system established for the *administration* and *collection* of the revenue."

"The administration is divided into two distinct departments, under the management of different ministers. The one entitled the Minister of the *Treasury;* the other, the Minister of the *Finances*. The latter superintends the execution of the laws relative to the assessment and collection of the taxes;—regulates all the establishments, such as the postoffice, the customs, &c. which yield a revenue to the exchequer;—and issues orders for the publick payments which are made by the treasury. He is supposed to act only by virtue, either of a general law, of an *arrêté* of the executive, or of a *mandat* or order from a minister. The treasury is the central point of all receipts and disbursements. The minister of this department is charged with the verification of the sums received and paid over to him by the collectors; with all publick payments, when warranted by an order from the minister of finance, and with the guardianship of the *grand livre*, or book of inscriptions for the publick debt.

"Both ministers exhibit, annually, a separate budget, prefaced by an exposition of the state of their respective departments. The report of the minister of finance is accompanied by an elucidation of its various items, and a general survey of the financial resources of the empire. Their accounts are subject to a revision of a committee, consisting of seven members, appointed by the conservative senate, who bear the name of the committee of national accountability [*comptabilité nationale.*] An exposition of the amount of the revenue and expenditure is submitted every month to the emperour, who allots, to each department of state, the sum which the supposed wants of the department require. It was solemnly decreed, in 1805, by a *senatus consultum*, that the budget should receive the *visa* of the archchancellor, as an important formality! As the revenue cannot be realized within the year, the accounts are left open, and stated in the budget of the following year, under the title of *exercises*. These open accounts, which are repeated for three or four years, considerably increase both the volume and the intricacy of the budgets."—p. 139—141.

"I scarcely need suggest, that these reports are prepared under the immediate inspection of the emperour, and by those who are the mere slaves of his will. They are subject to no legislative scrutiny whatever; and are exhibited to the deliberative assemblies, as a proof of imperial condescension. Notwithstanding the boast with regard to the notoriety given them, they are presented only in part to the publick, in the columns of the Moniteur. The full reports are reserved for the functionaries of the two departments, with the exception of a few copies for the members of the legislative bodies."—p. 141—42.

"The rejection or disregard of all specifick appropriations by general law, would, in every other country, be considered as fatal to publick liberty, and necessarily productive of the most mischievous disorders. But, in France, these *viremens*, as they are styled,—the appropriation, for instance, of the capital of the sinking fund, to the wants of the war-ministry, with a supposed intention of reimbursing the fund,—are qualified as reciprocal loans, calculated to facilitate the publick service, and to promote the circulation of specie."—p. 145.

"Every village and commune of France has a collector or taxgatherer, who pays over the amount of his receipts to a treasurer, called a particular receiver; of whom there is one for every district. There is also a receiver-general for each department; into whose hands the particular receivers convey the sums drawn from the collectors; and who communicate immediately with the treasury. They are all under the active superintendance of an administration, entitled, the direction of the taxes [*direction des contributions.*]—This administration consists of a director-general, of inspectors, verificators, controllers, &c. and of various other functionaries, whose province it is to watch over the receivers and taxgatherers, and to regulate and expedite the collection of the taxes. In 1805, the number of chief officers [*employés en chef*] belonging to the direction of the taxes, amounted, throughout the empire, without including Piedmont, to 1044; 254 controllers of the first class; 588 of the second, &c. The administrations for the collection of the indirect

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taxes, employ, likewise, an immense multitude of directors, subdirectors, inspectors, subinspectors, clerks, verificators, visiters, controllers, receivers, excisemen, préposés, and simples employés, huissiers, régisseurs, &c. These, together with the agents employed in the collection of the direct taxes, are all nominated by the emperour." p. 146—47.

Peuchet, an eminent statistical writer in France, declares [*Statistique de la France*, *p.* 524] that there are no positive data by which it would be possible to calculate the expenses of collection; but he acknowledges, that the expenses on the land tax alone could not have been lower, in 1803, than 16 1-2 per cent. The charges on the other taxes are not, perhaps, unreasonably calculated, by the author of the present pamphlet, at 20 per cent. taking into consideration the increase in the number of revenue officers, and the high poundage allowed them.

The minister of finance, in his report of 1806, states, that the expenses of lawsuits, writs and seizures, incident to financial delinquency, which expenses are called *frais de poursuite*, bore a mean proportion of $\frac{1}{180}$ to the whole amount of the direct taxes. In some departments, the ratio was upwards of $\frac{1}{48}$. The injuries and expenses sustained by the people, in the enforcement of the other taxes, are not so easily calculated; but there seems no reason to doubt that the oppression must be every where pretty nearly proportionate.

And here, even under this second head, when the reader imagines he has quite done with the enumeration of taxes, another imposition starts up to surprise him. The receivers and collectors

—"deposit individually, in the exchequer, a sum in cash, under the title of *cautionnement* or pledge, equal to one twelfth of all the publick money which passes through their hands. The minister of finance very properly denominates these securities a loan; and of no small magnitude, as they amounted, according to the budget of 1805, to eighty-five millions of francs. No plausible objection could be raised against this plan, if it were confined merely to the agents of the treasury, in order to prevent insolvency or peculation on their part; but it has been extended, in a most arbitrary manner, to other classes of persons, and converted into an expedient for the creation of a new fund, applicable to the general expenses of the state.

"All bankers, lawyers, notaries, brokers, judicial officers, butchers, &c. and, in general, all persons exercising *responsible trades* and professions, are compelled to deposit similar securities in cash, according to a graduated scale. I was informed by a notary of the second order in Paris, that he had been called upon to advance thirty thousand francs (about six thousand dollars) as a *cautionnement*, before he could obtain permission to act in his professional capacity. Since the enactment of the law, additions, under the name of *supplementary securities*, have been made every year to the original demand, and new offices created, in order to augment this fund; so that it has hitherto worn the aspect of a permanent branch of revenue." p. 151—153.

"The interest assigned to the contributors, was originally five and six per cent.; but in 1808, it was reduced to four and five per cent." p. 153.

The securities, as our author observes, are only forced laws under another name.

"The general receivers draws bills on themselves, at the commencement of the year, in favour of the government, payable the fifteenth of every month, for the whole amount of the direct taxes; and bills at sight, for the amount of such of the indirect taxes as are paid over to them. The particular receivers draw, in the same manner, in favour of the general receivers, bills payable fifteen days before those of the latter fall due. The collectors pursue the same course with regard to the particular receivers. The bills at sight, are distributed among the paymasters, for the publick service. The rest are negotiated by the treasury. The sinking fund is charged with the payment of such as are protested. The loss sustained by the government in negotiating the paper emitted on account of the direct taxes, although every motive conspires to induce a regular payment on the part of the receivers, may be alleged as a criterion of the state of publick credit in France. It was fifteen

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millions of francs in 1802; eighteen millions in 1804; and sixteen millions in 1806 The minister of finance, in his report for 1807, complains, that he was compelled, in the commencement of the preceding year, to negotiate the bills of the receivers at a discount of one and one sixteenth per month." p. 155—156.

"The *caisse d'amortissement*, or sinking fund, was originally formed from the capital of the securities of the receivers; and the ostensible purpose of its creation, was the discharge of the interest of those securities." p. 157.

"In 1806, it was decreed that it" (the fund) "should, for that as well as the preceding year, be indemnified for the sums which it was entitled to claim from the treasury, for the discharge of the national debt, and the payment of the interest of the securities, by a delegation or cession to its use of national domains, valued at twenty years purchase.

"This valuation, as compared with the ordinary prices of land in France, appears too high, by at least five years purchase.

"Upon the cession of national domains to its use, and the extortion of supplementary securities, the government thought proper to announce that the *reduction* of the national debt, would come *within the sphere of its activity*. In this respect only, it bears an affinity to the fund of the same name in England." p. 157.

"The substitution of national domains, for the regular proceeds of the fund, is, in fact, tantamount to an insolvency for it, and makes it subservient to new violations of publick faith. The holders of the *tiers consolidés*, were authorized to tender them in payment for the national domains ceded to the fund; and it was by the acquisition of this stock, that it was to reduce the national debt." p. 158.

It cannot be matter of surprise, that a government so little scrupulous, should find it difficult to uphold the national credit abroad. Our author, himself an American, tells us, that in the United States "no intelligent merchant can be induced, by any consideration, to make advances in their favour, or to accept a bill on their treasury, from their highest accredited agent;" which, of course, must always continue to be the case, while there is so great a difficulty in obtaining payment, even of claims officially acknowledged or *liquidated*. Upon a representation of the case, to the minister of the marine, for instance, whose expenditure almost uniformly exceeds the appropriated sum, "the reason assigned, both in his verbal and written replies, for a delay so fatal to the creditor, has uniformly been—*that the emperour had made no allotment for the payment of his arrears;* that is to say, that he wanted funds for the fulfilment of his engagements." p. 162, 163.

We have now arrived at the last head of our analyses; and we are to state the amount of the receipts and disbursements.

"In the budget of 1806, the sums paid over to the treasury by the receivers, are stated at 877,183,581 francs. Besides these, a considerable amount is deposited separately, by the administrations of the indirect taxes, and received from other quarters. The addition of this amount makes, according to the budget, one thousand one hundred and thirty three millions, two hundred and thirty three thousand, six hundred and ninety-one francs, for the whole receipts of the treasury of Paris during 1806. In this sum, however, are included about one hundred millions, on account of arrears for the preceding 'exercises.' This amount is, at the same time, nearly balanced by that of such part of the taxes for 1806, as could be collected within that year."—p. 167, 168.

The sum of 1050 millions of francs may, perhaps, be fairly stated as the net revenue of the year 1806. But if we would estimate the whole of the burthen imposed on the people, we must add to the sum the expenses of collection; the taxes paid for what are called local and departmental expenses; the disbursements of a miscellaneous nature, such as those occasioned by judicial seizures; the pittances necessarily advanced by the middling classes, to their children in the armies, to give them the decencies of life; and the premiums paid to substitutes. After enumerating these grievances, our author adds:—

"Reasoning from the above *data*, I shall not hesitate to compute the whole

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amount of the publick burdens of France, at one thousand two hundred millions of francs, or nearly sixty millions sterling; and I am well satisfied that this estimate is much below the real amount."—p. 178.

In the statement of the sums paid to the treasury during fifteen months of the years 1805 and 1806, the minister of that department enters the receipts at 986 millions of francs, and the expenses at 932 millions. This favourable balance is not very credible, when it is considered, that there was an acknowledged defalcation of 100 millions, in the beginning of the year 1806, and that no mention seems to be made of any such favourable balance, in the subsequent estimates of the ways and means.

The minister of police, in 1800, required, in his own department, 1,200,000 francs for the secret services alone; and though it does not seem probable that a smaller sum has been found sufficient for those services since, yet, in the budget of 1807, the *total* of his expenses is put down only at 881,000 francs.

The minister of war, in 1800, demanded 436 millions; and yet, for 1806, his expenses are stated at only 293 millions.

The disbursements of the foreign department, in Necker's time, amounted to 14 millions. The history of the foreign policy pursued in these later days, does not make it probable that the expenses can be much diminished; yet, for the year 1806, they are stated at little more than 7 millions.

The appropriation for the imperial household, last year, was 28 millions of francs; including three millions for the use of the princes. Yet the magnificence, the prodigality, and the rapacity of the new court, make it impossible to believe that its expenditure can be less than that of the Bourbons; and the expenditure of the Bourbons amounted to 31 millions of livres.

When a government can tax at its pleasure, vary the destination of the publick money, according to its convenience, and supply every deficiency by unresisted frauds and oppressions, it cannot suffer much from the sacrifice it thus makes to publick feeling, in understating expenses incurred for the more unpopular departments of its administration. And, that such fallacies are by no means unfairly imputed, is manifest, not only from the foregoing comparisons and calculations, but, if we can trust this author, from direct and unimpeachable testimony; as he declares himself to have obtained "from persons in Paris who enjoy access to the most correct information, *positive evidence*, that the nominal falls far short of the real expenditure."

Such are the leading features of the French financial constitution. And it is from this constitution, combined with the code of the conscription; with the despotick regulations on the press; and with the vast establishment of spies and intriguers, that the gigantick power, which is overturning Europe, derives its form, and recruits its strength. Vigour and rapidity are its characteristicks; and, despotick as its constitution undoubtedly is, it is, of all the despotisms that history has described, the most active, energetick, and compact. The frame of that constitution is not disordered by inveterate factions, nor clogged with bloated aristocracies. All is bone and muscle; there is no sluggish smoothness, no sleek imbecility: every nerve is braced to its firmest tension, and preserved in perpetual vigour, by the most severe training and unremitting exercise. Perhaps the regimen may be too painful to be perpetual; perhaps a proportionate exhaustion may be expected to succeed: but, as long as the system does retain its present energy, so long, at least, it must continue to triumph over the diseased and decrepit masses of corpulent impotence, that erect themselves upon

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the continent with the empty show of resistance, and totter under the weight of the very arms which they affect to wield in their defence.

As long, then, as this portentous power preserves its activity, difficulty and disaster will probably be the portion of its neighbours; and it becomes, therefore, the most interesting of all questions, how long such a power is likely to preserve its activity? Hope, and fear, and ignorance, and learning, all offer their speculations on this important question; but each so tinged with the colours of its original, as to afford but little information as to the features and complexion of truth. The author before us conceives, that the perpetuity of this power is insured by the despotick simplicity of its organization. In support of this opinion, he refers to the simple forms of polity which upheld the Roman and Lacedemonian commonwealths; and he tells us that these forms, "which, by proscribing all the branches of peaceful industry, create the desire, as well as the necessity, of incessant war, are by far the most firm and lasting." But, even if we were to agree in the position, that these ancient governments were formed on the most lasting of all principles, we should by no means admit, as a necessary consequence, that the polity of modern France must be equally permanent. On what does the permanence of a warlike state chiefly depend? On its means of providing incessant occupation for its troops. Unremitting activity is the vital principle of military power. But France cannot continue to employ her troops, as Rome and Sparta did. To the Romans and Spartans, "the desire and necessity of war" unquestionably furnished a durable employment; for they conquered on a small scale, and fought for safety or ambition in a narrow field. But when a nation has acquired so vast a power as that of France —when she can cast down an ancient kingdom with a blow, and erect a new one by an edict, it is idle to talk of permanent warfare; for, in a very few years, there will be nothing left for her to war against.

There is a sort of geometrical progression in the career of conquest. After a certain number of objects have been carried, each fresh achievement becomes many times more easy than the last; for the points of resistance diminish in the same proportion in which the instruments of victory are augmenting. Now, France stands already on the eminence which Rome took seven hundred years to reach: so that, if any analogy is to be drawn between the actual duration of the Roman power, and the probable duration of that of France, we must begin our parallel at the time of Augustus; and, instead of allowing to the French system as many years of greatness as constituted the whole existence of Rome from the date of its foundation, we must allow only so many as elapsed between the dissolution of the triumvirate and the decline of the empire. But these historical analogies, though they serve very well as illustrations, are very unsafe as arguments; and, therefore, it is generally more desirable to found our conclusions on the immediate circumstances of the case, than on any comparison drawn from remote history.

But, while we do not believe in the *perpetuity* of the French power, neither can we agree with those who think that it must necessarily terminate with the life of Buonaparte. Their opinion arises from the belief that the power of France is the creature of his genius; for it is inferred, that the effects, of which he seems to be the cause, must cease when that cause shall be no more. But we are not prepared to allow so much.

On the contrary, we conceive that the French power, or, in other words, the present organization of the French resources, greatly as it has been aided by the genius of the

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reigning emperour, has nevertheless derived its origin from causes antecedent to his advancement, and, in a great measure, independent of his skill. Thus, though he must be acknowledged to have entwined himself so artfully with the existing institutions, that his destruction may indeed, by possibility, involve theirs; yet, as we believe them to spring from a separate root, we have very little hope, that, on his death, they will actually cease to flourish. These considerations are extremely important; because the future conduct and hopes of G. Britain must materially depend upon the conclusions that she may form with respect to the real sources of the power of her enemy.

For some time before the revolution, it had been a favourite speculation, among the bolder class of politicians, that a powerful European state might easily arrive at universal dominion. Warlike expeditions were to be the instruments of acquiring this dominion, and a warlike constitution was to secure it. France, from the situation and extent of her empire; from the fertility of her soil; from the vast amount of her population; from her ambitious spirit, and from her excellence in arms, in arts, in science, and in civilisation, seemed, of all nations, the most completely adapted for the achievement of such a purpose. But the inefficient nature of her government, the encumbering indolence, pride, and weakness, of the aristocracy and dignified clergy, and the miserable embarrassments of her finances, long prevented her from attempting the enterprise; and the subsistence of the balance of power, even with all the derangements that the scale had suffered since the unprincipled and impolitick distribution of Poland, was still a check sufficient to counteract a design so very bold and overweening, as that of universal conquest. The revolution came, however, and all these obstacles vanished. A new government, or rather a succession of new governments, mad with enthusiasm, but, with all the strength of madness, rose upon the ruins of the monarchy. A thousand ambitious theories were at once let loose upon the state. The dream of domestick liberty seemed already to have been realized; and, in the fury of that triumph, there was nothing too extravagant for the hopes and pretensions of the people. The glittering phantoms of antique achievement and Roman sovereignty floated before their eyes; and, while they exulted in what they had already obtained, they imagined a further greatness—an "all hail hereafter." But the vision was inspired by intoxication; and by acts of intoxication was it dispelled. Instead of taking security for their own freedom, and laying plans for the extension of their power, they composed songs in praise of themselves, and took their glory upon credit. They talked about republicks till they fancied they were free; and murdered one another till they had convinced themselves they were indivisible. And thus, among this vain, volatile, and profligate people, was the mighty enthusiasm of the greatest revolution the world ever witnessed, hurrying to its own extinction; either dissipating itself in folly, or quenching itself in blood; when the sudden assault of a confederate invasion marshalled the irregular energies, and decided the fortunes of Europe. Those fleeting and subtil spirits, that were lately flying abroad in a thousand directions, now suddenly became fixed. The genius, that in the late anarchy had been overpowered by clamorous absurdity and romantick wickedness, sprang at once, with the buoyancy of fire, to the upper regions of the state: a common danger engendered a common feeling; and all the efforts, and all the resources of the people, were collected, consolidated, and concentered. The shock had been severe: but it sobered them at once. The

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power of the French republick, which had hitherto been proclaimed but in the explosions of oratorical vanity, now echoed in the thunder of her cannon; and the ridicule of Europe subsided into terrour.

Nor was that terrour groundless. The embryo principle of unlimited ambition, that had been choked or dissipated in the general chaos of the new constitution, was now taking an organized form, and a steady direction. The abuses of the former government had been done away. The people, perceiving that high birth was no longer necessary to military promotion, flocked to the standards of their country. The complete distrust of publick credit banished all financial fears and scruples; and nothing was wanting to strengthen and mature the rising spirit of the nation, except the incentives of opposition and exercise.

This *desideratum*, the British government quickly supplied, by promoting, and cooperating in, a war against the infant republick. As if our very object had been the fomentation of her dangerous enthusiasm, we calculated our hostilities with so nice a moderation, that we irritated without fatiguing her, and fostered her spirit, without impairing her strength. We educated and broke her in, by little expeditions of our own, and unwieldy coalitions of our allies; obstacles just formidable enough to excite the necessary animation in the hearts of her people, and complete the discipline of her troops. While she was collecting, from all her vast and populous provinces, an endless array of her own ardent citizens, to contend for their lands and their liberties, we were stirring up the cooperation of states, where the people had no motive to fight, and the government no energy to decide. We treated, and harangued, and confederated, when there was no common interest, but the interest in our subsidies. With an unprecedented ignorance of human nature, we attempted to kindle enthusiasm by bribes: we teased every hesitating, impotent, selfish state, to draw forth its hollow mercenaries, against armies with whom the only bounty had been the impulse of their own wild patriotism. We generously trusted the fortunes of the whole world to leaders recommended only by family interest, by the routine of seniority, or by the baser title of purchase. All the commissions in the republican army were purchased also; but by genius and valour—not with money.

Then the French conquered, and we were astonished. But our astonishment did not teach us wisdom. Again, and again, we reiterated our paltry and preposterous attacks; and still the enemy defeated us; and still we were astonished. And the enemy began to be astonished too; for he found that we were actually giving ourselves into his hands, and unconsciously helping him to attain that universal power, at which we scarcely suspected him to be aiming. The very government we were opposing thanked us in secret, for imparting a steady direction to the inconstant zeal of their people. They redoubled their efforts on every side; and perpetually, as they saw the successive failures of our petty and partial endeavours, they enlarged the scale of their own operations. The pretext of self-defence was no longer thought necessary, at home or abroad. They were strong enough safely to avow ulteriour objects; the prize that was thenceforth to be fought for, was the mastery of Europe. From year to year we poured in our gold to buy the sway we sighed for; and still the sword of France was flung into the opposite scale, and, beating down the balance, defeated the bargain.

The brilliant successes which had been achieved by the talents of the leaders, and by the general circumstances and constitution of the government, were greatly assisted in

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their effect upon the French people, by their inherently vainglorious and sanguine character. *La grande pensée*, which is the term familiarly employed by the Parisians, to express this national scheme of universal subjugation, was every day becoming more and more popular with all ranks. Nay, it had so totally diverted the thoughts of the multitude from the care of their liberties at home, that Napoleon's military despotism was received without a struggle; with a readiness, indeed, which, after so recent a struggle for freedom, must have appeared quite incomprehensible in any people less fickle than the great nation. This ruler knew their temper; he knew the sacrifices they would make, and the equivalent of vanity with which they would expect to be repaid; and in giving them the equivalent, he determined to entitle himself to all the sacrifices. He has oppressed; but, in return, he has dazzled. The plunder that enriches his troops, has gilded the threadbare and sordid condition of the finances from which these troops must be reequipped: and the peals and salutes for his victories, have drowned the murmurs of the conscription by which these victories are gained He has every where stedfastly persisted in his own bold and unrelenting measures; and, by that firmness, he has finally triumphed, alike over the liberties of his people, and over the weakness of his enemies. He has not shrunk from the probable discontents of the populace, when a great object was to be accomplished; and with equal coolness has he regarded the small annoyances of his foes. In his march to conquest, he has seen hostile states, on the right and on the left, allying themselves to preserve what was already lost, and capturing islands to swell a profusion, with which they were already embarrassed; favouring their enemies, and bombarding their friends; squandering their money, and sacrificing their men! and he has let them amuse themselves in their own way, and contented his ambition by doing, with one effort, all that they failed in doing with so many. Then, we have recourse to our old habit of wondering; we declare ourselves, as usual, astonished at his good fortune, and ask our acquaintances, if they do not think this system of things will end at his death.

Let us not "lay this flattering unction to our souls." Let us not rest one atom of our security on the vain hope, that Fortune may give us what we neglect to earn from Prudence. Philip may be sick—Philip may be dead; but Philip will leave behind him a successour and a people with the same views, and nearly with the same means, at which we are now appalled. The French power is undoubtedly of the most awful magnitude; and the emperour has been vigorously instrumental in maturing its colossal growth; yet, if, as we have endeavoured to show, the organisation, which affords such facilities to the military operations of France, depends no longer on his individual genius, nor even on the continuance of the popular ambition, then we must still repeat our inability to believe, that his death will restore the independence of Europe. Almost all his subjects are become soldiers. Even while they groan under the tyranny which they have unwarily admitted, they still lust for conquest; and such a lust is not to be extinguished with the life of an individual, even though that individual be Buonaparte. He has himself made a provision for the continuance of the national energy, by fixing the succession to watch and guide it. He has splendidly fortified that succession with an advanced guard of allied and kindred princes, and with a body guard of hereditary nobility; and, even if these great precautions should fail to secure the empire for, his descendants it must yet be remembered, that the restoration of

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European independence is something quite different from the downfal of the new dynasty.

It certainly is not impossible, that his death, when it does occur, may rouse the ambition of his generals, and that the people may weaken themselves by discord; but they must be strangely altered in their feelings, if they admit any British expeditions to interfere in the election; or, indeed, allow us in any way to profit by their intestine hostilities. They showed the world, at the commencement of the revolution, how little they were inclined to the interference of foreigners; and if such was their temper at that time, what may we expect it to be now, when a contest of almost seventeen years has exposed our imprudence, sharpened their animosity, and advanced them so near to the realization of all their airy hopes and magnificent desires? Is it to be conceived, that the loss of a single chief will break in a moment the pervasive impulse of hostility and conquest that now sways the whole mass of the French nation? Have we begun to believe that the great events of our time are produced without causes? or, that an accident will put an end to a state of things which has resulted from the combination of so many natural causes? This is not an age of magick. Buonaparte is a commanding genius, but he is no necromancer: and yet, as if the whole were a nurse's fairy tale, we seem to believe that the destruction of that giant is to break a talisman and destroy an enchantment; and that all at once, as is the fashion in such stories, the castle is to tumble down spontaneously, and the chains of fair ladies and captive princes to fall off of hemselves, and the party to join chorus in praise of England's knight-errantry, and "all live very happy ever afterwards." No! the spells by which he has wrought, are, the boldness of his designs, the unity of his attacks, the skill of his dispositions, the abilities of his generals and commissaries, the rapidity of his movements, and his contempt of insignificant objects. And it will be strange indeed, if, among the vast multitude of enterprising spirits, whom his example, and the events of his day, have created or set in motion, no successour shall be found who has sufficiently profited by the lessons of the great master of the state, to take advantage of the temper of the people, and lead it onward in its present direction.

Are we to conclude, then, that no human means can destroy this dreadful power, and thus to abandon all hope of preserving ourselves from destruction? or, are we to continue our present system? Heaven forbid that we should do either! We have hopes, and good hopes; but we must build them on other foundations than "our present system." We must not suppose that there is any "good hope" in the wild fancy, that we and the allies whom we are labouring from time to time to enlist, can reduce, by force of arms and fortune of war, a power which commands eight hundred thousand men! In the first place, we could never raise the requisite number of troops; and, if we could, they would be destitute of the training and experience that strengthen the long tried veterans of Buonaparte. And then, if we *had* raised the necessary troops, with as good discipline, and as skilful design as our enemy; we have not his band of consummate generals to execute. And if we had all these advantages, we could not, consistently with our principles, arrange our commissariat, and support our armies, on the commodious system of depredation that he pursues. And lastly, if, by negotiations and military reforms, we had overcome every one of these objections, and had actually brought into the field an equal force, equally trained, with objects equally well conceived, equal officers, and equal resources, we should still be exposed to the total ruin of all our plans, by the sudden

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defalcation, or the slightest caprice, of any one of our confederates, that is, by an occurrence from which we have suffered so often already, and from which, while the present system of foreign policy endures, we may depend upon suffering so often again.

To be sure, even upon the plan that we now pursue, of fighting France with one fifth part of her force, as if we believed the old proverb about the adequacy of one Englishman to five Frenchman, it must be allowed that there is a *possibility* of doing something. But it must be some such possibility, as that a well disciplined French army of a hundred thousand men should be beaten by twenty thousand English to morrow, and another the next day, and a third the day after, and so on for a good many more days; and that the rulers of every continental state should offer their people something worth fighting for, and that all these rulers and people should coalesce cordially against France: or else it must be the still less conceivable possibility, that Buonaparte should set about conducting his military operations after the manner of our ministers.

We do think, then, that there is no chance of our being able to *crush* the power of France by direct hostility and aggression; but still we are of opinion, that, by skilful and cautious policy, we may reasonably hope to *disable* it. This, however, we must do by gradual and cautious means; and trust to the natural and regular, though steady course of human affairs, for that effectual cooperation, which cannot be hoped from alliances and intrigues. If we should find it unsafe, or actually impracticable, to procure peace for ourselves, at least we ought not to disturb the quiet of the continent. Every agitation that we can now excite there, is a fresh advantage to our enemy: it furnishes him with an object for the emyloyment of his troops, with lands to reward his leaders, and with victories to amuse his people. We should rather endeavour to keep the states of Europe so completely tranquil, that he shall have no cause or excuse for war; no resistance to dread, no plots to punish. If we could but behold the French forces inactive, we might hope to behold them subdued. They are irresistible only when in motion; and they could continue in motion no longer, if the continent were quiet: for the maritime hostilities of England, who must then be the only opposing power, could afford no employment whatever to a *military* force; and, as to their *marine*, the very idea of a competition is absurd. At the present time, every thing, if it be but left to its natural course, seems tending to such a condition of repose. The states that border upon France are ruled either by the kinsmen, or by the vassals of Buonaparte; all but the Spanish chiefs, who have only a little hour to strut and fret. The more remote empire of Russia is still in peace; and in peace she must remain or be crushed without mercy, and without hope of restoration: for she seemed powerful only by the prudent reserve of Catherine. The succeeding governments, less sagacious, have experimentally shown us how much we overvalued the resources of their country.

What then? it may be said—Are we to congratulate ourselves on the helplessness of all the states that might make head against France? Certainly;—if we are convinced, as it appears we should be, that nothing can be expected from their exertions, while every thing may be hoped from their repose. When action and renown had ceased, what should induce the French people with patience to support the oppressions they suffer? Would not the multitude soon begin to discover, that, though their burthens remained, the equivalents for which those burthens were born, were totally withdrawn?—that the government

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was still seizing their persons, draining their purses, checking the cultivation of their lands? prolonging the slavery of their friends at camps no longer either useful or glorious? abridging every enjoyment? scorning every complaint? In a word, persisting to bear down the rights and liberties of a great people, without performing any one achievement that could extend the publick dominion, or recompense the national pride? For a short time, indeed, they might continue to suffer, and submit. But, when a year or two had rolled away, with what feelings would they view their rulers?—Like other mobs, they would begin to grow reasonable on a reverse; and, having conquered as much as they could, they would pretend to despise conquest; and ask what the poor were to gain by the protraction of the war; and whether glory would pay the taxes, and all the other sensible questions which are so little in vogue with enthusiastick mobs, and yet occur so readily to mobs that are out of humour: and this feeling of discontent and disgust would be diligently fomented by all those turbulent adventurers who are invariably bred by the disorders of a state; men who hate whatever is; and, with them, would join the irritated and numerous body whom personal offences, or envy, had excited against the government—and the active friends and spies of foreign states; and the reasonable few who could understand the advantages of freedom; and the busy informers who are fond of popular equality.

In considering the sum of these probabilities, we should never forget that the constitution of modern society is eminently favourable to the internal freedom and external independence of nations. The use of printing, the diffusion of commercial opulence, and the full and ready intercourse which now connects all parts of the civilized world, have given a weight and an intelligence to publick opinion, which it never possessed in any former period of history. In all the great states of antiquity, the proportion of those who could judge of publick measures was always incredibly small; and the great mass of the people, having no notion of obtaining wealth or consequence by the pursuits of peaceful industry, had often a real interest in the injustice and usurpations of their rulers. A few factious and enterprising spirits, therefore, in the army, or at the seat of government, could generally overthrow the constitution at home, or lead the strength of the nation into unjust wars abroad, without meeting with any effectual check in the publick disapprobation. Nowadays, however, when nearly one fourth part of all the grown inhabitants of civilized Europe read tolerably correct accounts of what is doing in every part of it; and when the great body of the people has acquired, or is acquiring, consideration and comfort by means of commercial pursuits; it is easy to see what an ample provision is made against the excesses of tyranny, and the permanent abuses of military power. The great body of the people know both their interest and their power far better now, than they ever did in any former age; and they know, pretty generally, that their power is irresistible; and that it is not their interest that their governours should be engaged in perpetual wars and usurpations, or that the independence of all other nations should be permanently destroyed. In these circumstances, not only is it not permitted to us to despair of the fortunes of Europe, but there appears to be even good ground of hope, that the lessons she is now learning will tend to her ultimate advantage. While the war continues, and especially while it is possible to impute its continuance to the restless hostility of England, the vanity and impetuosity of the French people may second the ambition of their ruler;

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but if they be ever allowed to settle into the habits and enjoyments of peace, all the natural interests and reflections which are generated by the very structure of modern society, will expand with tenfold vigour, and oppose a most formidable resistance to the tyranny which would again repress them for the purposes of its own extension.

If the dawnings of such a spirit, however, were now to appear in France, the government would be constrained to do one of these two things: either it must weaken the national power, by disbanding a part of its forces, which, in itself, will be an obvious advantage to us; or it must free the French nation from her burthens, by permanently quartering the troops in distant parts of the continent, to be supported from the tribute of conquered states, where any thing is to be found which they can levy; and, as to the rest, from the distribution of conquered lands. Then a love of indolence, luxury and property, will quickly succeed, in the breasts of the soldiers, to the enthusiasm of war; their habits will be new modelled, their arms begin to rust in sloth, and local attachments will supersede the restlessness natural to homeless adventurers. Thus, that power which cannot be snapped asunder, may be gradually dissolved. The system of conquest will be disorganized; France will be enfeebled by the consequences of her own success; and the fertile districts of the plundered continent become the Capua of the modern Hannibal. Rome herself, we should remember, continued to flourish, only while she continued to extend her dominion. The moment she ceased to be progressive, she began to go back; and the same must ever be the fate of military power, when compelled to pause, by the want of means or of motives to exertion.

If such a state of things could be brought about, and it seems by no means impracticable, the policy of Great Britain would be simple and easy. If peace should be still unattainable, she must continue her maritime exertions with all possible vigour, and preserve, on the sea, that unequalled authority which alone can balance the supremacy of her rival on the land! encouraging and protecting her commerce; extending it wherever her flag can enter; but, above all, adopting a most liberal and conciliating policy to the states not immediately engaged in the war; and returning to that broad and proud principle of honour, which, amidst all her infatuations, never deserted her, till she acquired a taste for invading the rights and the property of neutrals.

Lord Nelson is said to have advised, that a large disposable force should be kept constantly ready, at a moment's notice, to annoy the coasts of the enemy; not always by long concerted and regular descents, but by all those modes of vexatious and obstructive warfare which are so completely in the power of an unresisted maritime belligerent. However, the mode and application of our naval hostility must be left to the decision of those whose professional experience makes them most competent to estimate the plans and hints that, from time to time, are suggested. All that we venture to urge is, the absolute necessity of restricting ourselves, throughout Europe, to a war simply maritime. Thus, we should be fighting only where we could ensure success; and reserving our military resources for times when they might be serviceably employed. Such times, too, would at length arise; and we should then be prepared to take advantage of them. Those countries whose cessions and submissions have purchased their repose, would be gradually recruiting their population and resources in this season of quiet; and insensibly acquiring a power that might be exerted at last in a really vigorous confederacy of the conti-

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nental states; a confederacy where the people should have an interest; a confederacy constructed with better judgment, and better experience. Though the troops which those states could furnish, are not now on a par with the legions of Buonaparte, in any one essential of an army, yet the interval of a few years would go a great way to restore the equilibrium; for, while the force on our side had been increasing and improving, by diligent training and recruiting, that of Buonaparte would have been degenerating by disuse, toward the level of a new and inexpert militia. It would naturally decline in its numbers, its habits, and its spirit. Thus, France would have lost, and her opposers would have gained: and then, if a coalition could be formed on solid principles, it might, indeed, conduce to that deliverance of Europe which we talk of so idly at the present day.

In fine, if France be now far stronger, and the continental powers far weaker, than when she first beat them at the beginning of her revolutionary career, the latter surely cannot hope to gain any thing by renewing that unequal contention; and, if it be evident that both the ambition and the power of France have been chiefly fostered and encouraged by the irritation and impotence of those successive attacks which have exhausted the strength of her enemies, it seems reasonable to make the experiment, at least, of an opposite policy; and to try the effects of that repose which may recruit the strength and spirits of the vanquished, and soften down the discipline, the force, and the animosity of the victors.

In what we have now stated, we have purposely avoided the discussion of the great and important question as to the probability of our obtaining peace, or the consequences of our accepting of it, at this critical moment. Such a question is far too momentous to be considered incidentally in the course of another speculation; but we hope very soon to be able to lay before our readers an article devoted to its discussion.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Poems; by Mary Russell Milford. Foolscap, 8vo. 160 pp. 7*s*. 1810.

ELEGANCE of taste, and liveliness of fancy distinguish these effusions of a very young poetess. In the first poem, which is a tale entitled Sybille, she has imitated, but with spirit and success, the style of Mr. Walter Scott; and the story appears to be taken from the legends of her own family. The smaller poems which follow are on pleasing subjects, and such as naturally present themselves to the mind of so young a writer; but the poem "on the uncertain fate of Mungo Park," rises to a higher strain, and exhibits marks of vigour which might do credit to a much more practised pen. After stating the benevolent objects of Park's second expedition, she says:

"For this the wanderer went. And how he fell
Another Park, in future years may tell;
But fall howe'er he might, whether he died
Swept by the fierce Tornado's furious tide;
Or whether in the desert met his fate,
With famished eye, alone and desolate;
Or, still more wretched, destined to endure
The lingering tortures of the barbarous Moor;
Howe'er he fell, yet glorious was his end,
Of truth, of nature, and of man the friend."
p. 56.

We pause here, though the poetess does not, because we think the four concluding lines rather inferiour; but the whole is a composition of great merit.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

The following remarks upon the Nature and Cause of Sea Sickness, are extracted from Dr. William H. Wollaston's Croonian Lecture.

THE second remark which I have to offer to the society, relates to sea sickness, the cause of which has not hitherto been fully explained; and, although the explanation which I am about to propose, may not appear altogether satisfactory to persons who, when at sea, are also rendered giddy by the incessant motion of the waves, and are consequently liable to consider as cause and effect phenomena which in their minds, are constantly associated; yet the observation on which it is founded may deserve to be recorded, on account of the degree of relief that may be obtained in that most distressing affection.

After I had been harassed by sea sickness during a short voyage for some days, and had in vain attempted to account for the difference between the inexperienced passenger, and those around him, more accustomed to the motion of the sea, I imperceptibly acquired some power of resisting its effects, and had the good fortune to observe a peculiarity in my mode of respiration, evidently connected with the motion of the vessel, but of which, in my then enfeebled state, I was unable to investigate either the cause or consequence. In waking from a state of very disturbed sleep, I found that my respirations were not taken with the accustomed uniformity, but were interrupted by irregular pauses, with an appearance of watching for some favourable opportunity for making the succeeding effort; and it seemed as if the act of inspiration were in some manner to be guided by the tendency of the vessel to pitch with an uneasy motion.

The mode by which I afterwards conceived that this action could primarily affect the system, was by its influence on the motion of the blood; for, at the same instant that the chest is dilated for the reception of air, its vessels become also more open to the reception of the blood; so that the return of blood from the head is more free than at any other period of a complete respiration. On the contrary, by the act of expelling air from the lungs, the ingress of blood is so far obstructed, that, when the surface of the brain is exposed by the trepan, a successive turgescence and subsidence of the brain is seen, in alternate motion with the different states of the chest. It is probably from this cause that, in severe head aches, a degree of temporary relief is obtained by occasional complete inspirations.

In sea sickness also, the act of inspiration will have some tendency to relieve, if regulated so as to counteract any temporary pressure of blood upon the brain; but the cause of such pressure requires first to be investigated.

All those who have ever suffered from sea sickness (without being giddy) will agree that the principle

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uneasiness is felt during the subsidence of the vessel by the sinking of the wave on which it rests. It is during this subsidence that the blood has a tendency to press with unusual force upon the brain.

If a person be supposed standing erect upon deck, it is evident that the brain, which is uppermost, then sustains no pressure from the mere weight of the blood, and that the vessels of the feet and lower parts of the body must contract; with a force sufficient to resist the pressure of a column of blood, of between five and six feet, from the head downwards.

If the deck were by any means suddenly and entirely removed, the blood would be no longer supported by its vessels; but both would fall together with the same velocity by the free action of gravity; and the same contraction of the vessels which before supported the weight of the blood would now occasion it to press upon the brain, with a force proportional to its former altitude.

In the same manner, and for the same reason, during a more gradual subsidence of the deck, and partial removal of support, there must be a partial diminution of the pressure of the blood upon its vessels, and consequently a partial reaction upon the brain, which would be directly counteracted by a full inspiration.

The consequence of external motion upon the blood, will be best elucidated by what may be seen to occur in a column of mercury similarly circumstanced.

A barometer, when carried out to sea in a calm, rests at the same height at which it would stand on shore; but, when the ship falls by subsidence of the wave, the mercury is seen apparently to rise in the tube that contains it, because a portion of its gravity is then employed in occasioning its descent along with the vessel; and accordingly, if it were confined in a tube, closed at bottom, it would no longer press with its whole weight upon the lower end. In the same manner, and for the same reason, the blood no longer presses downwards with its whole weight, and will be driven upwards, by the elasticity which before was merely sufficient to support it.

The sickness occasioned by swinging is evidently from the same causes as sea sickness, and that direction of the motion which occasions the most piercing sensation of uneasiness, is conformable to the explanation above given.

It is in descending forwards that this sensation is perceived; for, then the blood has the greatest tendency to move from the feet towards the head, since the line joining them is in the direction of the motion. But when, in the descent backwards, the motion is transverse to the line of the body, it occasions little comparative inconvenience, because the tendency to propel the blood towards the head is then inconsiderable.

The regularity of the motion in swinging, afforded me an apparently favourable opportunity for trying the effect of inspiration; but, although the advantage was manifest, I must confess, it did not fully equal the expectations I had formed from my experience at sea. It is possible that the suddenness of the descent may in this case be too great to be fully counteracted by such means; but I am inclined to think that the contents of the intestines are also affected by the same cause as the blood; and if these have any direct disposition to regurgitate, this consequence will be in no degree counteracted by the process of respiration.

A friend of mine informed me that he had endeavoured to counteract this mechanical effect upon the stomach, and had experienced immediate relief from a slight degree of sea sickness, by lying down upon the deck with his head toward the stem of the vessel; by means of which, upon pitching, he was in the attitude of a person descending backwards in a swing.

Whether the stomach be or be not thus primarily affected, or only by

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sympathy with the brain, the sensation of sinking is in all cases referred directly to the stomach, which is seized with such instantaneous retching, that no person who has not been so situated can form a just conception of it.*

In thus referring the sensations of sea sickness in so great a degree to the agency of mere mechanical pressure, I feel confirmed by considering the consequence of an opposite motion, which, by too quickly withdrawing blood from the head, occasions a tendency to faint, or that approach to fainting, which amounts to a momentary giddiness with diminution of muscular power. At a time when I was much fatigued by exercise, I had occasion to run to some distance, and seat myself under a low wall for shelter from a very heavy shower. In rising suddenly from this position I was attacked with such a degree of giddiness, that I involuntary dropped into my former posture, and was instantaneously relieved by return of blood to the head, from every sensation of uneasiness.

Since that time, the same affection has frequently occurred to me in slighter degrees, and I have observed, that it has always been under similar circumstances of rising suddenly from an inclined position, after some degree of previous fatigue; sinking down again immediately removes the giddiness; and then, by rising a second time more gradually, the same sensation is avoided.

A conscientious Bookstealer.

A person who exposes books for sale in his open shop window in London having observed that he lost a number of books, notwithstanding he always found the exact quantity, abating those that were sold, on taking them in at night, and besides this, finding several books among his own, of which he had not the least knowledge, was at length induced to watch a demure looking young man rather closely, whom he had constantly seen looking at his books, but scarcely ever making a purchase. In this employment his surprise was very soon increased, by observing his customer put a book in his pocket and pull another from under his coat, which he placed among the rest on the board, and deliberately walked away. Being, however, desired, rather harshly, to walk back again, and account for his conduct, the trembling culprit at length acknowledged that he had been in the constant habit of exchanging *good carnal* for what he called *indifferent spiritual books;* which he thought advantageous to the bookseller, and as a proof of his assertion, pulled out of his pocket a volume of old Puritanick Divinity, for which he averred, and the fact proved it, he had deposited a well bound volume of the works of Pope, by way of a conscientious exchange! His youth and simplicity had such an effect upon the bookseller, that after making him sensible that even these exchanges would expose him to a prosecution for theft, he let him go, with advice, in future, always to consult the owner of property before he attempted to transfer or exchange it under any pretext whatever.

* There is one occasion upon which a slighter sensation of this kind is perceived, and it appears to indicate the direction of the motion from which it arises, to be downwards. "In a country subject to frequent returns of earthquakes," it is said† that "a few minutes before any shock came, many people could foretel it by an alteration in their stomachs; an effect which (it is added) always accompanies the wave-like motion of earthquakes, when it is so weak as to be uncertainly distinguishable." (Michell, Phil. Trans. vol. 51, p. 610.

It seems that the vapours to which these tremendous concussions are owing, immense in quantity, and of prodigious force, being for a time confined on all sides, elevate the surface of a country to a vast extent until they either find vent, or meet with some partial cause of condensation; and hence the alternate heaving and subsidence of the ground will produce much the same effects as the rising and falling of the swell at sea.

† Phil. Trans. vol. 42, p. 41.

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MOHAMMEDAN FORBEARANCE.

With whatever contempt a Christian may regard the faith of Mohammed, certain it is that the strictness with which the observance of religious ceremonies is enforced, the alacrity with which the performance of moral duties is distinguished, and the reverence paid to the koran by most of his followers, might be usefully imitated by the professors of purer doctrines. A singular instance of forbearance, arising from the powerful influence of religious principles, is recorded in the history of the Caliphs. A slave one day during a repast, was so unfortunate as to let fall a dish which he was handing to the Caliph Hassan, who was severely scalded by the accident. The trembling wretch instantly fell on his knees, and quoting the koran, exclaimed: "Paradise is promissed to those who restrain their anger." "I am not angry with thee," replied the Caliph, with a meekness as exemplary as it was rare. "And, for those who forgive offences," continued the slave. "I forgive thee thine," answered the Caliph. "But above all, for those who return good for evil," adds the slave. "I set thee at liberty," rejoins the Caliph, "and give thee ten dinars."

IRISH PERSECUTION PREVENTED.

IT is related in the papers of Richard, earl of Cork, that towards the conclusion of queen Mary's reign, a commission was signed for the persecution of the Irish protestants; and to give greater weight to this important affair, Dr. Cole was nominated one of the commissioners. The doctor, in his way to Dublin, halted at Chester, where he was waited upon by the mayor, to whom, in the course of conversation, he imparted the object of his mission, and exhibited the leather box that contained his credentials. The mistress of the inn where this interview took place being a protestant, and having overheard the conversation, seized the opportunity, while the doctor was attending the mayor to the bottom of the stairs, of exchanging the commission for a dirty pack of cards, on the top of which she facetiously turned up the knave of clubs. The doctor, little suspecting this trick, secured his box, pursued his journey, and arrived in Dublin on the 7th of October, 1558. He then lost no time in presenting himself before lord Fitz-Walter, and the privy council, to whom, after an explanatory speech, the box was presented, which, to the astonishment of all present, was found to contain only a pack of cards! The doctor, greatly chagrined, returned instantly to London, to have his commission renewed; but while waiting a second time on the coast for a favourable wind, the news reached him of the queen's decease.

This tale greatly diverted queen Elizabeth, to whom it was related by lord Fitz-Walter, and she afterwards allowed this woman, whose name was Elizabeth Mattershad, an annuity of forty pounds a year.

Description of the Fournas, or hot waters in the island of St. Michaels, the chief of the Azous. From Steele's Tour.

WHEN we had ascended about a quarter of a mile, we saw a thick steam issuing from the side of the mountain which we were climbing. It produced a dampness at the aperture, too hot to bear your hand near it; even this, either from custom or stupidity, and, perhaps, from both, the guides carelessly passed, without pointing it out as worthy of notice. On gaining the summit, the change of climate was very considerable, and we felt the effect as we journeyed on the flat for about two miles, and on which we passed a beautiful lake, situated between two mountains, and abounding in fish of many species, particularly of the gold and silver kind. An instance of the infallible instinct of the ass here occurred to me. I was riding at the

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best pace along the widest road, when he suddenly turned off, and crossed into a less trodden path; this, he persisted in, though, by beating him on the other side of the head, he found I wished him to continue where he was, as the slightest tap, in general, guides, and is the method the peasants use in directing them on ordinary occasions; but, on rising higher up, I was surprised to find, that had he continued a few yards further below, we must both have been precipitated into a vast and dreadful abyss, which the peculiar nature of the ground absolutely concealed from the sight, till on the very brink. We were informed that this part of the road had fallen in very recently, and, if we may judge from appearances, a few years will make this place very dangerous, if not absolutely impassable.

A beautiful vale now opened upon us, in which the Fournas are situated, and the village so called. The cottages have a sweet effect, being neatly whitewashed; and with the church, trees, &c. form a striking contrast to the vast amphitheatre of mountains, by which they are encircled. The descent to the village is very abrupt for about three quarters of a mile. On entering it, we agreed with some peasants for the use of their huts, which they gladly gave up for a trifling present, and attended with much civility, contenting themselves, during the night, with a slight shelter under a neighbouring tree. Naturally anxious to witness the extraordinary phenomenon, for which we had come some leagues by water, and crossed the dangerous mountains, we hastened to the Fournas, a name which is derived from the Latin, *fornacula*, a furnace. Vast columns of steam marked the spot, and impregnated the air with sulphur. After crossing some hot springs, we came to the large basin of boiling water; the whole of which was in violent agitation, and, in the middle, was thrown up several feet. We boiled an egg in two minutes, and one of our men boiled some ship pease, to the no small amusement of his comrades, who made some of those quaint remarks, on this "devil of place," as they termed it, that could originate only in such eccentrick characters. It was many yards in circumference; the heat it emitted was excessive, and in some positions, from a neighbouring cause, absolutely suffocating. On crossing a high bank, we found that this was occasioned from another crater, concealed in a vast cavern, infinitely more powerful, with a mighty roar, throwing up vast quantities of mud and water, visibly boiling. It is impossible to contemplate this extraordinary appearance without emotion, and a fearful admiration of that great Being who calmly forms these miracles to operate on the minds and conduct of his creatures. There can be no doubt of the powerful effect of these waters as a medicine.

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Mr. Molineaux, author of an Introduction to Byrom's Shorthand, &c. is preparing for the press a select Orthographical Vocabulary; containing such words as have been frequently mis-spelt by various writers: those words, of which the orthography is either uncertain or questionable; and such words as are not of very common application, and somewhat difficult to spell correctly: it will also include a numerous class of words not inserted in the latest editions of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

Dr. Stock's Life of Dr. Beddoes is in the press. It will comprise an analytical account of the doctor's numerous writings, both published and unpublished.

At press, a chronological account of the commerce of England from the restoration to 1810, distinguishing the years of war. By George Chalmers, esq. F. R. S. S. A. on a board to hang up, or in a case for the pocket 3*s*. 6*d*.

John Turner, esq. of the Middle Temple, is preparing a new work on Conveyancing; to consist of a collection of modern precedents, with notes and illustrations, and a practical introduction on the language and structure of conveyances.

Shortly will be published in quarto, Philosophical Essays, by Dugald Stewart, F. R. S. E D. Professor of Moral Philosopy in the university of Edinburgh.

Dr. Nathan Drake has in the press, in four octavo volumes, the Gleaner; consisting of essays from scarce or neglected periodical papers, with an introduction and notes.

Mr. Dallas is going to reprint Perceval, Aubrey, and the Morlands, in a compressed, uniform manner: in six volumes: to which he means to add another volume containing Poems, Dramas, and Moral Essays.

Preparing for publication in two volumes 8vo. with a Portait of the Author: The Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan (commonly called the Persian Prince) in Asia, Africa and Europe, during the years 1799, 1800, 1801 and 1802. Written by Himself in the Persian Language, and translated by Charles Stewart, Esq.

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SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR OCTOBER, 1810.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Tableau Physique des Regions Equatoriales, &c. Par Alexandre de Humboldt 4to. Paris, 1807, et seqq.

NO name stands higher than that of Humboldt, among the lovers of geographical and physical science. In exploring the tropical regions of the new world, this accomplished traveller has displayed a resolution and perseverance that have never been surpassed by any former adventurer. Very few individuals, indeed, were better qualified than M. de Humboldt, for executing that arduous undertaking. Zealous, active, vigorous; imbued with liberal knowledge; skilled in general physicks, and particularly attached to chymistry, and its kindred branches; possessing ample means of indulging his taste, while thirsting after discoveries, and fired with emulation and the generous passion of fame—he has directed his inquiries into every department of nature and of society. The mass of curious information which he procured in those distant travels, and the superb collections which he was enabled to make relative to different objects of science, far exceed any thing that has heretofore been achieved by the exertions of an individual. Much interesting light is thus cast on the history of our species; the limits of accurate geography are extended; and the stores of botany, zoology, and mineralogy are enriched with immense additions. These invaluable acquisitions, classed under distinct heads, are to be brought out successively, in a style of execution, unrivalled for elegance and splendour. But the impatience of the publick outruns the tardy pace of the printer and engraver. Some portions, indeed, of the composition have, at intervals, appeared; but they are still unfinished and disjointed; nor is the narrative of the voyage, which will occupy five quarto volumes, even yet begun. Three years have been already spent in publishing what is now before us; and perhaps as many more will elapse before the whole shall be completed. In this stage of its progress, therefore, we trust that we shall gratify the curiosity of our readers, by sketching out a picture of the general results. We shall afterwards have occasion to consider the details, and to subject the facts and observations to a critical examination.

M. de Humboldt is a Prussian gentleman of good estate, who has

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devoted his time and his fortune to the pursuits of a liberal curiosity. Prompted by such motives, at the age of twenty-one, he began to travel over Europe; and in the space of six years he traversed Germany, and visited Poland, France, Switzerland, part of England, Italy, Hungary, and Spain. Returning to Paris in 1798, he was invited by the directors of the national museum, to accompany captain Baudin in a voyage round the world. M. Bonpland, of Rochelle, an excellent naturalist, and bred at the museum, was named his associate in the expedition. But, unfortunately, the whole scheme was abandoned, in consequence of the renewal of hostilities with Austria.

Disappointed in this plan, Humboldt resumed the project which he had entertained for several years back, of visiting, as a philosopher, the countries of the east. In that view, he was anxious to join the celebrated expedition which had sailed to Egypt; whence he thought he could proceed into Arabia, and, crossing the Persian Gulph, land on the English settlements on the shores of India. But the situation of France, after the battle of the Nile, was becoming every day more critical. The Barbary powers now waged war against her, and the navigation of the Mediterranean was rendered extremely hazardous for any of her vessels. Humboldt waited two months at Marseilles, in the prospect of obtaining a passage on board a Swedish frigate, which was expected to convey the consul Skioldebrand to Algiers. His patience, however, was at length exhausted; and he proceeded to Spain, hoping to find there a safe and ready communication with the coast of Barbary. At the same time, he carried with him a considerable collection of philosophical and astronomical instruments, which he had purchased in England and France.

But a brighter prospect opened. After residing some months at Madrid, Humboldt was, in the most liberal and flattering terms, permitted by the court of Spain to visit her colonies in the New World. He immediately invited from Paris his friend Bonpland, whose profound skill in botany and zoology was equalled only by his indefatigable zeal; and, without a moment's delay, these eager travellers, in June, 1799, embarked at Corunna in a Spanish ship; and having touched at the Canary Isles, where they climbed up to view the crater of the peake Teydé, they pursued their prosperous voyage, and arrived in the month of July at the port of Cumana, in South America. The rest of the year was spent in visiting the coast of Paria, the Indian missions of Chaymas, and the provinces of New Andalusia, New Barcelona, Venezuela, and Spanish Guyana. Leaving the Caraccas in January, 1800, Humboldt and Bonpland visited the charming vallies of Aragua, and the great lake of Valencia, or Tacarigua, which, in its general appearance, resembles that of Geneva, but has its banks clothed with all the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical climate. In Cura, one of its islets, he found, cultivated, a species of solanum, which yields wholesome and pleasant fruit. From Porto Cabello, our travellers, directing their course southwards, crossed on horseback the vast plains of Calaboza, Apure, and Orenocco. They next traversed the famous Llanos, an immense succession of deserts, stretching near two hundred miles on a dead level, absolutely destitute of springs or rivulets, and only covered with a tall rank herbage. Over this desolate and pathless expanse they journeyed for whole days, without meeting a single shrub, or a solitary cabin to refresh the eye; while they suffered, besides, extremely from the intense confined heat, which rose to 110 or 115 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. At St. Fernando, on the river Apure, they began a most fa-

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tiguing navigation of more than three thousand miles, which they performed in canoes; and took the chart of the country through which they passed, by help of chronometers, and observations of Jupiter's satelites or lunar distances. Sailing down the Apure, they next entered the Orenocco, at the seventh degree of north latitude; and, remounting this noble stream, they passed the cataracts of Mapures and Atures, and reached the conflux of the Guaviari. Thence they ascended the small rivers Atabapo, Juamini and Temi. From the mission of Sarita, they passed over land to the sources of the famous Rio-Negro. About thirty Indians were employed to carry the canoes, through lofty forests, to the creek of Pemichin. Following the current, our travellers now shot into the Rio-Negro on which they descended to Fort St. Charles. From this point again, they remounted, by the Cassiquiari, to the river Orenocco, and thence to the volcano of Daida and the mission of Esmeralda. But the Guaïca, an independent tribe of Indians, of a very fair complexion and most diminutive stature, yet extremely warlike, prevented Humboldt and his companion from reaching the sources of the Orenocco. From Esmeralda, our travellers descended on the swelling stream to its mouth. This navigation down the Orenocco was the most painful and oppressive. They suffered from want of provisions through the day, and were drenched with torrents of rain during the night. Forced to seek shelter, or a miserable subsistence among the woods, they were incessantly tormented by musquitoes and countless varieties of noxious and loathsome insects. Nor yet could they venture to procure relief, by bathing their parched bodies in the flood, since voracious crabs and crocodiles watched them on every side. After escaping such complicated evils, and the dangerous effects of the exhalations fomented under a burning sun, Humboldt and Bonpland returned to Cumana, by the plains of Cari, and the mission of the Caraïbs, a race of men quite distinct from any other, and, perhaps, next to the Patagonians, the largest and stoutest in the known world.

A few months' repose was necessary to recruit their enfeebled strength. Our travellers next proceeded to the island of Cuba, and had nearly suffered shipwreck in their passage. There they remained three months; during which interval, Humboldt settled the longitude of Havannah, and assisted the planters in constructing stoves for the preparation of their sugars. It was his intention, at this time, to go to Vera Cruz, and thence by Mexico and Acapulco to the Philippine islands, in the view of returning, if possible, by Bombay and Aleppo, to Constantinople. But false reports with respect to the sailing of captain Baudin induced him again to change his route. To guard against the risk of accidents, Humboldt now transmitted his collections and manuscripts directly to Europe. In March 1801, he hired a small vessel, with which he sailed from Batabano for Carthagena; but, owing to continued calms and adverse currents, the voyage proved uncommonly tedious, and he arrived too late in the season for crossing the isthmus of Panama, and reaching Guyaquil or Lima, where he had expected to meet with the French circumnavigator. This scheme was therefore abandoned; and Humboldt being very desirous of becoming acquainted with Mutis, a celebrated American naturalist, and of examining his superb collection, resolved to proceed to his residence in the interiour of the country. Our travellers plunged into the woods of Turbago, and tracing up the banks of the fine river Magdalena, reached the village of Honda; and, pursuing their journey through tall forests of oak, *melastoma* and *cinchona*, they arrived at Santa-Fé de Bogota, the

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capital of the viceroyalty of New Granada, situate on a beautiful plain at an elevation of 8,700 English feet above the level of the sea. Every thing here was calculated to gratify the taste, and transport the imagination. The mines of Mariquita, St. Ana and Tipaquira, lay in the neighbourhood; the natural bridge of Sconon-za, composed of three fragments of rock, disrupted by an earthquake, formed a striking object; and the tremendous cataract of the Tequendama, which falls from a height of 600 feet, presented one of the grandest spectacles in nature.

In September 1801, though the rainy season was not yet over, Humboldt and Bonpland began their journey to Quito. They crossed the Andes of Quindiu, a chain of mountains partly covered with snow, yet bearing in profusion the *storax*, the wax-palm, the passion-flower, and the bamboo. For the space of thirteen days, they were obliged to travel on foot over dreary, trackless swamps. Arrived at Carthago, in the fine vale of Cauca, they ascended along the banks of the Choco, meeting in their progress with rounded masses of basalt, greenstone and fossil wood. From Buga, they passed to Popayan, the capital of the province and seat of a bishoprick, planted at the foot of a porphyritick hill, near the volcanos of Puracè and Sotara, in a most charming and picturesque situation, and enjoying a delightful temperature from 68 to 72 degrees Fahrenheit's scale. Thence they advanced through the dangerous defiles of Almaguer (avoiding, however, the pestilent vale of Patia) to the town of Pasto, built on a beautiful plain, beside a volcano whose summit is at times covered with snow. Crossing the Rio Guaitara, by a bridge thrown over a ravine which is more than half a mile in perpendicular height, and forms altogether one of the wildest and most magnificent sites in the Andes, they journeyed over the level, cultivated country of Pastos, fertile in European grain, though elevated 9,300 feet above the sea, and reached the village of Tulcan, not far from a castle of the Incas, beside the rock of Rumichaca. From this point, they now descended; and having crossed the vale of Chota, which, though only two miles wide, is nearly a mile in depth, and again the vale of Cuallabamba, half a mile deep, and of a suffocating heat, our travellers arrived, in 1802, at the celebrated city of Quito.

Humboldt could at length repose from his fatigues, and enjoy the pleasures of hospitality and refinement, surrounded by the grandest productions of nature. He remained about eight months in the kingdom of Quito, making different excursions to the neighbouring volcanos, and the loftiest summits of the Andes. After three several attempts, he twice succeeded, at imminent hazard of his life, in reaching the peak of the crater of Pichincha, carrying with him the requisite philosophical instruments to the height of 15,940 feet above the level of the sea. He next visited the porphyritick mountain Antisana, from which rises a crater, in the midst of perpetual snow, at an elevation of 19,150 feet above the sea. The mouth of the volcano of Cotopaxi was found to be only 260 feet lower.

It was now resolved to attempt a still more arduous journey. Humboldt, Bonpland, and Carlos Montutar, son of the Marquis of Salvaalegre, a youth, whose ardent love of science had led him to accompany them since their first arrival at Quito, set out, near midsummmer, for the volcano of Tunguragua, and the Nevado del Chimborazo. They traversed the frightful ruins of Riobomba and other villages, destroyed, on the 7th of February 1797, by an earthquake, which in a few moments swallowed up more than forty thousand persons. Passing a noble group

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of porphyritick columns, they crossed the Puela by a bridge of cords, and climbed to the Cuchilla de Guandisava, a sharp ridge of burnt rocks, which, before the dreadful earthquake, were covered with a fine forest of odorous cedar. From that base, they estimated the volcanick cone of Tunguragua to have the height of 16,500 feet above the sea. At last, after incredible exertion, they reached, on the 23d of June, the eastern slope of Chimborazo, and planted their instruments on a narrow ledge of porphyritick rock, which projected from the vast field of unfathomed snow. A chasm, 500 feet wide, prevented their further ascent. The air was reduced to half its usual density, and felt intensely cold and piercing. Respiration was laborious; and blood oozed from their eyes, their lips and their gums. They stood on the highest spot ever trod by man. Its height, ascertained from barometrical observation, was 3,485 feet greater than the elevation attained in 1745 by Condamine, and 19,300 feet above the level of sea. From that extreme station, the top of Chimborazo was found, by trigonometrical measurement, to be 2,140 feet still higher.

Having finished their interesting observations, our travellers descended to the region of vegetation, and followed nearly the great chain of the Andes. A train of fifteen or twenty mules followed with their baggage. Skirting the high savannahs of Tiocaxas, they advanced to Sitzan, in the *paramo* or woody desert of Assuay, and crossed the mountains by that dangerous passage. In their route to Cuenca, they saw the ruins of the palaces of the Incas, and other monuments of ancient, Peruvian grandeur. Proceeding through the village of Cumbe, near the great *paramo* of Sarar, in which the stately *melastoma* and the *embothrium* are growing at an elevation of 12,000 feet, they passed the fine cascade of Uduchapa, by a road of half a mile in perpendicular descent; and, traversing the vale of Saraguru, which is 2,900 feet lower than the adjoining wilderness, and forms altogether one of the richest scenes in the Andes, they entered Loxa, a town famous for its commerce in the best sort of *quinquina*, or Jesuits' bark; the trees producing which, shoot up from the micaceous schist of the neighbouring mountains, at a height from eleven to fifteen thousand feet above the sea, and where the medium temperature ranges between 60 and 70 degrees. Continuing their route through a succession of native villages, amidst groves of *anona chilimoya* and wild citrons, and in sight of the scattered vestiges of Peruvian palaces, they descended to the bed of the Cutaco, in a narrow vale, at the vast depth of 4,200 feet; and, pressing forward through plantations of sugar-canes, they mounted again to the forest of Chulucanas, near immense ruins of the baths of the Incas, and, crossing the chain of mountains, not far from the great causeway which those princes had constructed, at the height of two miles, along the ridge of the Andes, from Cusco to Assuay and Caxamarca, they advanced to San Felipe, having, with infinite difficulty, saved their instruments and collections, as they were obliged, in the space of three days, to ford, nearly thirty times, the Guancabamba. After a rapid descent of more than a mile in perpendicular, they came to an Indian hamlet; and, journeying sometimes through orange groves, they took canoes on the Chayma, and at length arrived, in the province of Jaen, at the falls of Rentema, on the left bank of the river Amazons, only 1,240 feet above the level of the sea.

Embarking on that noble stream, Humboldt and his companions sailed as far as the cataracts of Tomeperda; and then shaping their course to the southeast, over the Cordillere,

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by the famous silver mines of Chota, they reached the town of Caxamarca, in the midst of a plain which yields prodigious crops of barley though at an elevation of 9,370 feet. After some descent on the western slope of the Andes, they descried with delight the great Pacifick Ocean; and, skirting along its naked and sterile shores, the temperature of the air, in the month of October, being only 70, and that of the water 61 degrees, they reached Lima, the capital of the viceroyalty of Peru.

In that city, Humboldt rested some months, highly pleased with the spirit and intelligence of its inhabitants. At the port of Callao, he had the fortune to observe the emersion of the transit of Mercury over the disk of the sun. From Lima, our travellers went by sea to Guyaquil, and thence they were carried in a frigate, after a very quick passage, to Acapulco, in the kingdom of New Spain. They found the inhabitants sickly and wretched, under a climate remarkably sultry and noxious; but different reasons induced them to spend a twelvemonth in that government. In April 1803, they made an excursion from Acapulco to Tasco, the seat of the noted mines, in a region clothed with oaks and pines, and tree-ferns, and yielding, at the height of 6,000 feet, abundant crops of wheat and barley. A short journey now brought them to the wealthy and famous city of Mexico, built on the site of the ancient Tenochtitlan, between the lakes of Texcuco and Xochimilco, which have considerably decreased since the Spaniards drained the adjoining country, and opened the canal of Huehuetoca. It is encircled with alleys of trees, and with Indian villages; and, at no great distance, are seen two volcanick mountains crowned with eternal snow. Mexico, standing 7,475 feet above the level of the sea, enjoys a mild climate, its mean temperature being only 62½ degrees of Fahrenheit's scale.

Our travellers visited the mines of Moran and Oyamel, where the ancient Mexicans quarried the obsidian, for the manufacture of stone knives and hatchets. Pursuing their journey, they saw the *Puente de la Madre de Dios*, or the Well of the Virgin, a cavern in the limestone rock from which issues the river Capula. They next proceeded by Quiretaro and Salamanca, over fertile plains, to the city of Guanaxuato, celebrated for the richest silver mines in the world. The single mine of Valenciana yields an annual produce of half a million sterling, and affords its proprietor a revenue of 130,000*l*. The mouth of the pit is elevated only 180 feet above the plain of Mexico; but its shaft has the enormous depth of 280 fathoms, the mean temperature being 81 degrees. At *Los Joares*, a flat stretch of ground on the neighbouring mountains at the height of 8,700 feet above the level of the sea, the Indian dealers in snow dig ponds for collecting ice, from the month of December to that of April. On their return from Guanaxuato, the travellers passed through the valley of St. Jago to Valladolid, the capital of the province of Mechoacan, the most fertile and delightful of New Mexico. They bent downwards from Pescuaro to the plain of Malpays, near the coast of the Pacifick Ocean, and had the courage to descend almost to the bottom of the crater of the great volcano of Jorullo, and to collect its gaseous products at the depth of 130 feet. Returning to Mexico by the plain of Toluca, they saw the trunk of the famous handleaved tree, or *cheirostemon platanoides*, the only individual found in New Spain, and which is of immense antiquity and nine yards in circumference. They climbed to the highest peak of the adjacent mountain, and found it to be 15,180 feet above the level of the sea. Its crater was formed into a lake, at an elevation of about 12,000 feet, from which

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there flowed a river having only the temperature of 48 degrees.

The toils of Humboldt and his companions were now drawing to a close. In the months of January and February, 1804, they made excursions to the *Nevado*, or snowy height, of Iztaccihinatl, whose summit is 15,710 feet above the sea; to the Puebla de los Angeles, the capital of an intendancy; to Cholula, a city at the foot of the famous ancient pyramid, and thence to the *Llano de Tetimpa;* from which plain, the entire elevation of the crater of Popocatepetl, or the *Smoky Mountain*, was ascertained to be 17,735 feet; and, lastly, to the square top of the mountain behind Perote, at the height of 13,425 feet. They halted at the city of Xalappa, in a charming climate, and a situation romantically beautiful; near which rises, at the height of 17,390 feet above the level of the sea, the snowy peak of Orizaba, called, in the Mexican language, the *Star Mountain*, from the distant appearance of its flame. Thence they proceeded to Vera Cruz, and embarked for Havannah. Having made their arrangements, they sailed, in the month of July, to Philadelphia; and after a stay of some months in the United States, they finally recrossed the Atlantick, and arrived safe in France, after an absence of six years animated by glowing prospects, but full of anxiety, fatigue and danger.

This hasty and imperfect anticipation of the narrative of Humboldt will render such observations more intelligible, as we have to make on the results of his memorable travels. In a subject so much diversified, we will not pretend to follow any precise plan; but will endeavour; according to the best of our judgment, to combine the more interesting facts which are contained in the disjointed materials now before us, including the fragments recently imported from the continent. To the work named at the head of this article, we may join a small tract, entitled *Tableaux de la Nature*, which was published in the German language, and afterwards, under the author's eye, translated, with considerable additions, into French. Some detached pieces will assist us in filling up the outlines. For the sake of greater perspicuity, we shall dispose our remarks into four distinct classes.

I. The Continent of America differs widely, in its general features, from the Old World. It is distinguished by majestick rivers and natural indentings, which fit it for being the scene of the most extended commerce. Perhaps, at some future period, when that vast region is crowded with an active and wealthy population, those advantages will be improved by the creative powers of art, and navigable communications opened between the Pacifick and Attantick Oceans. Mr. Humboldt enumerates no fewer than nine different points at which a junction could be attempted with the best prospect of success. 1. In the parallel of Queen Charlotte's Island, about the 54th degree of north latitude, ascending the Columbia to its source, then crossing the Stony mountains, and following the source of the Ounigigah to Slave Lake; and by Mackenzie's River to Hudson's Bay. 2. In the latitude of 40°, the sources of the *Rio del Norte*, or North River, which discharges itself into the Gulph of Mexico, are only divided by a mountainous tract of twelve or thirteen leagues in breadth, from those of the *Rio Colorado* or Red River, that flows into the Gulph of California. 3. The Isthmus of Tehauntepeck, in the latitude of 16°, affords an easy communication. A canal of twenty miles in length, cut through the forests of Tarifa, would connect the head of the Huasacualco, which runs into the Gulph of Mexico, with that of the *Rio de Chimalapa*, which empties itself in the Pacifick Ocean. A road has ac-

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tually been formed in that line, for conveying, in time of war, the precious indigo of Guatemala to the port of Vera Cruz. 4. The great lake Nicaragua, on the one side, joins with that of the Leon, stretching near the shores of the Pacifick Ocean, and communicates on the other, by the river San Juan, with the Caribbean Sea. 5. Since the adventurous Balboa crossed the isthmus of Panama in 1513, the idea of cutting a passage through the Continent has been fondly entertained. But the height of that savage tract is unknown; nor is the distance between the opposite shores yet ascertained with any degree of accuracy. The navigation of the *Rio Chagre*, which would form part of the communication, is, besides, very difficult and hazardous. From all that he could learn, Mr. Humboldt is inclined to think, that the project could be effected only on a small scale, and by means of a system of locks and tunnels. 6. Another plan has lately been proposed to the Spanish government. It is to dig a canal, from the bight of Cupica, near Cape Corientes, through land of no great elevation, and only fifteen or twenty miles in length, to the navigable stream of Naipi, that falls below the village of Zitara, into the river Atrato, which again discharges its waters into the Gulph of Darien. 7. But, as we noticed in a preceding article, a communication, on a diminutive scale indeed, has already been opened across the American continent. In the year 1788, a very active monk, rector of the village of Novita, caused his flock to cut a small canal in the torrent of Raspadura, which connects the San Juan with the rivulet of Quito, one of the branches of the Atrato. Canoes, laden with cocoa, have, after copious rains, actually passed from the one sea to the other, a distance of at least 250 miles. 8. The city of Lima is not more than two or three days journey from the river Guallaga, which falls into the Maragnon. If a road were, therefore, traced from that capital, across the chain of the Andes, goods could, after a short portage, be conveyed by water over the whole extent of the continent, from the coast of Peru, to the shores of Brazil. 9. It has been supposed that an inlet exists about the 46th degree of south latitude, connecting the Gulph of St. George with the Archipelago of Chayamapu. This conjecture appears, however, to be unsupported; but, on the west side of the continent, the firth of Aysen penetrates far into the interiour, where it receives a small river.

Humboldt has fixed the geographical position of near three hundred capital points in the Spanish settlements. The results were all calculated by Oltmanns, an able mathematician, from a series of observations, carefully repeated, whether by help of chronometers, or from eclipses, occultations, and lunar distances, corrected sometimes by azimuths, or the bearings of remote conspicuous objects. It would appear that even the best and latest charts of America, are still, in many cases, wonderfully inaccurate. Thus Arrowsmith represents Mexico as 32 minutes farther north, and 42 more westerly than its true position. The same able and experienced delineator, likewise errs in the longitude of Acapulco, by an excess of 38 minutes. We may remark, in general, that the older geographers were accustomed to great exaggeration in the estimating of longitude. India was figured many degrees farther east than its real place; a mistake which, it is well known, suggested to Columbus the bold idea of sailing to that seductive country by a western course. Since the first discovery of America, the extent of the Atlantick has been gradually reduced to narrower limits.

The lofty chain of the Andes, running along the western coast of America, extends on both sides of

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the equator, to near the 30th degree of latitude. It is of unequal height; sinking, in some parts, to 600 feet from the level of the sea, and, at certain points, towering above the clouds, to an elevation of almost four miles. The colossal Chimborazo lifts its snowy head to an altitude which would equal that of the Peak of Teneriffe, though placed on the top of Mount Etna. The medium height of the chain under the equator may be reckoned at 14,000 feet, while that of the Alps and Pyrenees hardly exceeds 8,000: its breadth is proportionally great, being 60 miles at Quito, and 150 or 200 in Mexico, and some districts of the Peruvian territory. This stupendous ridge is intersected, in Peru and New Grenada, as we have seen, by frequent clefts or ravines, of amazing depth; but, to the north of the isthmus of Panama, it softens down by degrees, and spreads out into the vast elevated plain of Mexico. In the former provinces, accordingly, the inhabitants are obliged to travel on horseback or on foot, or even to be carried on the backs of Indians; whereas carriages drive with ease through the whole extent of New Spain, from Mexico to Santa-Fé, along a road of more than 1500 miles in length.

The equatorial regions of America exhibit the same composition of rock that we meet with in other parts of the globe. The only formations which Humboldt could not discover in his travels, were those of chalk, roestone, gray wakke, the topaz-rock of Werner, and the compound of serpentine with granular limestone, which occurs in Asia Minor. Granite constitutes, in South America, the great basis which supports the other formations; above it lies gneiss, next comes micaceous schist, and then primitive schist. Granular limestone, chlorite schist, and primitive trap, often form subordinate beds in the gneiss and micaceous schist, which is very abundant, and sometimes alternates with serpentine and fienite. The high ridge of the Andes is every where covered with formations of porphyry, basalt, phonolite, and greenstone; and these, being often divided into columns, that appear, from a distance, like ruined castles, produce a very striking and picturesque effect. At the bottom of those huge mountains, occur two different kinds of limestone; the one with a felicious base, enclosing primitive masses, and sometimes cinnabar and coal; the other with a calcareous base, and cementing together the secondary rocks. Plains of more than 600,000 square miles are covered with an ancient deposit of limestone, containing fossil wood and brown iron ore. On this rests the limestone of the higher Alps, presenting marine petrefactions at a vast elevation. Next appears a lamellar gypsum, impregnated with sulphur and salt; above this, another calcareous formation, whitish and homogeneous, but sometimes cavernous. Again occurs calcareous sandstone, then lamellar gypsum mixed with clay; and the series terminates with calcareous masses involving flints and hornstone.

But what may perplex some geologists, is the singular fact noticed by Humboldt, that the secondary formations in the New World have such enormous thickness and elevation. Beds of coal are found in the neighbourhood of Sante-Fé, 8,650 feet above the level of the sea; and even at the height of 14,700, near Huanuco, in Peru. The plains of Bogota, although elevated 9,000 feet, are covered with sandstone, gypsum, shell-limestone, and even, in some parts, with rock salt. Fossil shells, which in the old continent have not been discovered higher than the summits of the Pyrenees, or 11,700 feet above the sea, were observed in Peru, near Micuipampa, at the height of 12,800; and again, at that of 14,120, beside Huancavelica, where sandstone also appears.

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The basalt of Pichincha, near the city of Quito, has an elevation of 15,500 feet; while the top of the Schneekoppe in Silesia, is only 4,225 feet above the sea, the highest point in Germany where that species of rock occurs. On the other hand, granite, which, in Europe, crowns the loftiest mountains, is not found in the American continent above the height of 11,500 feet. It is scarcely known at all in the provinces of Quito and Peru. The frozen summits of Chimborazo, Cayambé and Anitsana, consist entirely of porphyry, which, on the flanks of the Andes, forms a mass of 10 or 12,000 feet in depth. The sandstone near Cuença, has a thickness of 5,000 feet; and the stupendous mass of pure quartz, on the west of Caxamarca, measures perpendicularly 9,600 feet. It is likewise a remarkable fact, that the porphyry of those mountains very frequently contains hornblende, but never quartz, and seldom mica.

The central Andes are rich, beyond conception, in all the metals, lead only excepted. One of the most curious ores, in the bowels of those mountains, is the *pacos*, a compound of clay, oxyd of iron, and the muriate of silver with native silver. The mines of Mexico and Peru, so long the objects of envy and admiration, far from being yet exhausted, promise, under a liberal and improved system, to become more productive than ever. But nature has blended with those hidden treasures the active aliments of destruction. The whole chain of the Andes is subject to the most terrible earthquakes. From Cotopaxi to the South Sea, no fewer than forty volcanos are constantly burning; some of them, especially the lower ones, ejecting lava, and others discharging the muriate of ammonia, scorified basalt and porphyry, enormous quantities of water, and especially *moya*, or clay mixed with sulphur and carbonaceous matter. Eternal snow invests their sides, and forms a barrier to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Near that confine, the torpor of vegetation is marked by dreary wastes.

In these wide solitudes, the *condor*, a fierce and powerful bird of prey, fixes its gloomy abode. Its size, however, has been greatly exaggerated. According to Humboldt, it is not larger than the *Læmmer-Geyer*, or alpine vulture of Europe; its extreme length being only three feet and a half, and its breadth across the wings nine feet. The condor pursues the small deer of the Andes, and commits very considerable havock among sheep and heifers. It tears out the eyes and the tongue, and leaves the wretched animal to languish and expire. Estimating from very probable *data*, this bird skims whole hours at the height of four miles; and its power of wing must be prodigious, and its pliancy of organs most astonishing, since in an instant it can dart from the chill region of mid air, to the sultry shores of the ocean.

The condor is sometimes caught alive by means of a slip cord; and this chase, termed *correr buitres*, is, next to a bull-fight, the most favourable diversion of the Spanish colonists. The dead carcase of a cow or horse soon attracts from a distance crowds of these birds, which have a most acute scent. They fall on with incredible voracity; devour the eyes and the tongue of the animal; and, plunging through the *anus*, gorge themselves with the entrails. In this drowsy plight, they are approached by the Indians, who easily throw a noose over them. The condor, thus entangled, looks shy and sullen; it is most tenacious of life, and is, therefore, made to suffer a variety of protracted tortures.

The most important feature of the American continent, is the very general and enormous elevation of its soil. In Europe, the highest tracts of cultivated land seldom rise more than 2,000 feet above the sea.

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But, in the Peruvian territory, extensive plains occur at an altitude of 9,000 feet; and three fifths of the viceroyalty of Mexico, comprehending the interiour provinces, present a surface of half a million of square miles, which runs nearly level, at an elevation from 6,000 to 8,000 feet, equal to that of the celebrated passages of Mount Cenis, of St. Gothard, or of the Great St. Bernard. These remarkable facts are deduced chiefly from barometrical observations. But Humboldt has adopted a very ingenious mode, infinitely superiour to any description, of representing, at one view, the collective results of his topographical and mineralogical survey. He has given profiles, or vertical sections of the countries which he vesited; across the continent, from Acapulco to Mexico, and thence to Vera Cruz—from Mexico to Guanaxuato, and as far as the volcano of Jorullo—and from Mexico to Valladolid. These beautiful plates are in every way highly interesting.

II. *The Climate of America* receives considerable elucidation from the travels of Humboldt. Near the equator, the variation of atmospherick pressure, as indicated by the barometer, is extremely small; not exceeding the tenth part of an inch towards the coast, and scarcely the half of that quantity on the verge of the Andes; but it appears to be subject to a minute horary fluctuation. According to the observations of Bonpland, the barometer stands highest at 9 o'clock in the morning, and lowest at 4 in the afternoon. From that hour, it rises very considerably until eleven at night, and again partially subsides till 4 o'clock in the morning. This curious phenomenon depends, most probably, on certain regular changes which take place in the temperature of the upper strata of the atmosphere. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, perhaps the heat of the day has produced its full effect in rarefying the air, while the condensation, occasioned by the chillness of the night, may not attain its *maximum* till three hours after sunrise. In confirmation of this idea, the barometer is at times observed to fall suddenly more than half an inch in the gulf of Mexico, from the influence of a cold wind which bursts from the north in tremendous hurricanes.

Thermometrical observations are, we think, the least satisfactory that Humboldt has made. Continually in motion, distracted by a variety of pursuits, and biassed by preconceived opinions, he has collected but few details of such nice accuracy, as to promise any great advancement to the science of meteorology. Near the equator, the temperature of the air, even on the continent, undergoes no great variation during the whole year, being very seldom below 65, or above one hundred degrees. The difference of heat, in the torrid regions, between the day and the night, was found to amount to 10 or 20 degrees.

But he assumes, it would seem, rather hastily, the average of his incidental observations at any place. as the true medium of its temperature. This standard, however, being evidently the result of the various influence of each successive hour through the whole course of the seasons in a long series of years, must often differ widely from a mean obtained at unequal intervals of the day, and at the times only most convenient for the observer. Since heat is conducted with extreme slowness through earth and stone, the varying impressions made on the surface of the ground, in penetrating downwards, become mingled and confounded at a moderate depth, where a uniform temperature constantly prevails. The mean heat of any place is, therefore, best indicated, by water immediately drawn up at a small distance from below the subsoil. With due precaution, springs will serve the same purpose. M. Hum-

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boldt, indeed, pretends, that, in the Campagna di Roma, and in the province of the Caraccas, he found the springs to be 10 degrees colder than the medium temperature. But, in his transient observations, he appears generally to have rated this mean too high.

The subject of climate, as yet so imperfectly understood, would afford room for much very interesting discussion. We shall, however, content ourselves at present with offering a few short remarks.

The mean temperature of any place depends on two distinct conditions, its distance from the equator, and its elevation above the sea. The warmth that vivifies our globe is all derived from the rays of the sun, which, being absorbed at the surface of the ground, and partly in the lower strata of the atmosphere, constitute the general mass of heat. But, in consequence of the obliquity of the earth's axis, combined with the effect of its rotundity, the proportion of light which falls in the various latitudes is most widely different. The solar action is hence shared out with such excessive inequality, that, if left to its unmitigated influence, the several climates on the surface of the globe would be divided by impassable zones. Our atmosphere, the great vehicle of impressions, performs that essential office; and, maintaining, by means of a complex system of winds, a slow yet continual intercourse between the equator and the poles, transports the heat of the south to the frozen regions of the north, and carries back the polar cold to fan the sultry face of the tropicks; thus blending the different effects, and attempering the general distribution of warmth. A fluid of greater mobility or conducting power would still further reduce the inequality of climates. Had the atmosphere consisted of hydrogen gas, the difference of temperature between the equator and the poles would have been three times less than what obtains in the actual constitution of our globe. From these principles, the law of temperature, as dependent on latitude, may be determined, agreeing with the formula discovered by the celebrated Mayer of Gottingen, which, with a slight modification, corresponds with the most precise observations. We should expect the mean temperature of Vera Cruz to be 78 1-2 degrees. Humboldt, from a register kept there for several years, states it at 78°; but the heat of Callao, the port of Lima, which ought to be 82°, is, apparently on very slight grounds, noted so low as 60°. This difference, which exceeds, altogether, the limits of probability, he would ascribe chiefly to the effect of a remarkable cold current that flows along the western coast of America, from the strait of Magellan to cape Parinna, and had, opposite to Lima, only the temperature of 61°. This singular current seems to be an exact counterpart to the famous gulph stream, which, on the other side of the continent, after having swept the bay of Mexico, shoots towards the northeast, till it loses itself in the Atlantick.

But the mean temperature of any place is materially affected by its elevation. A rapid interchange is incessantly maintained between the higher and lower strata of the atmosphere. The heat, principally received at the surface, becomes thus almost uniformly diffused through the vetrical columns of air. When a warm portion of the fluid rises from below, an equal portion must descend; and this perpendicular communication, being confined to a space eight thousand times smaller than the range of the horizontal currents which connect the equator with the poles, may be considered as producing its full effect, and establishing a perfect equilibrium. The same absolute quantity of heat, therefore, exists at every height of the atmosphere. If the capacity of air were

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not affected by its density, a uniform temperature would, in consequence, prevail through the whole vertical column. But, since the power of containing heat increases as the density of the fluid is diminished, the temperature of the higher regions of the atmosphere suffers a corresponding reduction. The temperature which obtains at any elevation, is, therefore, inversely proportional to the capacity for heat belonging to air of such density. From this principle, guided by experiment, and further adjusted by observation, we derive a very simple formula for expressing the diminution of temperature in the vertical ascent. The gradation is not uniform, as many have supposed; but decreases faster in the upper regions of the atmosphere. This inference is confirmed, by a close inspection of the best and most extensive observations. Under the equator, the decrement of heat, in mounting upwards, may be calculated, near the surface, at 324 feet, for each degree of Fahrenheit's scale; at 297 feet, when the height is 10,000 feet; and at 218 feet, for an elevation of 20,000 feet. M. Humboldt, reckoning the mean decrement at 344 feet, considers it as uniform to the height of 8,000 feet, and afterwards reduced to three fifths of that quantity beyond the elevation of 10,000 feet. This statement is quite anomalous; but it is connected with another strange opinion which he has advanced, in supposing that, above the height of three miles in the atmosphere, the same precise degree of cold prevails, in the whole extent, from the equator to the poles. The mean temperature of the city of Quito, at the height of 9,550 feet above the sea, may be computed at 53°; and that of Mexico, which has an elevation of 7,475 feet at 55°. Humboldt makes the former to be 58° 1-2, and the latter 62° 1-2; both of them obviously too great. The temperature of Mexico might, indeed, be somewhat raised above the standard, from the circumstance of its lying in the midst of such a vast tract of high country, where the sun's heat is directly absorbed, and the communication between the upper and the under strata of the atmosphere is necessarily rendered circuitous.

But, when the observations of our ingenious traveller become more precise, they cease to be discordant with theory. In the torrid zone, the limit of perpetual congelation is very distinctly marked, not varying more than 100 yards under the equator, or 500 at the tropick of Cancer. This boundary, according to Humboldt, has an elevation of 15,700 feet at the equator, and 15,000 feet in the latitude of 20°; results which perfectly agree with the formula. We may remark, by the way, that the comparatively very narrow margin of the snow within the tropicks, causes the majestick Andes to want those glaciers, or icy belts, which, in Europe, bestow so much beauty and grandeur on the alpine scenery.

The settlers in New Spain distinguished the cultivated part of the country into three zones. 1. The *tierras calientes*, or warm grounds, which, never rising, 1,000 feet above the sea, have a heat of about 80°, and yield abundantly, sugar, indigo, cotton, and plantains or bannanas. 2. The *tierras templadas*, or temperate grounds, which, lying on the declivity of the great ridge, at an altitude from 4 to 5,000 feet, enjoy a mild, vernal temperature of 68° to 70°, that seldom varies ten degrees through the whole year. 3. The *tierras frias*, or cold grounds, having an elevation of 8,000 feet, and comprehending the high plains, or table land, such as that of Mexico, of which the temperature is generally under 63°, and never exceeds 75°.

In the torrid zone, the blue sky takes a deeper tint; the nights are resplendent; and the vault of heaven, exhibiting in succession the whole of

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the constellations, appears studded with fixed stars, which shine like planets, with a clear and steady light. In the upper regions of the atmosphere, the attenuated air reflects only a dark azure. The cyanometer, which at Paris marked 16 degrees, indicated 23 near the shores of Cumana, and 46 on the heights of the Andes. So transparent is the air of those climates, that, in the mountains of Quito, one may distinguish, with the naked eye, the *poncho*, or white mantle of a person on horseback, at the distance of seventeen miles.

Mr. Humboldt laments that he had not an opportunity of trying, within the tropicks, the photometer with which professor Leslie has enriched our philosophical apparatus. We heartily join him in that feeling; but we regret still more that he had not employed the hygrometer, which the same philosopher has constructed from a nice view of the nature of evaporation; and which, combining accuracy of principle with facility of application, promises, when better understood and more generally diffused, to procure incalculable advantages to science and to the practice of the useful arts. The hair hygrometer of Saussure, the most delicate, perhaps, of all those formed with a hygroscopick substance, can only show, in any case, the relative attraction, as it is variously modified, of air, and of the material itself, for humidity. The instrument, on the summit of the Andes, was found to mark 46°, which quantity being reduced by correction to 32°, is conceived to denote most excessive dryness; a proof sufficiently striking, of the utter futility of the contrivance; for, at those vast heights, the air seems to be constantly charged with vapour; and drifting fogs moisten and refresh the languid vegetation of the *paramos*, or Alpine deserts. We will admit, that the capacities of air for heat and moisture are augmented together, by rarefaction. If an apartment in Quito were constantly heated up to the same degree as one at Lima, it would, no doubt, be much drier; but this disposition is at first counteracted by the cold which prevails in the superiour regions. The condition of the atmosphere in regard to humidity, depends on the opposite influence of two very different laws, which appear to perform an important part in the economy of nature. Where the antagonist forces balance each other, the greatest humidity exists. This is the proper region of the clouds, beyond which the sky is perpetually clear and serene. In the vicinity of the Andes, according to Humboldt, the large clouds are not seen to rise higher than 10 or 12,000 feet above the sea; but small white or fleecy clouds, which the inhabitants calls *sheep*, are often observed floating at a height of 25,000 feet. These mountains are moistened with perpetual dews. Hail and snow fall, in certain seasons of the year, at the elevation of 12,000 feet; but, at that of 10,000 feet, hail appears, accompanied with thunder. The high plain of Mexico is generally dry and parched, and in many parts covered with a saline efflorescence. Among the lower valleys, terrible storms of thunder, with torrents of rain, are frequent during the night. In New Spain, there are only two distinct seasons; the *estacion de las aguas*; or rainy season; which begins in June or July, and ends with September or October; and the *estio*, or dry season, which lasts during all the rest of the year. The annual fall of rain within the tropicks, may be stated at six feet; it amounts to eight feet at Guayaquil.

Uncultivated plains of amazing extent occur in South America. The *Llanos*, or savannahs, which stretch on a dead level for hundreds of miles southeast from the shores of the Orenocco, resemble the placid surface of the ocean. Covered with a thin layer of vegetable mould, and

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fed by dews, or deluged by periodical rains, though destitute of springs or trees, they produce in luxuriance a tall rushy grass, which pastures numerous herds of cattle, that, since the conquest of America, have become wild, and roam in a state of nature. The *pampas* of Buenos Ayres are plains of the same kind, but still more extensive. Among these shady flats, packs of dogs, which have relapsed into the savage state, and lodge in the holes, rush fiercely from their burrows upon the unweary traveller. A succession of plains stretches, perhaps beyond the sources of the Guaviari, to that vast upland desert, which the early discoverers of America; viewing as far beyond the din and stir of mortals, styled, in the play of imagination, the *paramo de la summa paz*, or the *wilderness of supreme repose*.

III. In the genial climes of the south, nature has poured forth her vegetable productions in rich variety and splendid profusion. Here is the reign of eternal spring; and flowers and fruits cluster the boughs in constant succession. Nothing can exceed the beauty and grandeur of the forests within the torrid zone. Thick intermingled trees, of majestick port and each varied hue, rear their lofty heads, crowned with odorous flowers, and spreading with umbrageous and resplendent foliage. Creeping plants, mantling in rank luxuriance, interlace the smooth trunks with endless festoons. Dense woods of this composition, interrupted only by some rivers, extend over a space of more than 1500 miles, from the banks of the Orenocco to the shores of the Amazons. The chief inhabitants of these forests are monkeys, which multiply exceedingly among the fruitful boughs. Some of them live in pairs, melancholy, shy, and avoiding even their own species. Others go in troops of eighty or a hundred, springing from branch to branch in quest of food.

But the equatorial regions of America, possessing, in consequence of their vast range of elevation, every possible degree of temperature, concentrate all the diversity of the vegetable tribes. From the shore of the Atlantick to the heights of the Andes, the different kinds of plants follow each other in almost regular succession. Similar transitions, on a small scale, are observed among the Alps of Switzerland. Ascending these mountains from the lower valleys, we meet successively with chestnuts, beeches, oaks, and then pines, which, covering a much broader space, advance till they become stunted, and gradually disappear, not far from the verge of perennial snow. To trace the geography of plants in the low grounds of Europe, is rendered peculiarly difficult by the activity of cultivation; but, in these boundless deserts, each species still occupies its own distinct territory. The vine occupies a narrow belt towards the north of the latitude of 30 degrees. Chestnuts grow in the same parallel. Next succeeds the oak, which extends almost to the 60th degree of latitude. In this temperate zone, wheat and barley are cultivated. Oats prefer a colder climate; but will seldom thrive beyond the latitude of 63 degrees.

On this subject, Humboldt has furnished some valuable remarks. He has also given us a very curious and instructive drawing, which represents a vertical section of the American continent across the Andes; and exhibits, in a synoptick view, the results of his various observations, physical, geological, and botanical. The plate is, perhaps, too much crowded with names, and with detached notices; but the originality of the design, and the general skilfulness of its execution, deserve high commendation. In Europe, the several species of plants are commonly associated in large, distinct masses; but within the tropicks, the different vegetable tribes appear interspersed and blended in loose dis-

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order. There are, however, some partial exceptions. In new Granada, the *bambusa* and *heliconia* form continued belts; and the same disposition is observed in the *mauritia*, the *kyllingia*, and the herbaceous *mimosæ*, that shoot up along the savannahs of the Orenocco, and in the *godoya*, the *bougainvillea* and the *croton argenteum*, which grow amidst the plains of the Amazons. On the back of the extended chain of the Andes, and at the height of 10,000 feet, spread the *brathis juniperina*, the *jarava*, the *escallonia myrtilloides*, and especially the *tourrettia*, whose pith affords the abject Indian a wretched sustenance, for which he sometimes contends with the bears. But the American scenery is, in general, devoid of such uniformity. Under the equator, from the coast to the height of 3,000 feet, grow the *scitaminea* of Jessieu; the palms, the sensitive plants, and the most odoriferous of the liliaceous tribe. In that sultry zone, where vegetation wantons in the rankest luxuriance, appear likewise, the *theofhrasta*, the *hymenæa*, the *cecropia peltata*, the *allionia*, the *conocarpus*, the *convolvulus littoralis*, the *cactus pereskia*, the *scauvium portulacastrum*, the *toluifera balsamum*, and *cusparia febrifuga*, or the *quinquina* of Carony. Between 3,000 and 6,000 feet of elevation, occur the *melastomæ*, the *clusia alba*, the *prunus occidentalis*, the *ficus*, the *moræa*, the *calicarpa*, the *acrostichum*, the *solanum*, the *dolichos croton*, and the *passiflora tomentosa*. Above those limits, the sensitive plant ceases to appear. The tree-ferns range from the height of 1,500 to that of 5,000 ft. The tracts which have an elevation from 6,000 to 9,000 feet, and enjoy a mild temperature, varying between 34° and 72°, produce the *fuchsiæ*, the *lobeliæ*, the *styrax*, the *tropæolum*, the *begonia*, and the *columella*. Towards the upper part of that zone, the *acæna*, the *dichondra*, the *nierembergia*, the *hydrocotile*, the *nerteria*, and the *alchemilla*, cover the surface with a fine herbage. This is the region of the oak, or the *quercus granatensis*, which annually sheds its leaves, and, from an elevation of 9,200 feet, never descends near the equator, below that of 5,500 feet, though it occurs, under the parallel of Mexico, at the height of only 2,620 feet. The *ceroxylon andicola*, or wax-palm, whose trunk is 180 feet high, grows on the mountains of Quindiu, from 6,000 to 9,000 feet above the sea. Beyond this limit of 9,000 feet, the larger trees of every kind cease to appear. Some dwarfish pines, indeed, rise to near 13,000 feet. The several species of the *cinchona*, which furnishes the salutary Peruvian bark, are scattered along the chain of the Andes, over an extent of two thousand miles at an elevation from 2,300 to 9,500 feet, and, therefore, exposed to great variety of climate. The *lancifolia* and *cordifolia* prefer the plains; the *oblongifolia* and *longiflora* occur somewhat higher; but the noted *quinquina* of Loxa, and which Humboldt proposes to name the *cinchona condaminea*, grows at heights from 6,250 to 8,300 feet, where the mean temperature varies between 59 and 62 degrees, on a bottom of micaceous schist in the woods of Caxanuma and Uritucinga. This precious shrub forms one continued forest on the eastern declivity of the Andes, as far as the province of Jaen, and the hills above the river Amazons. Bark of a similar quality is thus obtained from very distinct kinds of the *cinchona*; in the same manner as the *caoutchouc*, or common elastick gum, is procured from the inspissated juice of a variety of different vegetables—from the ficus, the *hevea*, the *lobelia*, the *castilloa*, and several species of the *euphorbium*. The *wintera* and *escallonia* occur at an altitude from 9,200 to 10,800 feet, and form scrubby bushes in the cold and moist climate of the *paramos*. Above the height of 10,500 feet, the arborescent vegetables dis-

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appear. The Alpine plants occupy an elevation from 6,500 to 13,500 feet. There grow the gentians, the *statlina*, and the *espeletia frailexon*, whose hairy leaves often afford cover to the shivering Indians, when benighted in those upland regions. The grasses appear at a height from 13,500 to 15,100 feet. In this zone, where snow falls at times, the *jurava*, and a multitude of new species of *panicum*, *agrostis*, *avena* and *dactylis*, cover the soil with a yellow carpet, which the inhabitants call *pajonal*. From the height of about 15,000 feet, to the boundary of perpetual congelation, the only plants visible are the lichens, which cover the face of the rocks, and seem even to penetrate under the snow.

It is a most curious fact, that those plants which seem to constitute the natural riches of the equatorial regions, are never found growing spontaneously. The *carica papaya*, the *jatropha manihot*, or cassava, the plantain and maize, from which the native Americans drew their principal subsistence, were no where seen by Humboldt in the wild state; nor could he discover the potatoe, though this invaluable root is, along with the *chenopodium quinoa*, cultivated in the high country of New Granada. In the lower grounds between the tropicks, the natives raise cassava, cacao, maize, and plantains. It is the region of the *mammea*, of oranges, pine-apples, and the most delicious fruits. The Europeans have introduced indigo, sugar, cotton, and coffee, which they cultivate to near the height of 5,000 feet above the sea, chiefly by the labour of negroe slaves. Indigo and cacao require great heat; but cotton and coffee will grow at a considerable elevation; and sugar is cultivated, even with success, in the temperate parts of Quito. This is the habitation of the *cerealia*, or breadcorn. The introduction of wheat into New Spain, is traced to three or four grains which a negro servant of Cortez picked out among the stores of rice that had been sent from Europe, for subsisting the troops. The monks of Quito still preserve, as a precious relict, the earthen jar in which Father Rixi of Ghent gathered the first crop, from a spot of ground cleared away in front of the convent. Wheat, under the equator, will seldom form an ear below the elevation of 4,500 feet, or ripen it above that of 10,800. Barley is made to grow somewhat higher; but then with the utmost difficulty. Between the altitudes of 6,000 and 9,000 feet, lies the climate best suited for the culture of all kinds of European grain. In the same tract is raised the *chenopodium quinoa*. From the elevation of 4,300 feet to that of 6,200 grows the *erythroxylum peruvianum*, whose leaves, called *cocca*, being mixed with quicklime, serve to stimulate the exhausted force of the Indian, during his long and toilsome journeys over the heights of the Andes. In the space between the altitudes of 9,800 and 13,000 feet, potatoes and the *tropæolum esculentum* are generally cultivated.

The natives of the warmer parts of America subsist mostly on plantains and cassava. The common banana, called *platano arton*, is cultivated over an extent of low country, which contains a million and a half of inhabitants. It propagates itself by sending off shoots, and is wonderfully productive. In less than eleven months, it bears fruit, like a cucumber, but very sweet and highly nutritious. Its culture is so easy, that a slight application of two days in the week would be sufficient for maintaining a whole family. An acre of ground planted with bananas, will support five-and-twenty times as many people as one which grows wheat. The ripe fruit dried in the sun is, under the name of *platano passado*, esteemed a pleasant and very wholesome food.

The cassava, or manihot, is furnished by two kinds of the *Jatro-*

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which, though scarcely distinguishable by their external characters, have very different qualities. The root of the *juca dulce*, or sweet manihot, is perfectly innocent; but that of the *juca amarga*, or bitter manihot, conceals a deadly poison. This acrid root, however, is reclaimed by scraping off the skin, and squeezing the pulp in a long bag; and it is then formed into thin round cakes, which are considered as very nourishing. An Indian will, after severe toil, make a hearty meal on a small crumb of cassava bread, and three ripe plantains. But even the poisonous juice of the manihot is often converted into use. Heat being found to destroy its noxious qualities, it is boiled to a brown soup, which, in Cayenne, is further concentrated into the *cabiou*, a rich sauce resembling the Chinese soy.

On the warm grounds, the natives likewise raise the *convolvulus batatas*, or Spanish potatoe, and the *dioscorea alata* or yam, which was first introduced by a slave ship from the coast of Africa. They cultivate, besides, various kinds of the *tomatl* or loveapple, and the pistachio or earthnut. The *capsicum*, which they term *chilli*, is reckoned by them an indispensable condiment.

But the principal food of the cultivators, and of the domestick animals in the Spanish settlements, consists of maize or Indian corn, which grows between the hotter and more temperate regions of America. Aided by the joint influence of heat and moisture, it shoots up to the height of eight or ten feet, and yields the most astonishing produce. On the wide plain of Mexico, these crops, though extremely variable, are generally abundant; but, in that high country, they suffer often from drought, and occasionally from unseasonable frosts. Their failure has, at times, caused the most dreadful famine.

Maize, in the Mexican language *atolli*, is dressed for food in different ways, either by roasting or boiling. Crushed and baked, it forms a nutritious bread, named *arepa;* or the meal is boiled into gruel, which, mixed with sugar, honey, or even mashed potatoes, is called *atolli*. But the natives have also the art of procuring, from the infusion of the grain, at certain stages of its progress to maturation, several kinds of beer or cider, which they term *chicha*. Before the conquest of America, they were accustomed, from the stalks of maize, to express a syrup, and make sugar. In the valley of Toluca, these stalks are now crushed betwixt rollers, and the fermented juice converted into a spiritous liquor, which is extensively vended under the name of *pulque de mahis* or *pulque de atolli*.

But this is not the only intoxicating draught which the Indians prepare. Large tracts in the interiour of the country appear covered with the *agave americana*, or American aloe, called, in the native language, *pittes*, *manguey*, or *metl*, and which is cultivated merely for the sake of the vinous liquor which it furnishes. A plantation of *mangueys* turns out astonishingly profitable. The plant is remarkably hardy, and delights in a dry soil. In about eight years, the *manguey* comes to flower, and its fleshy leaves gather up to a crown; and this being then cut over, it bleeds profusely for two or three months. A vigorous plant will, even during four or five months, afford every day four gallons of sap, which, being fermented three or four days, forms *pulque*. This beverage, which tastes sweetish and slightly acidulous, is in high estimation among the colonists, though it proves very nauseating to Europeans, owing to a certain putrid or animal smell which it generally retains. There is also distilled from it a strong ardent spirit, called *mexical* or *aguardiente de manguey*. The culture of the *manguey* is burthened with a very heavy tax, which, from the cities of Mexico, Toluca,

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and Puebla alone, yielded, in 1793, a clear revenue of about 150,000*l*.

Nor is the *manguey*, or *agave americana*, the only plant which luxury trains up in the Spanish settlements. The sugar-cane, originally transported from India and China to the Canary islands, and thence carried to St. Domingo and Cuba, has been successfully introduced into some of the interiour provinces of the continent. Though it prefers a heat of 75° or 77°, the cane is yet found to thrive where the mean temperature exceeds not 66° or 68°. Sugar plantations are spreading rapidly in the plain of Mexico, and supply not only the home consumption, but afford already a very considerable surplus for exportation. This produce is not, as in the West Indies, wrung from the compulsory labour of slaves.

Prodigious crops of wheat are raised in the Mexican territory. The grain is large and plump, and equal in quality to the best of the Andalusian. On the slope of the Andes, the soil, consisting mostly of decayed basalt, is remarkably fertile, though large tracts likewise occur which are covered with a hard intractable clay, called *tepetate*. The system of irrigation is, in consequence of the prevailing dryness of the climate, generally practised, and with great success. Cultivation appears the most active in the neighbourhood of the mines, which always create an extraordinary demand for provision.

Oats are very seldom grown in the Mexican territory, where the inhabitants, as do those of Spain and Barbary, commonly prefer barley for feeding their horses. The *solanum tuberosum*, or potatoe, which, under the name of *papas*, is cultivated along the whole chain of the Andes, seems to have followed the progress of the Peruvian arms, from the mountains of Chili to the high plain of Bogota, and to have been thence introduced into New Spain, soon after the conquest. It is planted in the highest and coldest grounds, and becomes the more productive in that climate, as it does not require much humidity. The potatoes of Quito and of Santa-Fé, grow to a large size, and are of an excellent quality. Both the Mexicans and Peruvians can preserve them for several years, by merely destroying the principle of germination. These roots, which have been exposed to the frost, and then dried in the sun, are termed *chunu*.

Beyond the heights where potatoes are cultivated, there occur only mountain pastures, which feed numerous flocks of lamas, goats, sheep and cows. The hamlet of Antisana, elevated 3,800 feet above the plain of Quito, and 13,500 above the sea, is unquestionably the highest inhabited spot on the surface of our globe.

But animals, as well as the vegetable tribes, shrink from the region of snow. Fish are particularly sensible to the approach of cold, though they can bear, without inconvenience, a degree of heat that is very surprising. They abound on the shores of the ocean; but become rare in the waters of the upland country. The lake of Tezcuco, near which the city of Mexico is built, has only two kinds of fish, and of a very inferiour quality; one of them, called the *axolotl*, being so strangely formed, that the ingenious Cuvier considers it as merely the larva of some large salamander. The water of that lake, with a depth of only two or three fathoms, is, indeed, salter than the Baltick sea, containing about the 45th part of its weight of the muriate and carbonate of soda. Like the other lakes in the vale of Tenochtitlan, it is highly charged with sulphurated hydrogen. These lakes have been very considerably reduced since the famous siege of Mexico, which is described by the earlier writers, as seated in the midst of waters, though it now stands more

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than two miles from the shelving margin of the Tezcuco Being encircled at no great distance, by a chain of lofty mountains, which at times pour down torrents, the capital was exposed to the ravages of sudden and overwhelming floods. To prevent such inundations, it became necessary to erect dikes and cut drains. The *desague real*, or conduit of Huehuetoca, a tunnel driven through the mountain Nochistongo, and four miles in length, 11 feet wide, and 14 feet high, was formed, in 1608, under the direction of Henry Martens, a Flemish engineer. Fifteen thousand Indians, compelled under the lash of their unfeeling masters, to labour at the work with spades and pickaxes, completed, in the space of one year, a subterranean passage, which conducted the waters of the lake Zumpango and of the river Guantitlan into the Tula, and which, at that period, might well have astonished Europe.

In the higher Andes, the only inhabitant of the pools and rivulets, is a small fish, the *prennadilla*, a new species of the *silurus*, and which Humboldt, at the suggestion of Lacepede, has denominated *pimelodus cyclopum*, about four inches long, not unlike the water-newt, and of such a slimy, disgusting appearance, that none but the poorest of the Indians will taste it. The streamlets in which it plays, have a temperature of 50 degrees, and seem to communicate, by crevices through the sides of the volcanick mountains, with collections of water lodged in caverns within the crater. According to the most authentick testimony, the volcanos of Quito, and especially Cotopaxi and Tungaragua, sometimes vomit those fish in prodigious quantities, intermingled with mud. Whole fields have been covered by these eruptions; and the putrid remains have infected the air, and been supposed to breed infectious disease.

The rivers and lakes of the low provinces of Vanzuela and the Caraccas abound with the *gymnotus electricus*, or electrick eel, called *temblador* by the Spanish colonists, and *anguille tremblante*, by the French settlers of Guyana, which possesses the singular faculty of stunning its prey by an electrick discharge. It is, however, met with, most frequently, in the small, stagnant pools, that are dispersed at intervals, over the immense plains which extend from the Orenocco and Apure. The old road near Uruticu has been actually abandoned, on account of the danger experienced in crossing a ford, where the mules were, from the effect of concealed shocks, often paralyzed and drowned. Even the angler sometimes receives a stroke, conveyed along his wetted rod and fishing line.

The electrick eel is of considerable size, being about six feet in length. The structure of its nervous system has been accurately described; but the comparison of its cellular furniture, with the composition of the electrick battery, is entirely fanciful; and seems nowise calculated for assisting us in the explication of the phenomena. The brilliant science of electricity, it must be confessed, is still in its infancy. Philosophers have assumed the existence of an electrick fluid without proof, and talk of the galvanick current as familiarly as if they were describing the operation of a real and tangible substance. Were such expressions merely figurative, and forced upon us by the poverty of language, they would be liable to no material objection. But if they only serve to fill the imagination, and supply the want of solid argument, it is high time to reject them. We may safely affirm, that the supposition of an electrick fluid has not contributed in any degree to explain the appearances. All that we know of electrick agency consists in a system of attractions and repulsions, of which the chief relations have

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been clearly disclosed. When a substance receives or conveys an electrick shock, all its particles, during a certain minute portion of time, suffer a mutual and violent distension. The degree of effect which is produced must hence depend on the intensity of action combined with its duration. The convulsive agitation excited in the animal frame by an electrick discharge, is caused by the general, though momentary repulsion which it communicates to the train of nerves. The *gymnotus electricus* appears to have the power of reversing this process. By an effort of volition, perhaps, it can suddenly give its nervous system the internal derangement appropriate to the electrick agency, and thus dart its influence among the bodies in its vicinity. The sensation which the *gymnotus* occasions, is highly painful, and leaves a numbness in the parts affected. It, indeed, resembles more the effect of a blow on the head, than the shock of a common, electrick discharge. Analogous to the galvanick excitement, it may, however, depend less on the absolute intensity of action, than on the length of its duration. In both cases, the diffuse shock received is more akin to the impression made by the residuum of an immense battery, than to the sharp twitch occasioned by the explosion of a small charged jar.

The Indians entertain such a dread of the *gymnotus*, and show so much reluctance to approach it when alive and active, that Humboldt found extreme difficulty in procuring a few of those eels to serve as the subjects of his experiments. For this express purpose, he stopt some days on his journey across the *Llanos* to the river Apure, at the small town of Calaboza, in the neighbourhood of which he was informed that they are very numerous. But, though his landlord took the utmost pains to gratify his wish, he was, after repeated attempts, constantly unsuccessful. Tired at last of disappointment, he resolved to proceed himself to the principal spot which the *gymnoti* frequent. He was conducted to the Cagno de Bera, a piece of shallow water, stagnant and muddy, but of the heat of 79 degrees, and surrounded by a rich vegetation of the *clusia rosea*, the *hymenæa courbaril*, the great Indian fig trees, and the sensitive plants with odoriferous flowers. Here the travellers soon witnessed a spectacle of the most novel and extraordinary kind. About thirty horses and mules were quickly collected from the adjacent savannahs, where they run half wild, being only valued at seven shillings a head, when their owner happens to be known. These, the Indians hem on all sides, and drive into the marsh; then pressing to the edge of the water, or climbing along the extended branches of the trees, armed with long bamboos or harpoons, they, with loud cries, push the animals forward, and prevent their retreat. The *gymnoti*, roused from their slumbers by this noise and tumult, mount near the surface, and swimming like so many livid water serpents, briskly pursue the intruders, and gliding under their bellies, discharge through them the most violent and repeated shocks. The horses, convulsed and terrified, their mane erect, and their eye staring with pain and anguish, make unavailing struggles to escape. In less than five minutes, two of them sunk under the water and were drowned. Victory seemed to declare for the electrick eels. But their activity now began to relax. Fatigued by such expense of nervous energy, they shot their electrick discharges with less frequency and effect. The surviving horses gradually recovered from the shocks, and became more composed and vigorous. In a quarter of an hour, the *gymnoti* finally retired from the contest, and in such a state of languor and complete exhaustion, that they

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were easily dragged on shore by help of small harpoons fastened to cords. This very singular plan of obtaining the electrick eel, is, in allusion to the mode of catching fish by means of the infusion of narcotick plants, termed *embarbascar con caballos*, or *poisoning with horses*.

IV. The observations of Humboldt throw a steady light on the constitution and habits of the native Indians. But this article has already extended to so great a length, that we must restrict ourselves to a few incidental remarks.—The same copper coloured race appears scattered over the greater part of the continent of America. It is not, however, of that unvaried hue which authors have described; nor do the shades of complexion even follow what has been deemed the law of climate. The natives of the temperate tract of New Spain, are in general of a deeper cast than the inhabitants of the hottest parts of South America. This dastardly, inanimate race, and especially the Mexicans, born down by long oppression, seem to be inferiour in all the qualities, whether moral or intellectual, to the Africans themselves. The same apathy of character would appear to extend its influence to the other breeds in those torrid regions, where the wants of man are so few and so easily satisfied. Though caprice may sometimes act, no prospect of gain will for a moment tempt the naked wretch to shake off his habitual sloth. When our travellers visited Havannah in the month of January, they were struck with the beauty of the male flowers that projected, white as snow, from the tops of the royal palm; and being desirous to have an opportunity of inspecting the floration, they offered the negro children, whom they met with in the neighbouring village, two piastres, or near eight shillings, for each bough loaded with blossoms that should be brought down to them; but the listless urchins could not be prevailed on to stir a foot. Other straggling tribes, of very different character and aspect, are found dispersed through the wide regions of America, living in a state of brutal degradation, or of sullen and ferocious independence. On the banks of the Meta and the Orenocco, dwell the Ottomaques, an ugly race, inclined to corpulency, and having the coarse, broad features of the Tartar. During the greater part of the year, they live on the fish which they kill on the surface of the water with their arrows. But in the rainy season, when the rivers inundate the plains, those disgusting savages feed on a fat, unctuous earth, or a species of pipe-clay tinged with a little oxyd of iron. They collect this clay very carefully, distinguishing it by the taste; they knead it into balls of 4 or 6 inches in diameter, which they bake slightly before a slow fire. Whole stacks of such provisions are seen piled up in their huts. Those clods are soaked in water when about to be used; and each individual eats nearly a pound of the material every day. The only addition which they occasionally make to this unnatural fare, consists in small fish, lizards, or fern-roots. The quantity of clay the Ottomaques consume, and the greediness with which they devour it, would seem to prove, however incredible this may appear, that it does more then merely distend their hungry stomachs, and that the powers of digestion can, to a certain degree, assimilate the finer portions of it into animal substance.

As the summer advances, the low plains on the coast of America become parched with excessive heat. The grass withers to the roots, and the soil turns hard and baked. The cattle, enveloped during the day in clouds of dust, run panting with oppressive thirst. The more sagacious mule, with his hoof cautiously thrusting aside the prickles of the watermelon, sucks a refreshing beverage. But the cries and frightful shrieks

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of the larger apes, at last announce the approaching rains. Incessant torrents descend. The crocodile and the boa, long concealed in a torpid state under the hardened mud, now, raising their horrid fronts, burst with sudden and tremendous noise, from their tombs. The rivers soon overflow their banks, and sweep the surface with wide inundation. One sheet of water covers the whole delta of the Orenocco. In the midst of this aquatick scene, lives in peace the unconquered nation of the Guaranis, who nestle among the tops of the *Mauritias*, or fan-leaved palms, in extended hammocks, which they construct with netting made from the fibres of the leaves, and line partly with mud. On such humid and pensile floors, the women light their fires, and cook their vegetable diet. The tree to which each family is attached, furnishes its sole subsistence. The pith of the *mauritia*, resembling sago, is formed into thin cakes; and its scaly fruits, in the different stages of their progress, afford some variety of wholesome food. Palm wine supplies an agreeable, refreshing drink, and may even procure that state of intoxication, which is the elysium of the savage.

But though the members of this aërial republick, living on the spontaneous products of the soil, enjoy undisturbed repose, it is very different with the other native tribes. Actuated by all the vengeful passions, they are constantly prepared for deeds of blood and carnage. The prowling wretch exults in rapine and insidious murder. When a weaker tribe fearfully ventures to cross the parched plains, the individuals take the precaution of effacing their footsteps, to prevent being surprised and massacred. Nature seems to have ajded the dark spirit of the savages, by concocting, in those torrid regions, the most envenomed juices. Their poisoned darts and arrows carry inevitable death. But where such weapons are wanting, the genius of evil, fertile in resources, still prevails. The odious Ottomaques are accustomed to dip the nail of their thumb in the *curare*, a strong poison which is extracted from a species of the *phyllanthus*, and the slightest laceration then inflicted by them infallibly proves mortal.

It is thus that the visions of primeval innocence melt away before the touch of inquiry. The true savage is a cold, cruel, sullen, suspicious. and designing animal. Man grows generous exactly in proportion as he becomes civilized. We may lament the selfishness of our nature, which, in artificial society, engenders corruption, and wields the infernal machinery of war. But the tempest rolls over our heads; the mild virtues flourish in the shade of security; the finer feelings are cherished by the enjoyment of ease and plenty; and whatever contributes to soften or adorn life is called forth into action.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Histoire du Feld Maréchal Souvarof, &c; i e. A History of the Life of Field Marshal Suwarof, combined with the general History of the Age; and accompanied by Observations on the principal events, political and military, in which Russia has born a part during the 18th century. By L. M. P. de Laverne, formerly an officer of Dragoons. 8vo. pp. 490. Paris. 1809. Price 12*s*.

AFTER having experienced no small portion of disgust from the catch-penny productions, with which the Parisian booksellers are in the habit of inundating the publick, we sit down with particular relish to the perusal of a book of real value. This history of Suwarof is the com-

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position of a man who is evidently qualified for the task; acquainted professionally with the art of war; and competent, by the extent of his general knowledge, to apprehend and describe, in its civil as well as military relations, the character of the extraordinary personage whose life he records. In addition also to his merits as an officer and a scholar, he possesses a claim to approbation from qualities which are still more rarely found in authors; viz. impartiality in regard to his own country, and exemption from that base spirit of adulation which has become almost universal in France. He relates the sanguinary triumphs of the Russian chief over the French, as freely and explicitly as those which were obtained over the Turks and the Poles; and he writes a military work without paying any compliments to Buonaparte, except towards the close: when, having introduced the names of other celebrated commanders, and expatiated on their merits, it might have seemed invidious to pass without notice the most successful general of the present age.

The character of Suwarof has been the subject of much difference of opinion. Some persons have gone so far as to deny him even the merit of military skill, and insist that he should be considered in no other light than as a headstrong champion, whose rule was to accomplish every thing by dint of force and by an indiscriminate profusion of human blood. Other persons (and these form a very numerous class) while they accede to the justice of his claims to military fame, are disposed to limit their estimate of his knowledge to mere tacticks; and, judging too literally from appearances, imagine that, because he lived barbarously among barbarians, his mind was not less rude and uncultivated than his exteriour manners. The question, how far these accusations are well founded, will be fully solved by an examination of the principal events in the life of this celebrated commander, whose character has long engaged our attention, and has appeared to us to lie much deeper than the world suspected. The review of these events will be best performed by making a condensed abstract of M. Laverne's book: but we shall occasionally intersperse this abstract with observations of our own, particularly in regard to the memorable campaign of Italy; reserving to the conclusion our notice of the few points in which we differ from the biographer.

Alexander Suwarof was born in Livonia, in 1730, and was the only son of an ancient and noble family. His father had been employed in diplomatick life, a career to which he destined and partly educated his son; but in the course of this education, the ardent temperament of young Suwarof had been inflamed by the exploits of celebrated warriours, and the campaigns of Hannibal and Cesar had impressed an indelible stamp upon his imagination. From that enthusiastick admiration of heroick feats which is natural to youth, he was led to the habit of studying war as a science; a habit which remained with him through life, and ultimately led to a surprising accumulation of intellectual stores. The original direction of his studies, however, to a different profession, and his father's dislike to the army, retarded in the first instance his military promotion. He found it necessary to go through, by actual service, the stations of private and corporal in the guards, which, for youths whose names have been early registered, are in general only nominal duties; and he was not made a subaltern officer till he reached the age of nineteen. Yet the nature of this intermediate service was highly useful, in giving him a practical and familiar acquaintance with the dispositions of the private soldiers. From the guards he passed into a regiment of the line, and was

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made lieutenant colonel at the age of twenty-seven. The war against Prussia, to which the empress Elizabeth became a party, afforded Suwarof, in 1759, the first exemplification of that art, the theory of which he had so ardently studied. It taught him the inestimable importance of celerity, by exhibiting a contrast between the enterprise and activity of Frederick, and the slowness of the Russian commanders, whose ignorance in the art of war, and particularly in the great point of provisioning their armies, rendered unavailing the superiority of their numbers in the field. Our countryman, general Lloyd, who has written an admirable history of the seven years' war, pronounces that the Russians never had a settled plan of operations; that they knew only how to ravage and retreat; and that, in his opinion, it was almost impossible to make them good soldiers. During this war, Suwarof's station was generally with the vanguard; and he already displayed that impetuous courage, that promptitude of discrimination, and that skill in leading the minds of men, for which he was afterward so eminent. He was present at the sanguinary battle of Cunersdorf in 1759, and at the capture and sack of Berlin in 1760. The war ended soon afterward; and, being made a colonel in 1762, he was stationed with his regiment at Petersburg.

The resistance of the Polish confederates, to the interference of the empress Catherine in their national affairs, gradually burst into open hostility; and in 1769 Suwarof proceeded to Poland with the rank of brigadier general. He marched with his usual rapidity, having conducted two regiments over a distance of seven hundred miles in the space of a month, during the depth of winter. In Poland, military operations must be carried on in the midst of marshes, woods, and deserts; and the Russian troops were reduced by the breaking out of a war with Turkey, to a number that was sufficient to check but not to overthrow the confederates. Under these circumstances, that celerity which has the effect of multiplying numbers, and which overtakes an enemy unawares in his inmost recesses, was of the last importance to the Russian cause; and such was the celerity of Suwarof. His chief opponents were Dumouriez, Vioménil, and Casimir Poulauski, a young Polish nobleman of great resources and intrepidity. One of the principal actions was fought at Landskronn, a fortress in the Carpathian mountains, where Dumouriez had taken post, supporting his right by a wood and his left by the fort; a position in which he supposed himself to be invincible. Suwarof, however, attacked him without hesitation, broke his centre, and scattered his whole force. He next turned his arms against Poulauski, whom he followed so closely as to traverse three hundred miles in little more than a fortnight. Equally skilful in pacifying and in fighting, Suwarof had subjected a great part of Poland, and had nearly dissolved the confederacy, when in 1772 the struggle was entirely terminated by the treaty between Austria, Russia, and Prussia; by which these powers agreed to unite against the unfortunate republicans, and to divide a third part of the Polish territory among themselves. Suwarof received from the empress the military order of St. George, and proceeded in 1773 to serve under marshal Romanzoff against the Turks.

Though the Russians had often defeated the Turks in pitched battles, they had made little progress in extending or retaining their conquests. The martial character of the Crimean Tartars had formed a great obstacle to their success. These barbarians were Mohammedans, and were attached to the Turkish Sultan as the head of their religion. It had long been the aim of the Russians to detach them from their connexion

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with the Porte, but in vain; and neither the policy of Peter the Great, nor the military talents of the celebrated Munick, in a subsequent reign, had been able to win or to subjugate them: but they retained the power of sallying from their own territory, and of laying waste the fairest provinces of Russia. Although the conquests of the empress extended sufficiently into Turkey to separate the Tartars from that empire, she well knew the impolicy of any sudden attempt to incorporate them among her subjects; and she confined her first endeavours to the object of gaining their good will by acts of generosity.—The peculiar mode of Turkish warfare is another reason for the conquests of the Russians not having been in proportion to the number of their victories. The Turks, when their ranks are broken, disperse and fly with great expedition, laying waste the country around, and depriving their pursuers of the means of subsistence. The wild state of the provinces which had been the scene of war, and the unskilfulness of the Russians in provisioning their armies, had prevented them from those rapid and continued pursuits which alone could render effectual their superiority in the field; while the Turks rallied and returned in a few days to a fresh attack. The empress, wearied with this tedious warfare, and alarmed by a revolt which was excited by the Russian clergy, whose influence she had endeavoured to lessen, concluded a peace with the Turks in 1774. By this treaty she obtained for herself the territory of Azoph, with the free navigation of the Euxine, and for the Crimean Tartars an acknowledgment of their independence of the Porte; an act by which she hoped to procure to herself the attachment of those restless neighbours.

Suwarof had been made a major-general in Poland, and, before the conclusion of the Turkish war, he had been created a lieutenant general, and had commanded a division of twelve thousand men. In 1775 he married the daughter of prince Prosorouski, an alliance which was deliberately formed, and was suitable in rank to both parties: but Suwarof had lived too long in camps to be fitted for domestick life; and after a union of sufficient length to make him the father of a son and a daughter, an end was put to the discordant connexion by a formal separation.

The ambitious Catherine pursued her aggrandizement in peace with the same steadiness as in war. Having formed a powerful party among the Tartars of the Crimea and Cuban, and having thrown a very large body of troops into the most commanding positions, she boldly assumed the sovereignty of the country, and prevailed on its haughty chiefs to swear allegiance to her government. A dangerous revolt of the Cuban Tartars was repressed by the vigour of Suwarof; and in 1787, when tranquillity was completely reestablished, the empress and her court made a journey in state through her recently acquired provinces, and dispensed favours among her new subjects with the magnificence and liberality of a mighty sovereign. It was in this journey that the emperour Joseph joined her, and concerted a new war against Turkey, which threatened the partition of that empire. Suwarof had devoted the interval of peace to professional studies, and received, in his fifty sixth year, the rank of general in chief. The Turks, desirous of striking the first blow, declared war in 1787, and Suwarof bore a distinguished share in the earliest encounters. Success, as usual, attended him. But he exposed himself in such perilous situations, that the wounds which he received had nearly terminated his life, and obliged him to withdraw, for a season, from the field. In 1789, the

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Turks, encouraged by the success of their desultory efforts against the tardy routine of the Austrians, determined to assume the offensive, and to direct their principal exertions against that part of the hostile force. Having been apprized that prince Cobourg was encamped near Forhani with only 18,000 men, they assembled to attack him with a force of three times the number. Cobourg called on Suwarof to come speedily to his aid; and the Russian, taking with him 7,000 veterans, and a few pieces of field artillery, but no baggage, marched straight forwards across woods and hills, and, without stopping to rest by night, traversed a distance of seventy miles in thirty six hours. He arrived at the Austrian camp in the afternoon; and, after having resisted the repeated solicitations of their general to see him, he employed himself in collecting such information as enabled him to fix, decisively, the method of attacking the Turks. At the late hour of eleven at night, he transmitted to prince Cobourg the following plan of operation; which, while it bears marks of the singularity of its author, discovers his sagacity in adopting a style that was calculated to put an end to the wavering of the Austrian general:

"The army to be in motion at two in the morning; to march in three columns; the Austrians on the right and left, the Russians in the centre. Let us attack the enemy's posts with our collected force, and not lose time in driving their detached parties from the brush-wood on our right, as our object should be to reach the river Putra by daybreak, and pass it to continue the attack. I am told that only 50,000 Turks are now here, but that 50,000 more are a few marches behind. It had been better if they had been all here together; since they would then have been beaten on the same day, and an end be put to the business at once. But, as it is otherwise, we will begin with those who are on the spot; and with the bravery of our troops and the blessings of God, we will be victorious."

The method which he had taken to avoid communicating with prince Cobourg was characteristick, and deserves to be mentioned. He received three urgent invitations in the course of the evening, and contrived to evade them all. To the first message he directed his servants to answer that he was at prayers, and could not be disturbed; to the second, that he was taking refreshment; and to the third, that he was taking rest. To an ordinary observer, such conduct bore no other appearance than that of contradiction and obstinacy, but it was in reality the result of profound reflection. Prince Cobourg was his senior, and, like other Austrian generals, full of plan and system; Suwarof was aware that they should not agree in their manner of fighting the Turks; and he was unwilling to waste a precious interval in fruitless altercation. He judged it less disrespectful to evade than to refuse, and he delayed the communication of his plan of attack, till it was too late to make alterations, or to suffer any hazard of its becoming known to the enemy His wishes were fulfilled; Cobourg acquiesced in his scheme of operation; the army passed the Putra; repulsed, by their close order, the impetuous attacks of the Turkish cavalry; marched up to the enemy's cannon; and carried the intrenchments at the point of the bayonet, with a prodigious slaughter of the Turks. Such was the battle of Forhani, which took place on the 21st July 1789. Suwarof soon afterward withdrew from Cobourg, and resumed his separate station: but the the Grand Vizir, having taken the field in person, and having assembled, by his popularity, an immense army, Suwarof received on the 16th September a pressing letter from Cobourg, requesting him to join the Austrians. His answer was given in two words, "*I come.*" An hour afterward, his army was on the march; and in the course of two days, it was in the Austrian camp. The Turks soon

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came within a few leagues of the Austrians, and occupied themselves in forming an encampment on the banks of the Rymnik, as a *depôt* for their heavy artillery and stores previously to their intended attack on Prince Cobourg. They had in front a fortified village, and on their right an open wood. Suwarof having urged that they should be attacked without delay, the allied army set out on their march at dusk, the Russians occupying the left, and the Austrians the centre and right. They advanced in silence, and formed in square batallions, with open intervals, to allow the enemy's cavalry to pass. The Turks were ignorant of their approach till the outposts were driven in: but, perceiving by daybreak the inferiour number of their adversaries, the Vizir bore down with the mass of his army on the Austrians. An obstinate conflict ensued, during which Suwarof turned the fortified village, cut off the enemy from their artillery, and excited a panick which drove into the wood a great part of the Turkish main body, who were already yielding to the firmness of the Austrians. Here, however, the Turks resumed courage; the position was favourable; and they were still greatly superiour in numbers to the whole allied army. Suwarof urged Cobourg to wheel round to his support, formed the Russian infantry into columns, attacked the wood, and, with the aid of the Austrians, carried it in the space of an hour. The pursuit was sanguinary. The loss of the Turks in killed, wounded, and drowned, was immense; and an army of 110,000 men was extinguished, or dispersed, by a force which was not more than one third of their number. Honours were now heaped on Suwarof; the emperour Joseph created him a count of the German empire; and Catherine made him a Russian count, and conferred on him, in imitation of the Roman policy, the surname of *Rymnikski*.

In the next year, the death of Joseph took place, and the alarming insurrections in the low countries induced his successour, Leopold, to make peace with Turkey. Suwarof kept the field: but the operations lingered, the chief part of the Russian army being occupied in besieging Ismail, a name which will recall to our readers the most sanguinary of all Suwarof's conflicts. This city stands near one of the mouths of the Danube, and was defended by a garrison whose numbers were such as to render it an army. The besiegers had made little progress during the whole summer, and winter was advancing; when Potemkin, wearied with delay, sent orders to Suwarof to repair to Ismail, and, collecting under its walls the scattered forces of the Russians, to effect its reduction at any price. The manner of accomplishing it was left to Suwarof; who, having assembled a force of forty thousand men, determined to resort to the dreadful expedient of assault: but, while he was secretly preparing his fascines and scaling ladders, he assumed to the enemy the appearance of a regular siege. In an enterprise in which so much depended on the firmness of the common soldiers, he laboured to prepare them to undertake it with cheerfulness and confidence, by mixing familiarly with them, and affecting to make light of the danger. On summoning the Pacha to surrender, he received for answer, that "the Danube should stop short in its course, and the heavens sink down to the earth, before Ismail should be surrendered to the Russians." On the 10th December, Suwarof, having called together his generals and a number of officers, declared his determination to make the assault forthwith, reminded them of the glory of their late exploits, and desired them to repeat his words to the soldiers. At three o'clock in the morning, a rocket from his tent was the signal to the army to prepare; a second rocket at

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four o'clock was the signal to form into columns; and a third, at five, was the order to advance.

The attack was made in nine columns; six on the land side, and three from the shipping in the river. The Turks allowed them to advance within a hundred yards, and then opened a tremendous fire of grape shot: but the Russians pushed on, filled the ditch with their fascines, and, applying their scaling ladders, boldly attempted to climb the walls. The regular troops succeeded; the Cossacks, unable to resist the Turkish sabre, were driven from the walls and the ladders into the ditch: but, being afterward supported by the regulars, the whole Russian army was formed on the ramparts by eight o'clock. It was then that the conflict began in the town. The Turks were equal in numbers, and disputed every inch of ground. Six hours were passed in battle and carnage, before the town was completely in possession of the Russians. Their cavalry then scoured the streets; and the pillage of the city having been promised to these barbarians, the unhappy inhabitants were exposed to death and outrage during three days. The mind shudders at the waste of blood in these inhuman conflicts, to which the guilty ambition of sovereigns impels their deluded subjects! The Russians lost between 4 and 5,000 men, and the Turks 33,000 killed, and 10,000 prisoners.

This capture of Ismail was the last exploit of Suwarof against the Turks. He was invited to Petersburg, and loaded with honours; and in the next year peace was concluded, the death of Potemkin having removed the principal obstacle to that event in the Russian court. The conditions were favourable to the Turks, who made no other sacrifice than the cession of Oczakow and its territory, and the acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the empress over Little Tartary. The Dniester was declared the Russian boundary; and all beyond it, including even the fatal Ismail, was restored to the Turks.

An interval of peace now ensued; but it brought to Suwarof only a change in the manner of his active labours. He passed three years in new modelling, against a future struggle, the military resources of Russia on the side of Finland against Sweden, as well as on the side of Little Tartary against Turkey. However, the state of Poland soon summoned him to exertions of a different kind. Animated by the example of the French revolution, the Poles had risen on the Russian troops, and, under the direction of Kosciusko, obtained several advantages over them. The Polish regiments in the Russian service, kindled with the spirit of their countrymen, were on the point of turning their arms against the Prussians, when Suwarof, by a sudden march, and a happy mixture of temperance and energy, succeeded in disarming them, to the number of eight thousand, without shedding a drop of blood. Advancing afterward into Poland to cooperate with the Prussians, he had the mortification to learn that they had retreated from Warsaw: but, though deprived of the aid of his allies, he determined to proceed, and marched at the head of 12,000 men in quest of the Polish army under Sirakouski, which he found intrenched behind a bog, and covered on their flanks with hills and woods. Having ascertained that the bog was passable, he attacked the Poles in front with the bayonet, and obtained a victory. The enemy, however, making good their retreat, Suwarof saw that they would be speedily reenforced, and pursued them by night marches; by means of which, after having traversed nearly fifty miles, he overtook them unawares near the Bug, where an obstinate action ensued, and the Polish army was nearly annihilated. He then advanced to the Vistula,

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and collected the Russian forces, to the number of 22,000 men, under the walls of Praga, the fortified suburb of Warsaw, situated on the right bank of the Vistula. The Polish troops amounted to 30,000, and were intrenched in a strong camp outside of the walls. To the success of an assault on Praga, the capture of a double barrier was thus necessary; but Suwarof could depend on the firmness of his men, and determined to act here as he had done at Ismail. Having made every preparation, the assault took place at daybreak, the 24th October 1793, and in four hours the intrenched camp, the town of Praga, and the remnant of the Polish troops, were in his possession. Half of the Polish army was killed, and the other half made prisoners, with a loss of only 1500 men on the part of the Russians. The inhabitants of Warsaw, astonished, opened their gates to the conqueror; and, in the course of a few weeks, the resistance of the Poles was at an end. Signal marks of honour were bestowed on Suwarof by the emperour of Germany and the king of Prussia, and Catherine created him a field-marshal, adding to this fresh title the gift of a domain of 7000 peasants. He remained a year in Poland, and passed it in assiduous endeavours to reconcile its inhabitants to the Russian government. Returning to Petersburg, he was treated with the greatest distinction, and was on the point of obtaining the fulfilment of the wish which he had long cherished, to take the field against the French, when the sudden death of the empress suspended the declaration of hostilities.

Under such a master as Paul, it was not probable that a frank and independent character like Suwarof could remain long in favour. He made no scruple of ridiculing the fantastick innovations in the army, and his removal from command was the consequence. He retired first to Moscow and afterward to the country, where he remained in obscurity till he was summoned again to arms by the second coalition against France. England, having engaged to subsidize 100,000 Russians, was entitled to name their general, and fixed on Suwarof. The emperour of Germany was persuaded to apply to Paul for the services of the aged warriour, who unexpectedly received in his retirement, the following letter from his master:

"I have taken the resolution of sending you to Italy, to the aid of the emperour and king, my ally and brother. Suwarof has no need of triumphs and laurels, but his country has need of Suwarof. My wishes are conformable to those of Francis II. who has conferred on you the command in chief of his army, and requests that you will accept it. It remains, therefore, only with Suwarof to yield to the prayers of his country, and the desire of Francis II.

(Signed) "PAUL."

Suwarof was transported at the receipt of this letter. He had always a lively sensibility to the attention of princes, and he was impressed with vehement antipathy to the principles of the French revolution.—Since the French had become so terrible to their neighbours, he had been accustomed to write to the empress Catherine, in the Russian style—"Mother and lady, order me, I entreat you, to march against the French." He applied Paul's welcome letter to his numerous scars, one after the other, and exclaimed that it had restored him to a new life. He hastened to yield compliance to the mandate, and proceeded to Vienna. He was received with great distinction by the emperour Francis. Arrangements had been made to render Italy the principal theatre of war, of which Suwarof approved: but no solicitation on the part of the Austrian government could prevail on him either to offer them his outline of the campaign, or to take into consideration the plans which they had already form-r

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ed. He knew that Austria had paid dear for her predilection for these premature combinations, which never can be so framed as to provide for the contingencies resulting from the counter projects of the enemy. Invoking the divine aid, before an immense concourse of people in the cathedral of Vienna, and promising the emperour speedy news of victory, he set out for Italy, and joined the Austrian army, which had already commenced a successful career under general Kray. Suwarof now found himself in the delicate situation of commanding officer of another nation; a situation in which he, whom superficial observers have accounted a madman or a buffoon, acquitted himself with great dexterity. He paid a tribute of praise to each general, but particularly to Kray, to whom he said: "It is to you, sir, that I shall be indebted for the advantages which I hope to obtain over the enemy: it is you who have opened to me the road to victory."

The French, commanded by Moreau, were encamped beyond the Adda. Suwarof advanced with a superiour force, and, passing the river with great celerity and secrecy, defeated them in the first battle in which they and the Russians had ever met. Moreau retreated before the conqueror, who pushed on to Milan The situation of the various corps of adverse troops was at that time considerably complicated. The French were distributed three different ways. A distinct body of 40,000 men under Macdonald was marching from the south of Italy, another of 30,000 under Moreau was retreating before Suwarof, but still maintaining its communication with Macdonald through the medium of the Genoese territory; while the remainder of the French were distributed in the garrisons of Mantua, Peschiera, Tortona, Alessandria, and Turin, all places situated in the country which was overrun by Suwarof. The total of the allies amounted to 80,000 men, a force inferiour to the aggregate of the French, but greater than any number which could be speedily united against them. In what manner was Suwarof to turn to account his present superiority? Was he to avoid beginning any sieges, and to march with a powerful army to meet Macdonald? Or was he to push the sieges in the interval with all possible rapidity, and trust to his own activity in combining an adequate force at the moment of Macdonald's arrival? Of these alternatives he chose the latter, and, contrary to his usual practice, divided his army to push the respective sieges. Each corps had orders to retard, by every means, the advance of Macdonald, but to fall back, and to fight no general action. Macdonald, on arriving from the south, had the option of either a bold or a cautious course. The cautious system would have consisted in marching silently along the whole extent of the Genoese coast, till he had effected a junction with Moreau; the other course was to cross the Appennines at once, and assail the allies from the east, while Moreau should collect his scattered troops, and advance against them from the west. Macdonald had been accustomed to success; he was confident in the vigour of his troops; and the dispersed situation of the allied forces offered a tempting prospect of successive advantages to such rapid assailants as the French. He remembered his triumphs over the Austrians in the former war, and he had yet to learn that any change of commander could make them different from what he had known them. Moreau, taught by recent experience, leaned to the cautious side: but Macdonald determined to judge for himself, and descended from the Appennines into the plain, trusting to his celerity for beating the allied troops in detail.

No sooner had Suwarof learned this design, than he proceeded by

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forced marches to meet the French commander before he could advance sufficiently to cooperate with Moreau. Macdonald had passed Modena, Reggio, Parma, and Placenza, driving before him the light troops of the allies, and was on the point of forcing general Ott to relinquish his position near Placenza; when Suwarof arrived in the afternoon of the 17th June, and, joining his forces to the Austrians, obliged the French to retreat, after an obstinate and bloody struggle. Macdonald, however, although repulsed, was not overcome; and he drew his army, the next morning, in a compact position near the Trebia, the scene of the famous battle between Hannibal and Sempronius. Protected by a numerous artillery, and strengthened by woods and ditches, he calmly awaited the onset of his adversary. The French were in number 30,000, the allies 36,000. Suwarof saw the strength of the enemy's position and felt that it could not be turned. Little room was left for generalship; and the conflict was to be decided by obstinate perseverance and force. His plan of attack was simple, His tróops marched in three columns, and assailed the enemy with the bayonet. Success was long doubtful; the Russians were repulsed at an important point, and were retreating when Suwarof laid himself down on the road, and declared that "he would die on the spot if his troops gave way." They returned to the charge, and, after the most extraordinary efforts, drove the French from the field of battle: but they were too much fatigued to pursue the latter beyond the Trebia; and Macdonald, taking courage from their inaction, ventured, on the third day, to become the assailant. He attacked in front the right wing and centre of the allies, and had the hardihood to push forwards a column to turn their left. This column the allies charged with cavalry; and though such attacks are rarely successful against good troops, the fatigued state of the French obliged them to yield, and Macdonald, defeated at all points, fled to the Appennines with a loss of 20,000 men. Suwarof now came back on Moreau, who had advanced against his rear, but did not dare to await his return. The siege of Mantua next engaged his attention; and having supported it with 600 pieces of cannon, he soon forced it to surrender.

Meanwhile, the French had collected a fresh army for the reconquest of Italy, and placed at its head general Joubert, a young man of great energy, in whom they believed that they saw a second Buonaparte. The hostile armies came in sight of each other at Novi, the French occupying a position on the heights, from which they proposed to descend on the next day to fight in the plain. Suwarof determined to anticipate their attack, and, detaching general Melas to turn them on the right, directed in person the assault on their centre. This battle, the last general action which he fought, was the most obstinate that he had ever witnessed. The French repulsed the allies on the left, and in the centre the Russian columns were three times driven back. Suwarof exclaimed: "Shall I then be beaten at the end of my career?" and was on the point of rushing to put himself at the head of his grenadiers. At last, Melas having accomplished Suwarof's plan of turning the enemy's right, a fourth attack of the Russians proved successful in the centre; and Joubert having been killed, the French were completely defeated, with the loss of all their artillery, and 8000 men killed in the field. The loss of the allies was also considerable.

Suwarof was now at the height of his fame. Honours flowed on him from all quarters, but particularly from Russia, Paul, having created him a prince of the empire, conferred on him the surname of Italiski,

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and directed that his name should be joined with the imperial family in the publick prayers. The court of Vienna concurred, ostensibly, in the general congratulations: but its illiberal and selfish policy had already laid the seeds of disunion with Russia. Piedmont having been reconquered by their combined arms, Russia wished to restore that country to its former sovereign, but Austria coveted its retention for herself. Suwarof was of a character too inflexible and independent for a cabinet that was accustomed, like that of Austria, to implicit acquiescence from its agents. It was determined, therefore, that he should withdraw with the Russians from Italy; and that, joining them to the reenforcements recently arrived in Swisserland, he should command an army exclusively Russian. He accordingly set out on his march through the frightful defiles of Swisserland; after having warned the Austrians of the misfortunes which their tardy and indecisive tacticks would bring on them, and adding, that, notwithstanding their jealousy, he would return and cover their retreat in the hour of disaster. He entered Swisserland with a force of only 12,000 effective Russians, the remnant of 40,000—so wasteful to an army are even victories! In this laborious and dangerous march, he displayed the same intelligence and activity in surmounting the obstacles of nature, which he had already shown in vanquishing his enemies; but while he was occupied in penetrating through these terrifick defiles, he received the alarming news that Massena had overthrown the Russian army at Zurich, that the Austrians, who were destined to support his march, had fled, and that the French had cut off his retreat in all directions. Never was a commander in a more perilous situation. With only a few days' provisions, he was in the midst of rocks and mountains, from which the only egress was by three paths; one towards Glarus on the east, occupied by the French under general Molitor; another at Attorf, on the south, where general Lecourbe had taken post with a strong corps; and a third at Schwitz on the north, whither Massena was advancing by forced marches, flushed with success and confident of his prey. The eyes of all Europe were fixed on Swisserland, and the aged warriour was given up for lost. He felt the danger of his situation, but he assumed a cheerful countenance to his troops. To retreat had never been his lot in war, and it cost him dear to resort to it at the close of his career. The necessity, however, was indispensable; and he yielded to that necessity, yet in a manner which bespoke the unsubdued vigour of his mind. He marched suddenly against Massena's vanguard, overthrew it, and destroyed its artillery; then turning rapidly to the east, he directed his course towards the path which led to Glarus. This path was so narrow as to admit only two men abreast; on the left was a perpendicular rock; and on the right a lake. Confined as it was by nature, it was still farther obstructed by stones and logs of wood. The French troops were in front; and their artillery on the opposite side of the lake, commanded it in flank. Here was no common danger, and a general who had not complete possession of the hearts of his soldiers would have been irretrievably lost. Suwarof first showed the Russians the path, and next pointed to himself and the emperour's son, Constantine, both about to fall into the hands of the enemy, unless rescued by the valour of their own troops. The soldiers, affected with the scene, demanded with loud cries to be led on, and their intrepidity and impetuosity overcame every obstacle. The French were made to vanish from the path, as if swept off by a superiour power; and they were pursued with such celerity that they

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overthrew their own posts successively in their flight. Suwarof arrived at Glarus victorious, but determined to withdraw from all cooperation with the Austrians, whom he accused of having abandoned his army. He persisted in this determination; his court concurred with him; and the cabinet of Vienna, being so infatuated as to refuse the cessions required by Russia, as an evidence of her sincerity, Suwarof led back his army to their own frontiers. On the marshal's arrival at Petersburg, Paul wreaked his own disappointment on that officer, accused him of not timely apprizing him of the perfidious intentions of Austria, and pretended to make light of his military exploits. Suwarof, afflicted at the manner in which the coalition had been dissolved, and too keenly alive to censure proceeding from the throne, became dangerously ill. On hearing this, Paul relented, and sent to him his two sons, Alexander and Constantine. The veteran recovered sufficiently to deliver to them instructions for their guidance in publick life; and to lament the degradations of his country since the death of Catherine; but the disease was too far gone to be removed by any consolation, and he soon afterwards expired in his seventieth year. Paul, irritated, perhaps, by the warriour's dying declaration, refused him any higher funeral than that of a major general. The courtiers took warning, and did not attend; an example which was imitated by the whole diplomatick body, with the honourable exception of the English ambassadour. Some time afterward, however, Paul ordered a statue of Suwarof to be erected in a publick square at Petersburg, which was completed during the present reign, with a solemn ceremony, in which Suwarof's son appeared, accompanied by the emperour and his whole court. In the church of Alexander Neuski is to be seen a plain bronze table inscribed with the name of Suwarof, and lighted by a lamp which is kept burning at all hours. This is his tomb.

M. Laverne concludes his work with a delineation of Suwarof's character, which, like some other parts of the volume, is considerably too diffuse. It conveys, however, when taken all together, a very clear representation of the warriour's disposition and habits. Passing over the remarks which appear to us superfluous, we have put together and translated the most interesting passages.

"Suwarof had been above fifty years in military service; he had been present in more than a hundred actions, and had commanded in sixty four, without ever being defeated. His predominant passion was the love of glory; indifferent to wealth, he gave up to others the spoils of the vanquished; and he shared with the private soldiers even those pecuniary rewards which were bestowed exclusively on himself. In person, he was small and thin; his body seemed to consist of sinews; his features were mean, his nose flat, his mouth wide, and his eyes were small, but discovered, by their animation, the fire of his temperament. His health was sound and vigorous. He rose regularly at daybreak, drenched himself with cold water, and took a repast between eight and nine o'clock. When in the field, he used the diet of a common soldier, which was generally broth and sour bread. In quarters, the only addition which he made to this plain food consisted in the use of cheese, butter, or salt meat. His drink was beer, with a little brandy after each meal; of which he ate two in the course of the day, with a keen appetite. His general custom was to sleep only three or four hours at night, and as many, when opportunity permitted, in the middle of the day. He was regular in his devotional exercises, and performed them before an image of St. Nicholas, the tutelary saint of Russia. When in quarters, he slept wrapt up in his cloak on a thin mattress or blanket, stretched on the floor; in the field, he slept on a board or on the bare ground. He never had guards, and his soldiers, as well as officers, had access to him at all hours. He was accustomed to traverse the camp on foot or on horseback alone; he descended to jocular familiarity and even to buffoonery with his soldiers,

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a conduct which would have been absurd among troops of a more civilized stamp; but which, to the semi-barbarian Russians presented an image of the only manners that they could comprehend. The result of all these habits was an unparalleled devotion on the part of his soldiers, which accounts for the singular circumstance of his never being defeated during so long a career. They thought that their commander was an inspired being, and they would march to inevitable fate under his orders. He never carried money in his pocket, and would not even touch any. His fortune was enjoyed by his son, by his relations, and by the officers of his suite. A declared enemy to luxury, he caused every article of superfluous furniture to be removed from any apartment which was appropriated to him; and if a mirror had been left, he broke it in pieces forthwith, as an appendage unworthy of a man. The only things of which he was proud, were the diamonds and stars of orders that were conferred on him for his military exploits. They were very numerous, and had been chiefly the gift of the empress Catherine. They were carried near his person in a casket, and worn by him with great pomp on publick occasions. His ordinary dress was very plain, and consisted, in summer, of a cotton jacket, with scarlet lace, linen drawers, small, old fashioned boots, and a light casque on his head.

"The court of Vienna, in appointing him to the chief command, wished it to be understood that the troops of the two nations, though both under his direction, should act separately. Suwarof would not admit any general stipulation to this effect, but showed by his arrangements a discriminating sense of their respective merits; employing the Austrians, on account of their tactical knowledge, in vanguards and detached corps, and relying on the Russians for desperate attacks. His staff was composed in great measure of Austrian officers; and on the chief of the staff reading over to him the plan of attack or of a march, he discovered exquisite discernment in retrenching what was superflous, or supplying what was deficient. He was never the advocate of defensive operations. His leading characteristicks were celerity in march, and boldness in attack; minor considerations, such as a change of position during action, or taking advantage of a particular locality, do not seem to have been familiar to him. Having once formed his plan, he pushed straight forwards to its execution. Posts and batteries indiscriminately were attacked at the point of the bayonet; and in front, without hesitation, if a ready access was not offered at the flank. He was accustomed to say to his officers: 'If I sustain a loss of lives to day, it will cause a saving hereafter;' and to the soldiers, 'balls are blind, but bayonets can discern.' He accustomed his troops to the performance of duty in spite of all obstacles, in the shape of weather, of privations, of fatigue, or of dangers. His officers, having once received an order, were not allowed to weigh the difficulties attending its execution, but were required to fulfil it promptly and completely. His custom was to take no notice of the attendant obstacles, but to prescribe distinctly the day, the hour, and the place. He could not bear to hear an officer say: 'I do not know this,' or 'I cannot do that.' He expected every one under his command to acquire a ready application of his powers, and had no patience with those who hesitated. To ascribe ferocity to him as an inherent quality is a vulgar errour; yet mildness as certainly did not enter into his composition. His retorts, even to his superiours, were bitter and poignant. He was often blunt and rude to the officers attached to his person, and not sufficiently attentive in aiding their promotion. It might be said that he treated the soldiers better than the officers, and the officers at large better than those who were under his immediate eye. He had an antipathy to the Prussians, on account of their boasting and military parade. The publick in general are strangely misinformed in respect to the extent of his knowledge. He has been pictured as an unlettered barbarian; but he possessed a stock of varied and profound erudition. He spoke the Russian, Turkish, Polish, Italian, German, and French languages. He was capable of writing German and French, and he read Greek, Latin, and Arabick. He could quote ancient and modern history with surprising accuracy; and he was qualified to carry on a conversation on subjects the most foreign to his profession. With a priest he would discourse on divinity; with a lawyer on jurisprudence; and with a surgeon on anatomy. He declined to accept any presents in property from the empress till after he had children; but eventually his fortune was augmented by these donations to a large amount. His family consisted of a son and a daughter. His son, count Italisky, is favourably known in the diplomatick world, and his daughter, the wife of general Zoubof, is a woman of great merit, and was the idol of her father, who would kiss her hand for hours together, and run about her room, thanking heaven for having given him such a daughter."

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Our objections to M. Laverne's book are of two kinds. He trespasses, sometimes, in the way of declamation, and, like many other biographers, he is apt to be transported into too vehement an admiration of the subject of his labours. Not that we would be understood to mean that he overrates Suwarof's military talents; but that he attributes to him, in other respects, feelings too refined for his situation. Knowledge, and even learning, to a great extent, were possessed by this extraordinary man; and a generous passion for the glory of his country was predominant in him, to the exclusion of all selfish views of private ambition: but to dwell on his sentiments of delicacy and humanity, as M. Laverne sometimes permits himself to do, is to ascribe to him qualities which are incompatible with his habits of life, and with the character of that society from which he took his impressions. Objectionable, however, as the book is in these respects, it is still such a production as we should rejoice to see proceed from the pen of an English officer.

We shall now offer a few remarks on a subject which M. Laverne could not venture to touch with an impartial hand—a comparison between Suwarof and Buonaparte. Each had from nature a most ardent mind, and each pursued his profession with intense assiduity. A remarkable resemblance prevails also in the character of their warfare. Both have owed their fame to battles, and not to manœuvring; both have been distinguished for rapid movements; and both have been accused of want of variety in their tacticks. Buonaparte's education in an enlightened country had led to the attainment of a wider compass of scientifick knowledge; Suwarof's length of practical experience had procured him a more complete mastery over the machine which he directed. If we would imagine a situation in which these, the greatest generals of the present age, were opposed to each other on equal terms, we must not assign to the one the power of France, and to the other that of Russia: that would indeed be an unequal opposition of means, which would place the resources of a vast and disjointed region against those of so populous and compact a country as France. To obtain a fair ground of parallel, we must suppose a case in which Buonaparte and Suwarof took the field with equal numbers and equal resources; the only distinction being that the one commanded Frenchmen, and the other Russians. In officers, Buonaparte would have had the benefit of science; Suwarof that of devoted attachment. In soldiers, Buonaparte would have possessed intelligence and activity; Suwarof, fearless intrepidity. Under such circumstances, the chances in a pitched battle would have been in favour of Suwarof: but, in a protracted warfare, in favour of Buonaparte. Had Buonaparte ventured to pursue towards his Russian antagonist the daring system by which he assailed the Austrians, he would soon have paid the forfeit of rashness; for had Suwarof commanded at Asperne, Buonaparte's army would never have recrossed the Danube. But we estimate his talents too highly, to believe that he would have hazarded bold measures against such an enemy. He appears to possess the tact of Hannibal in adapting his mode of operation to the character of his opponent; and we are no converts to the notion that his success in war has been owing either to the power of numbers or to fortune. He would have been wise enough to know that Suwarof was too vigilant to be surprised, and too strong to be overthrown; and he would have concluded that his only chance of success consisted in drawing the eager veteran into a snare. To yield partial successes to an enemy, and draw

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them into a general engagement under circumstances of disadvantage, was early the plan of Buonaparte; and the impetuosity of Suwarof's temper, and the uniformity of his past successes, might have laid him open to such a system. He had fought with Turks and Poles, and was so much accustomed to chase his enemies before him, that it is doubtful whether he was prepared to make due allowance for the different character of the French; for the resources of their officers in the hour of pressure; and for the dexterity of their soldiers in recovering their order and repeating their attacks. On the one hand, we cannot doubt that the inventive mind of Buonaparte might have devised a combination of circumstances, which were calculated to draw his antagonist into imminent danger: on the other hand, it would evidently have been very hazardous to concert the measures necessary to a complicated plan, within reach of an adversary who was accustomed to deal speedy destruction to all who were exposed to him. In short, Suwarof and his Russians formed an engine of such a nature as to bid defiance to calculation; for if we go so far as to suppose that Buonaparte had succeeded in bringing them to action under circumstances so unfavourable as to leave no chance to ordinary troops, still the energy of Suwarof, and the desperate fury of his soldiers, might have overturned the most skilful combinations, and have poured on the heads of the enemy the destruction which the latter had prepared for them.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Observations on Madness and Melancholy, including Practical Remarks on those Diseases, together with Cases, and an Account of the morbid Appearances on Dissection By John Haslam, late of Pembroke hall, Cambridge, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Apothecary to Bethlem Hospital. The second Edition, considerably enlarged. 8vo. pp. 345 9s. 1809.

THE malady which forms the subject of this volume is peculiarly interesting. The frequency of its occurrence, and the derangement of civil association which it occasions, render an acquaintance with its characteristicks essential to people of every condition. How frequently are men, totally ignorant of the laws of organick being, and of the human mind, called upon to decide whether an individual shall be torn from his family and his friends, to be immured within the walls of a lunatick asylum! How frequently have the eloquence, the argumentative skill, and the ready wit of an advocate, determined the fate, the fortunes, and the character of a man of sound mind, but of eccentrick habits; or on the plea of madness have set aside the intentions of a testator! How frequently have madmen been suffered to perpetrate acts of monstrous impropriety, because no one would pronounce them insane; and how many instances of suicide have been committed, because the friends of the unfortunate victim of rashness were not apprized of the distinguishing signs of the disorder, which poisoned all his sources of happiness! We were therefore gratified with the appearance of this publication. The author, in his capacity of apothecary to the Bethlem Hospital, has long enjoyed extensive opportunities of investigating the complaint, and he possesses many requisites for such an undertaking.

In the present edition, Mr. Haslam has declined giving a definition of madness, and in this we think he is perfectly right. Although medical

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practitioners may determine that a person is mad, it would be utterly impossible to comprise, in a few words, the characteristick signs of a complaint which appears in such various forms. We are less satisfied with the cursory manner in which the author has treated of the mental faculties. He deems it peculiarly incumbent on him who undertakes to write of them in their distempered state, to have a thorough knowledge of their nature, extent, and rectitude; and considers it important that the medical practitioner should be enabled to establish the state of the patient's case, as a departure from that which is reason. We admit the difficulty of establishing a satisfactory theory of the human mind, and concede to this author, that "it does not possess all those powers and faculties with which the pride of man has thought proper to invest it." But we utterly deny the latter part of the sweeping conclusion which immediately follows, that "by our senses we are enabled to become acquainted with objects, and we are capable of recollecting them in a greater or less degree; *the rest appears to be merely a contrivance of language.*" p. 9. According to this supposition, the vast intellectual difference which obtains between men placed in similar circumstances, and pursuing similar means of acquiring information, would depend solely on the acuteness of their perceptive faculty, and the power of their memory; but we sometimes observe these faculties, in an eminent degree, in men who are not remarkable for wisdom, or for sound judgment. We have known an ideot possessed of memory; and have seen children wholly devoid of the power of reasoning, who were gifted with an accurate perception and extensive memory; in short, we must regard these as subordinate faculties, by which we are enabled merely to acquire and retain the rudiments of knowledge. The reasoning which Mr. Haslam has adduced to support his hypothesis is more ingenious than conclusive. If he could not satisfy himself of the nature and being of the human mind, before he promulgated his sceptical tenets, he should have been prepared with more substantial arguments than those which he has brought forwards. He thinks, that

"If mind were capable of the operations attributed to it, and possessed of these powers, it would necessarily have been able to create a language expressive of these powers and operations. But the fact is otherwise. The language which characterizes mind and its operations, has been borrowed from external objects, for mind has no language peculiar to itself. A few instances will sufficiently illustrate this position. After having committed an offence, it is natural to say that the mind feels contrition and sorrow. Contrition is from *cum* and *tero*, to rub together, which cannot possibly have any thing to do with the operations of the mind, which is incapable of rubbing its ideas or notions together. Contrition is a figurative expression, and may possibly mean the act of rubbing out the stain of vice, or wearing down by friction the prominences of sin." p. 9.

We do not profess to understand the last sentence, and are unwilling to renounce our belief, that the mind possesses faculties distinct from matter, because the author cannot discover that it has any language peculiar to itself. If Mr. Haslam can explain that power which wills, and which thinks, and which determines our actions, and regulates our conduct, by any of the known laws of matter, we shall endeavour to refute his doctrine, or to relinquish our own opinions.

But although we totally dissent from Mr. Haslam's metaphysical speculations, we give him due credit for his able investigation and clear account of the distemper on which he has written. He adopts the usual terms, mania and melancholia, to distinguish the forms under which insanity occurs, but does dot regard them as opposite diseases. He thus describes the symptoms:

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"On the approach of mania, they [the patients] first become uneasy, are incapable of confining their attention, and neglect any employment to which they have been accustomed; they get but little sleep, they are loquacious, and disposed to harangue, and decide promptly and positively upon every subject that may be started. Soon after, they are devested of all restraint in the declaration of the opinions of those with whom they are acquainted. Their friendships are expressed with fervency and extravagance; their enmities with intolerance and disgust. They now become impatient of contradiction, and scorn reproof. For supposed injuries, they are inclined to quarrel and fight with those about them. They have all the appearance of persons inebriated; and those who are unacquainted with the symptoms of approaching mania, generally suppose them to be in a state of intoxication. At length suspicion creeps in upon the mind, they are aware of plots, which had never been contrived, and detail motives that were never entertained. At last, the succession of ideas is too rapid to be examined; the mind becomes crowded with thoughts, and confusion ensues." p. 41.

"Those under the influence of the depressing passions will exhibit a different train of symptoms. The countenance wears an anxious and gloomy aspect, and they are little disposed to speak. They retire from the company of those with whom they had formerly associated, seclude themselves in obscure places, or lie in bed the greatest part of their time. Frequently they will keep their eyes fixed to some object for hours together, or continue them an equal time 'bent on vacuity.' They next become fearful, and conceive a thousand fancies; often recur to some immoral act which they have committed, or imagine themselves guilty of crimes which they never perpetrated; believe that God has abandoned them, and, with trembling, await his punishment. Frequently they become desperate, and endeavour, by their own hands, to terminate an existence which appears to be an afflicting and hateful incumbrance." p. 44.

Next follow some important observations on the nature of a lucid interval, which is defined "to be a complete recovery of the patient's intellects, ascertained by repeated examinations of conversation, and by constant observation of his conduct, for a time sufficient to enable the superintendant to form a correct judgment." The cunning which some patients exhibit on these occasions is remarkable, and has even, at times, deceived the penetration of Mr. Haslam himself.

Memory is the first power which decays, and this author observes, that "insane people, who have been good scholars, after a long confinement, lose, in a wonderful degree, the correctness of orthography. When they write, above half the words are frequently mis-spelt; they are written according to the pronunciation." Deafness and tinnitus aurium are frequent symptoms, and occasion many curious delusions.

Mr. Haslam has related several interesting cases of insanity, with the appearances on dissection. In all these the brain showed unequivocal marks of organick disease. He divides the causes of insanity into physical and moral.

"Under the first are comprehended repeated intoxication; blows received upon the head; fever, particularly when attended with delirium; mercury, largely and injudiciously administered; cutaneous eruptions repelled, and the suppression of periodical or occasional discharges and secretions; hereditary disposition, and paralytick affections." p. 209.

Amongst the moral causes are enumerated—

"The long endurance of grief; ardent and ungratified desires; religious terrour; the disappointment of pride; sudden fright; fits of anger; prosperity humbled by misfortunes: in short, the frequent and uncurbed indulgence of any passion or emotion, and any sudden or violent affection of the mind." p. 210.

Many ingenious hypotheses respecting the moon's influence on maniacks have been maintained. Mr. Haslam, who takes nothing for ganted without full proof, kept a register for more than two years, and, in the course of his very extensive practice, did not find, "in

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any instance, that the alterations of the human intellect correspond with, or were influenced by, the vicissitudes of this luminary." p. 217. Sometimes, indeed, by shining brightly into the apartments of the insane, the moon may prevent them from sleeping, and thus augment the violence of their symptoms; but a lighted candle would produce a similar effect.

Mr. Haslam very successfully ridicules the commonly received opinion, that intellectual labour becomes a cause of insanity. He discusses the important question of the hereditary disposition of madness with acuteness and great candour. We would most seriously impress the following observations of this author on the minds of our readers:

"Parents and guardians, in the disposal or direction of the choice of their children in marriage, should be informed, that an alliance with a family, where insanity has prevailed, ought to be prohibited. Having directed some attention to inquiries of this nature, I am enabled truly to state, that, where one of the parents have [has] been insane, it is more than probable that the offspring will be similarly affected."

Although the author has enumerated moral agents amongst the causes of insanity, he still evinces great reluctance in considering them as such. From what he has stated, indeed, we may fairly infer, that he denies the existence of mind, and laughs at "a disease of ideas." His dissections have always discovered more or less of organick disease, and he seems rather to suppose this altered condition of the organ is a cause, and not an effect of the disease. In some instances, unquestionably, this is the case, as when the complaint is consequent upon external violence. But surely the most sceptical mind must admit, that when a person becomes insane from sudden joy, from long continued brooding over misfortune, from a malicious spirit of hatred, or of revenge, from disappointed love, or in short, from any passion of the mind, some derangement (and we will not flinch from the question) some "disease of ideas," occurs previously to any morbid change in the brain itself. Some people are subjected to temporary insanity from the least determination of blood to the head, or from the least contradiction or opposition to their wishes being offered; and in these the increased flow of blood in the organ most probably induces the complaint; the agent continuing to operate, the disease becomes permanent, and is then followed by inflammation in the brain, or its membranes. But this, in our opinion, is a secondary effect. All that Mr. Haslam has been able to establish, is, that where insanity has existed for a considerable time, after death, the brain or its membranes have evinced the marks of having been subjected to inflammation. This also is often the case in patients who have died from fever. We therefore think it would have been more philosophical if the author had simply stated the facts which he had ascertained. The present state of our anatomical knowledge does not warrant us to draw any positive conclusions respecting the causes of insanity; and we wish Mr. H. had exercised his ingenuity in tracing the first aberrations from sense, and in endeavouring to connect them with some of the moral causes which he has assigned, and which we cannot doubt sometimes produce the disease before the evidences of inflammation can be established, although ultimately they may be found. Again, insanity is not unfrequently consequent upon a diseased state of the abdominal viscera; is present at some periods during the pregnancy of certain females, and occurs in some young people at the period when certain changes in the genital organs take place, yet many of such patients have recovered when the irritating cause has ceased to ope-

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rate; and in some of those who have died, no marks of a morbid affection have been detected in the brain, or its membranes. Pussin and Pinel have recorded many instances which have occurred in their patients in the hospitals Bicêtre, and Salpêtrière, where no organick disease was supposed to exist, and which were cured, not by medicines, but by what Cabanis terms "Thygienne morale."

Our limits preclude us from stating many interesting particulars respecting the probable event of the disease. But we cannot forbear noticing what Mr. Haslam has most forcibly advanced on the subject of "religious madness," which is seldom cured. After a short and animated description of the nature and objects of religion, the author concludes:

"It is, therefore, sinful to accuse religion, which preserves the dignity and integrity of our intellectual faculty with being the cause of its derangement. The mind becomes refreshed and corroborated by a fair and active exercise of its powers, directed to proper objects; but when an anxious curiosity leads us to unveil that which must ever be shrouded from our view, the despair which always attends those impotent researches, will necessarily reduce us to the most calamitous state."

He then expresses his veneration for the established church, and its learned and liberal minded pastors. The methodists are severely chastised.

"But what," says this author, "can be expected when the most ignorant of our race attempt to inform the multitude; when the dregs of society shall assume the garb of sanctity, and the holy office; and pretend to point out a privy path to heaven, or cozen their feeble followers into the belief that they possess a picklock for its gates? The difficulty of curing this species of madness will be readily explained, from the consideration, that the whole of their doctrine is a base system of delusion, rivited on the mind by terrour and despair; and there is also good reason to suppose, that they frequently contrive, by the grace of cordials, to fix the waverings of belief, and thus endeavour to dispel the gloom and dejection which these hallucinations infallibly excite." p. 267.

Upon the management and treatment of insane persons many judicious observations occur, for which we must refer to the volume itself, which, however imperfect in some respects, contains the best and most practical account of insanity that we are acquainted with. The most prominent defect in Mr. Haslam, is his complete originality, which has led him to disdain the labours of other writers, and depend solely on his own experience. The facts which he has stated on the subject cannot be disputed, and thus the materials for forming a more complete history of the complaint, are augmented. We think, if the author will condescend to bestow some pains on the study of metaphysicks, and inform himself of the recent improvements which have been made in physiology, he may yet present us with what has long been wanting, a comprehensive and scientifick work on insanity.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A Series of Letters to a Man of Property, on the Sale, Purchase, Lease, Settlement, and Devise of Estates. By Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 126. 5*s*. Boards. 1809.

THE present is the most amusing law production which ever fell in our way. It proceeds in a uniform, easy flow, abounds in lively turns, and is seasoned with piquant anecdotes. Truly glad should we be to see Tidd and Wyatt, Mitford and Chitty, dressed out in the same easy

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and attractive attire. There would then be some chance of occasionally finding a lawbook in the hands of even the most fashionable of the youths in our Inns of Court.

From the specimen now before us, we are warranted in concluding that, if Mr. Sugden, instead of pursuing the most forbidding branch of a dry and plodding profession, had devoted himself to letters, he would have excelled in productions of wit and humour. His Letters to a Man of Property, contain the marrow and essence of the elaborate and valuable treatise on the law of Vendor and Vendee; and, although he strictly confines himself to the superficies of his subject, his pages exhibit unequivocal proofs of extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and singular acuteness. It is remarkable, however, that this well written tract should be headed by an incorrect title page, in which *lease* and *devise* are made to bear the sense of *leasing* and *devising*.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Assassin of St. Glenroy; or the Axis of Life. A novel. By Anthony Frederick Holstein. 12mo. 4 vols. 1*l.* boards. 1810.

WE paid a tribute to the inventive powers of this author in our account of his sir Owen Glendower; but the present publication, without lessening our opinion of his talents, excites our regret, by an avowal which may, perhaps, be attractive to some readers; namely, that he has attempted portrait painting in several of the characters. We think that this practice of introducing living personages into the novels of the day is both ungenerous and unjustifiable; and though it may produce a transient curiosity, it seldom increases the intrinsick merit of a work. The lady Orina of this tale is, however, so common a character, that it would be difficult to make any individual application of it; while "The Fishmonger of Dorsetshire," is so dull, and so indelicate, that we cannot but rejoice at having no acquaintance with the original.

A few inelegant expressions occur, such as "*regularly mouldered* features,"—"he was *obligated* to entreat,"—"Your ladyship appears quite *in the dolorous*," &c. We also object to the profusion of French which is introduced. The author not only makes all his fashionable characters talk French with great fluency, but, in order to confirm his own assertion, that he has himself moved in the same sphere, he intersperses French sentences very perseveringly in the narrative. These passages do not always possess idiomatick propriety; as when we are told of sir Felix Guildford, that "in temporary *amour* he ever had continued;" and they are very seldom correctly written. We read of the heroine's "*sojour*" in a place in which she was entertained with "*petite soupers*" and a "*grande ambigu*," and of her displaying to her lover "*some of the bijou*" with which she had ornamented her boudoir.

We have, however, the pleasure of stating that the merits of this novel overbalance its defects; the incidents are interesting and well imagined; some of the characters are original, and ably supported; and the dialogue, though too flowery, is always animated, and occasionally witty.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE CELEBRATED COL. FERDINAND VON SCHILL.

FERDINAND VON SCHILL, the youngest of four sons, was born in 1773, at Sothoff, an estate which then belonged to his father, and is situated near Rosenberg, in Upper Silesia. His father, who is still living, and upwards of eighty years of age, was originally in the Austrian service, which he afterwards exchanged for the Saxon; and on the taking of the Saxon army at the commencement of the seven years' war, he raised a corps of partisans which executed some important enterprises, and rendered itself particularly formidable to the corps of Turks, which the duke of Brunswick had at that time organized. On the breaking out of the war respecting the Bavarian succession, he entered, in consequence of an invitation to that purpose, into the Prussian service; but, from the short duration of hostilities, he had no opportunity of signalizing himself.

Young Schill was destined, from his earliest infancy, for his father's profession, and, at the age of six years, entered the corps of cadets. In 1789, he was made cornet in Schimmelpfenning's hussars, and was the year following, removed to the queen's dragoons. He was not pleased with the petty service in the garrison, and he could not prevail upon himself to pay such attention to trifles as he saw his comrades do. It is well known that, in the German armies, there were numbers of officers who considered it the most important duty of a soldier to keep his hair in proper trim, and his buttons highly polished. Men of this description doubtfully shook their heads respecting young Schill, or even went so far as to deny that he had any military talents. Some, at the present day, when informed of his recent exploits, have been heard to exclaim: "Good God! who could ever have supposed that Schill would become such a man!" Schill was meanwhile forming plans for futurity, and his ever active mind panted for opportunities to distinguish himself, especially as the strict subordination, which affords the young officer but little scope for the exertion of superiour powers, must have been to him a species of restraint that prevented him from following the impulse of his nature; which, however, acquired from his very opposition, increased strength and energy. Giving himself up to his own way of thinking, he is said to have avoided, as much as possible, the society of his comrades, which occasioned disputes that always ended in duels. He was a principal in *twenty-two* of these affairs, in five of which he was wounded.

At the commencement of hostilities between France and Prussia, in 1806, Schill was sub-lieutenant. On the disastrous 14th of October, he was stationed with a picquet at Eckartsberg. Here he was surrounded by the enemy, and summoned to surrender, which he refused. The

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French rushed upon him from all sides, and he received so severe a wound on his head as to deprive him of sense. He must infallibly have been killed, had not his horse saved him by springing aside. His comrades afterwards found him, without signs of life, upon the ground. They took care of him, bound up his wounds, and in this state, conveyed him to Magdeburg. In this helpless situation, he was received by M. Berr, teacher of the French language, who, with his wife, nursed him with the utmost philanthropy. He had made no great progress in his recovery, when he learned that Magdeburg was on the point of surrendering to the enemy. Nothing was now capable of detaining him in that city—regardless of his wounds, and faithful to his sovereign, even to death itself, he hastened to Colberg, where he arrived in the most violent fever.

No sooner had he recovered, than he manifested the most ardent desire to be actively employed in the service of his country. Before this wish was gratified, he had great obstacles to surmount; obstacles thrown in his way by envy, mistrust, and mean jealousy. He proposed to make excursions about the fortress; but the number of men placed at his disposal was so small as to indicate a wish to get rid of, rather than to support him. He, nevertheless, took several military chests and magazines, which were in the neighbouring towns, and, by his stratagems, kept off the enemy for a considerable time from the fortress.

An affair which he had at Gulzow, a small place, situated to the south of Kamin, near the Frische Haff, with a far superiour number of the enemy, was particularly brilliant. He was in hopes of surprising the French, but his approach had been betrayed. On his arrival in the night before Gulzow he found sixty men belonging to the troops of Baden drawn up with artillery to receive him. Schill had no more than ten foot soldiers, and six cuirassiers. The former he posted in the churh-yard in order of battle, and with the latter he galloped to the opposite side of the town, in which were sixty of the enemy's horse, totally unprepared for an attack, and consequently in great disorder. Schill boldly charged them, and at the first onset was fortunate enough to kill their commander. With a voice of thunder he then cried out: "Cossacks, push on!" and to this presence of mind alone was indebted for the victory. The enemy's cavalry having lost their leader, and conceiving that a much stronger corps was advancing against them, fled with precipitation, and Schill thus gained time to drive out the infantry likewise, and to render his victory complete.—People could scarcely believe their eyes, when they saw him return with his little corps, bringing thirty-three prisoners whom he had taken at Gulzow.

This achievement procured the valiant Schill the favour of his sovereign in a high degree. He rewarded him with the Order of Merit, which never more deservedly decorated the breast of a soldier.

Schill continued to collect the horses, cattle, and arms from the environs of Colberg, and to convey them into the fortress; to elude the vigilance of the enemy; to cut off his convoys; to take his military chests; and to harass him in every possible way. His name became feared and respected by the troops of France, and of the Rhenish confederacy. Numerous detachments were sent out to take him, but he contrived matters so well, that all their endeavours proved ineffectual.

The success which attended all his enterprizes; the talents which he displayed on every occasion; the marks of respect that were shown him by the king, at length, procured him greater consideration at Colberg. His advice was asked, and he

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was intrusted with more important commands. Flattering as this must have been to him, he still wished to be at the head of a corps of his own, that he might no longer be obliged to receive orders from men who were incapable of entering into his ideas, but be more at liberty to follow the impulses of his own genius. But if he would lead a corps, it was necessary he should first raise one. Schill was not a man to be deterred by difficulties and impediments. Scarcely had he formed the idea before he seriously set about putting it in execution. Fortune favoured him, as usual, in this undertaking. Having one night surprised the town of Massow, in Pomerania, he there made prisoners three colonels and some soldiers, and took a military chest, containing ten thousand crowns.

This booty, having previously obtained the sanction of his sovereign, he employed in executing his favourite design. The dispersion of the greatest part of the Prussian army, in consequence of which, many of the soldiers were wandering about, without subsistence, and the general distress occasioned by the war, procured him plenty of followers: and the idea of serving under Schill, whose name was not pronounced but with admiration, was equally flattering to a patriotick and military spirit. Schill devoted his whole attention to the organization of this corps, which was alike distinguished for courage and intrepidity in danger, perseverance under difficulties, and implicit obedience to their leader, resulting from love to his person, and respect for his merits. His exploits with these brave fellows, have excited universal astonishment. He hung upon the rear of the French army, which he harassed incessantly. He took a park of artillery of 40 pieces of cannon, and upwards of 20,000 muskets, set 9,000 Russians at liberty, and made marshal Victor prisoner. For the latter, prince Augustus, at that time a prisoner of war in France, was exchanged, and thus enabled to return to the bosom of his family.

Schill likewise took from Buonaparte seven fine Arabian horses, presented to him by the Grand Seignior. Enraged at this loss, Buonaparte set a price of 100 Napoleon d'ors on Schill's head. Schill gave himself little concern about the menaces of the French emperour, on whose head he, in his turn, set a price, and to show him how low he valued him, he offered but a very small sum. Buonaparte, who was very fond of his horses, sent to demand them of Schill, promising to pay him what they were worth. He sent a letter to him on the subject, addressed *au Capitaine des Brigands, Schill.* The latter replied, that he was willing to send him back his horses, if he would replace on the Brandenberg gate, at Berlin, the triumphal car of which he had robbed it; but as to money, he had no occasion for any, as he should always find sufficient in the military chests of the French army, which he was sure of taking. This letter to Buonaparte he addressed as follows: *Au Colonel de tous les Brigands, mon honourable frere, Napoleon.*

Buonaparte, who was grown a great epicure, was continually sending out couriers to buy up whatever was most rare and delicate for table. Schill found means to intercept these provisions, and took the greater pleasure in regaling himself with them, on account of the disappointment which Buonaparte would experience.

In February, 1807, the king promoted Schill to the rank of captain. In the April following, he repaired to Swedish Pomerania, to prepare the way for a corps of Prussians under Bluchet, which had landed at Stralsund, and was joined by part of Schill's cavalry. Meanwhile the peace, concluded at Tilsit, frustrated the object of this expedition. On

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his return, Schill was appointed major; and, as a mark of publick gratitude, his corps, which was not disbanded, was permitted to bear his name, as well as that of the province in which it was stationed. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which the hero, whose modesty was equalled only by his merits, was received at Berlin, whither he proceeded with the garrison of Colberg, on the departure of the French. The inhabitants of the metropolis vied with each other in paying him a publick tribute of esteem and admiration.

On the conclusion of the peace, the king of Prussia formed, out of Schill's cavalry, the second regiment of Brandenburg hussars, which was placed in garrison at Berlin. Here the major remained till the commencement of the late campaign against Austria, which again opened a field for the display of his extraordinary talents. We know not the precise nature of the object which he had in view in his subsequent operations, nor how far his conduct was sanctioned by his sovereign; but from what he actually accomplished, there seems little doubt that, had fortune spared his life, the north of Germany might, by his spirited example, have been encouraged to throw off the French yoke, and the whole continent might, at this moment, have exhibited a very different aspect from what it at present wears.

Under the pretext of exercising his men, Schill left Berlin with 450 of his hussars, on the 28th of April, 1809. After the usual evolutions, he thus addressed them: "Fellow soldiers, we are already on our march to avenge our good king, his allies, our country, and every one of us, for the cruelties of the French. There is not an individual among our number but what is ready to sacrifice his life for the good cause." The soldiers agreed to follow their commander, who, commencing hostilities as soon as he had passed the Prussian frontiers, took four officers, 350 soldiers, four pieces of cannon, and two pair of colours, and killed, with his own hand, the French general Vautier. Nine officers and 600 men were left on the field of battle. Schill, on his side, lost six of his bravest officers, and 100 men. This action was fought at Todendorf, near Magdeburg, on the opposite bank of the Elbe.

A body of 500 men, both cavalry and infantry, secretly followed him from Berlin. With this reenforcement he made himself master of the little fortress of Domitz, in Mecklenburg, took 300 prisoners at Damgarten, on the frontiers of Swedish Pomerania, and killed 120 more. He put in requisition all the funds belonging to Jerome Buonaparte, and advanced with such rapidity to Stralsund, as to surprise that important place. On taking that city, he cut to pieces a French colonel, several officers, and eighty men, for firing on him and his troops, after they had surrendered at discretion. At Stralsund he found 450 pieces of cannon, and 2700 quintals of powder; and being thus supplied with ammunition, he immediately set 2000 peasants to work at the fortifications of the town.

A considerable force of Dutch and Danish troops was, meanwhile, advancing to regain Stralsund.—Schill's corps now amounted to 3200 men, including 1500 Pomeranian militia, who had been compelled to join it. The combined Dutch and Danes, amounting to 10,000 infantry 1000 cavalry, with thirty pieces of cannon, were commanded by general Gratien, who had under him the Danish general Ewald. The Danes arrived by water under the British flag, which deceived the major, who, having sent one of his officers to Heligoland, whence he had not yet returned, mistook them for British troops. On the 31st of May, the enemy advanced to the assault. Twice did the Dutch appear at the

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gate of Triebsec, and twice at the Kniper gate, with bayonets fixed, in order to force them. They at length accomplished their purpose, with the loss of a great number of men, and Schill killed six with his own hand. As soon as the enemy entered the town, a general massacre commenced. It continued four hours, when the major was shot through the head by a Dutch soldier. The gate of Franken was still occupied by his men. General Gratien ordered the massacre to cease, and it was agreed, that if two of Schill's officers, captain Rochow and another, should satisfy themselves respecting the death of their leader, the remainder of his corps should retire into Prussia. The major's body having been shown to these officers, they fulfilled their agreement the same night, and retired with their arms and baggage. The head of the hero being previously cut off to be sent to Jerome Buonaparte, his corps was interred in the night of the first of June.

In this desperate conflict, the enemy lost the general of division, Carteret, colonels Barneburgh and Cisier, besides eighteen other officers, and 800 men killed; and 12 officers, and 600 men wounded. Schill's corps lost its brave commander, six officers, and 400 men killed; five officers, and 300 men wounded; and 11 officers, and 500 men taken prisoners. These eleven officers, and a great number of privates, were shot by the orders of Buonaparte.

Captain Rochow and several of Schill's officers, who survived and escaped, are now in the British service.

MIGRATION OF MERINO SHEEP.

FROM MISS PLUMPTRE'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

THE sheep and the goats, both of the Carmague and of the Crau, only make these places their winter quarters. A general migration of them to the mountains of Provence and Dauphiné takes place in May, whence they return again in October and November. This migration is conducted with all the order and regularity of the march of an army. Several proprietors unite their flocks together for the journey, according to the extent of country which they are to occupy when they arrive on the mountains, some particular mark being impressed upon the animals of each proprietor, to distinguish them from those of his neighbour. The number thus associated is commonly from ten to twenty thousand, though sometimes they have been carried as far as double the latter number. Among the shepherds that have the care of these flocks, one is elected among themselves as chief of the society for the season, and all the others submit entirely to his control; he is for the time an absolute sovereign. He regulates every thing relating to the march, and is treasurer for the company, the money for the expenses of the route being all lodged in his hands; he consequently pays for every thing. As a check upon him, another of the company is appointed secretary, in whose presence all payments are made, which he immediately enters in a book provided for the purpose: the rest of the shepherds form a council to be consulted by the chief in any case of difficulty that may arise. To every thousand animals three shepherds are allowed, each of whom has his attendant dog.

In the centre of the army march a number of asses which carry the provisions and baggage, and this is always the station of the commander in chief. From these, his head quarters, he issues his orders through his aide-de-camp, and distributes the

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provisions; or if any of the company is negligent in the performance of his duty, or guilty of irregularity in any way, here the commander is always to be found ready to receive the complaint brought against him. If in the course of the journey any mischief should be done by the flocks to the countries through which they pass, a thing that cannot always be prevented, the chief examines into it, and pays the person who has received the injury the proper acknowledgment; he then examines minutely whether this has arisen from negligence on the part of the shepherds, or whether it was an unavoidable accident, and accordingly the sum paid is either levied on the offender, or placed to the account of the common stock.

In the order of march, the goats always take the lead of the sheep. Some of the oldest he-goats have bells round their necks, the sound of which is followed by the rest of the flocks, and it seems to inspire them with spirits for the march. A great intelligence subsists between these veteran troops and their officers; at the command of the latter, the well disciplined animals either halt or move forwards; and when the band rises in the morning after the repose of the night, the moment they receive the order to proceed, they repair to their station in the foremost ranks with as much understanding and regularity as could be observed by the most intelligent human beings. If they come to a stream which must be passed, they will halt at the bank, and survey it with an appearance of apprehension, at the same time as if calculating its breadth exactly with their eye; but, the moment the word of command is given they plunge in without further hesitation, and are followed by the rest of the flock, for all cross by swimming. At night, when the flocks lie down to sleep, the shepherds and dogs still continue on the watch, relieving each other at stated intervals, that all may in their turn enjoy some repose; but it is taken only lying on the ground; they never quit the flock. From three to four weeks are commonly occupied in performing the journey.

When arrived at the mountains, each shepherd has his particular district allotted him by the commander in chief, from which he never permits his flock to stray and encroach upon the territory of his neighbour; and during the whole time of their stay the shepherds live almost entirely on bread and goats' milk, sleeping upon the ground in the open air. In October and November they return again to their plains, travelling in the same order, but still the shepherd never inhabits a house. He goes to the cottage at which his wife and family live to take his meals, but sleeps in his sheepfold, in a hut made of reeds and clay, upon a mat spread on the ground. Yet hard as this life may appear, these people become so much attached to it, that they never wish to quit it; nay they seem to have a repugnance to the idea of any other. They early in life look aged and weather beaten, but commonly enjoy the most perfect state of health, and life to a great age.

THE STORY OF DON ESTEVAN DE XERES.

[*From the History of the Inquisitions.*]

IN the year 1702, Don Estevan de Xeres, a rich inhabitant of Mexico, quitted America in order to reside in Spain, from which he had been absent since his infancy, and at the same time brought with him a considerable part of his fortune. He was now about fifty-four years of age.

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Some residents obliged the captain of the vessel in which Estevan had taken his passage to put into Lisbon.

The avarice of the landlord of the house wherein our traveller lodged, was inflamed at the sight of the great riches which Estevan possessed, and he burned with desire to appropriate, at least, some part to himself; but how was this object to be accomplished? To accuse him before the inquisition was, indeed, a sure method of plundering Estevan of his treasures; but then the holy office would confiscate them, and thus become the only gainer. He at length thought, that, in the interval between the seizure of his person, and the arrival of the commissioners to confiscate his goods, he should be able to secrete something of value, and run no risk of being brought to any account upon the subject. He therefore determined on this plan. This wretch had a son, as abandoned to all virtue as himself, who had made many travels in America. He was of profligate morals and embarrassed circumstances.

In his travels he had resided, for some time, in Mexico; Don Estevan was not entirely unknown to him; it would be possible to make it appear that a violent passion for an Indian beauty had prevailed on him to gratify his mistress and her friends by some acts of adoration towards the sun. The father was to add, to this information, that Don Estevan, since his arrival in Lisbon, had neglected to attend the churches; that he continued every day, for some hours, shut up in his own apartment, in order, probably, to follow, without restraint, his idolatrous devotions; that this suspicion was farther confirmed by some little figures, of a strange form, which he had brought with him, which he kept constantly in his chamber, and which he had strictly commanded the servants of the house not to touch or to disarrange.

The two wretches repaired to the mesa of the holy office, and delivered in their information. It was well received. The riches of the stranger had, during some days, been universally talked of in Lisbon, and the opportunity of seizing upon them was much too favourable to be lost. The next day, late in the evening, Estevan was arrested as he descended from his coach to enter his lodgings. Estevan fortunately had, among the number of his domesticks, a young negro of about four and twenty years of age, whom he had educated from his infancy, and the faithful youth, by his extreme intelligence, his capacity, and his exemplary conduct, but above all, by his inviolable attachment and affection, which resembled the strongest filial piety, had abundantly repaid the kindness which he had shown, and the confidence which he placed in him. Zamora, for this was his name, was present when his master was arrested. He knew enough of the Portuguese and Spanish manners to suspect the occasion, but, in order to ascertain the fact, he followed at a distance, the familiars who conducted his benefactor. He saw them enter the gates of the inquisition; and from that moment he formed the resolution of saving his life, or of perishing in the attempt. His first reflection was, that without money he could not hope for success. He therefore flew back to his master's lodging, being acquainted with the spot where the most valuable effects were deposited, from the perfect confidence which was placed in his honesty. He therefore instantly ascended to the apartment, and seized a small chest filled with diamonds, together with a pocket book which contained the most valuable notes. He remembered, that since their arrival in Lisbon, he attended his master, more than once, to the house of the French consul, with whom he had appeared to be on terms of strict friendship.

The consul, surprised at the spirit and fidelity of the young stranger,

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engaged to afford him every assistance in his power. "I will baffle at least a part of their plot," said he: "I will disappoint their avarice, and that of the inquisition. I know that Estevan has caused a large part of his cargo to be ensured at Bordeaux. I will require that this be sequestered to secure the charges of my countrymen, so that, if you succeed in your generous enterprise, Estevan at least will not be ruined." That very morning the consul repaired to the lodgings of Estevan. The commissioners of the inquisition were there before him, and had begun to make an inventory of the goods of the prisoner. The consul, by virtue of the treaty of commerce which existed between the two nations, exhibited to them the ensurance of the company in Bordeaux, and required, in order to secure the interests of his countrymen, that all the effects of Estevan should be sequestered until the termination of his trial. At the same time, calling to mind the suspicions expressed by Zamora, he required that the entire house should be searched, lest any part of the property of the prisoner should have been removed out of his own apartments. By these means, this knave, being entangled in the net which himself had laid, completely lost the reward of his iniquity, and nothing was left him but the remorse which followed so atrocious an action.

Zamora repaired to the holy office. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. He begged to speak to the grand inquisitor. The guard and attendants treated him with rudeness. "His eminence is asleep." "I will wait then." "So you may wait! On whose part do you come?" "On my own." "Your own, indeed! perhaps you belong to some master?" "Yes, to Don Estevan." In a moment the cry was changed. They took him for an informer. "Enter, my good friend: his eminence shall be apprized of your visit." A messenger was instantly despatched with the intelligence, and returned back almost instantly. "His eminence," said the messenger, "is engaged at present; but he has commanded his private secretary, the right reverend father Juan Maria, of the most illustrious order of St. Dominick, to give you an audience." They then conducted him through a number of magnificent apartments, and brought him, at length, to that of the secretary, who was carelessly reclined upon a sofa, after having just finished his chocolate. He was in the act of saluting a young lady, concerning whom we are not to make too many inquiries. "Go in peace," said he, "my dear sister, and sin no more." A smile was her reply as she left the room.

Zamora informed the inquisitor, that his master had promised him baptism; that he had delayed it from time to time; that he would give all he had in the world (the savings of his earnings in servitude) to obtain that grace, laying down a purse of gold in proof of his sincerity, and, that at present, as he was without a master, he desired a situation. "Well, I will attach you to the holy office: it is the way of heaven. What can you do?" "I know a little of cooking and gardening; I can shave well; besides, I am active and alert. I have a quick eye, a ready ear, and an excellent memory." "And discretion?" "I can answer for that." "Excellent!" replied the secretary, and rang a small bell which lay upon the table! "Majordomo," said he to a man who entered and stood respectfully at the door, "this young negro is a catechumen whom his eminence and I take under our special protection. I recommend him to you. You will employ him in whatever he is found fit for. I intrust him to your care. Give him a chamber to himself, and see that he be well fed and well treated. Go, and you, my son, follow him: work, and pray that ye may not fall into temptation." The majordomo and Zamo-

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ra bent their knees with submission, and his reverence honoured them with his salutation: *Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus.*

Zamora employed the first month in conciliating the good will of every body around him. He studied, assiduously, the catechism of father Juan, he anticipated his desires, he guessed at his intentions, and gratified his smallest wishes. When presented by him to the grand inquisitor, he had been equally successful in recommending himself to that prelate; without being elated by this favour and without even boasting of his credit among his inferiours, he used his utmost exertions to please them. He assisted their labours, executed their commissions, drank with them, concealed or excused their errours, so that, in a short time, he became the object of universal affection in the holy office.

It was, above all, to the alcaide and the guards of the prisoners that he studied to recommend himself. The alcaide had a mistress of whom he was jealous, and Zamora, by executing his business in the house, enabled him to absent himself more frequently. The guards were fatigued with their duty, Zamora watched for them, and passed whole nights in their place. He entertained them with accounts of his travels and of his country, and sometimes a few bottles of wine promoted the hilarity of the evening. Still all this was very far from the object upon which his heart was set. Already, thanks to the confidence which he enjoyed, and to his reason, he had got access to the dungeons of upwards of fifty prisoners, but without entering the only one which he wished to behold.

One morning, as he stood in the gallery with the guards, the major-domo brought a note to the alcaide. The alcaide immediately ordered six of them to take their carbines. This was the usual sign that they were about to conduct a prisoner to the mesa, or board of the holy office. Zamora was going to retire, when the alcaide said to him: "Come you also with us: you will behold a quarter you are not as yet acquainted with." These words made him tremble with anxiety. He followed them. The alcaide then opened a door which, till then, Zamora had always seen shut. They ascended to an upper floor, and came to a gallery less dark than that below. "This is the quarter of the *hidalgos*, or people of quality," said the alcaide. At last they arrived at one chamber, the bars were withdrawn, the double doors were opened: "You are summoned," said the alcaide to the prisoner within. A person then came forth: it was Estevan himself. What a moment to Zamora! What surprise! Estevan proceeded with his eyes fixed upon the ground. He raised them, and beheld his faithful follower. Zamora, shuddering with terrour lest some slight gesture might occasion the destruction of both, placed his finger upon his lips. Estevan understood the signal, and went forward without betraying the least emotion. Zamora being thus set at ease, suffered him to proceed with his escort, and, availing himself of the confidence which he enjoyed in the house, returned, during the absence of Estevan, to his dungeon, the door of which was left open. He examined its position; upon what external part of the building the window opened; how many bars secured it; and at what height it stood from the ground. It was over the garden, the elevation about fifty feet. No windows, where any dangerous observation could be made, were directed towards this quarter. This was all he wanted to know. He came forth, and nobody observed him. He then descended and waited Estevan's return After a lapse of about two hours, Estevan returned, with the same retinue; their eyes again met, and much meaning was in the glance. Being arrived at the

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door of his dungeon, Estevan entered, the alcaide was about to bolt the door, the officious Zamora offered to spare him the trouble, and pretending to employ some force, and drawing close the inner door, he passed his hand through the wicket, by which the food of the prisoners is introduced, and let a small billet fall within. Then, having shut both the doors, he retired with the guards and the alcaide. Estevan snatched this billet as the palladium of his fate, and read: *Courage, patience, silence, attention, and above all, tear after you read.*

The next morning he was in the garden, which lay beneath the window of Estevan. He had worked there a hundred times without suspecting he was so near his unfortunate master. The gardener was accustomed to see him there, and never interfered with any work that he did; he knew that father Juan was his protector, and that was enough. The gardener was a man of above sixty years, who was extravagantly fond of brandy, and Zamora took care that he should not want his favourite liquor. He had, by his goodnatured attentions, rendered himself equally agreeable to the wife; so that Zamora was like the master of the house. The confidence of the gardener, the good will of his wife, and the liberty which was necessary for the performance of his work, had enabled Zamora to obtain a key of their door. By day or by night, at any hour that he pleased, he could enter the garden unnoticed, and this had been the case almost ever since he had been in the house. Upon that day, he employed himself in ascertaining which of the windows, that opened into the garden, belonged to the dungeon of his master.

Zamora devoted himself, for some days, to assist the servants, whose business it was to convey their food to the prisoners, in the morning and evening. At length, one evening, as he conveyed to Estevan his supper through the wicket, he contrived, adroitly, to let fall a second billet: *To morrow, at the same hour, caution!* The next evening, at the hour of distribution, he took care to be at hand. His comrades arranged the suppers of the prisoners upon plates, in order to convey them to their cells. Zamora took charge of the basket which contained the portions of bread. They then set forward. In going along, one piece of bread fell from the basket, or let us at least suppose that it fell. Zamora picked it up and placed it under his arm. This distribution then was made from door to door, and Zamora contrived to introduce, through that of Estevan, the piece of bread which he had picked up. Never, in his entire existence, did he experience anxiety equal to that which he suffered, from the moment when his pretended awkwardness caused the bread to fall from the basket, until that in which he conveyed it to the hand of Estevan. He had substituted it by stealth, in the kitchen, for another piece which he left there, in order that there might not appear to have been a piece too many, which might create suspicions, in such a place as the holy office, where the smallest trifles do not pass unnoticed. This piece of bread, which exactly resembled those distributed to the prisoners, had been prepared at the house of the consul. It contained a file. The moment he had descended the stairs, he fainted away. Every body flew to his assistance, every one was prodigal of attention. Even father Juan Maria, when informed of the accident, came to see him. He quickly recovered his senses, and with these, his native presence of mind. After some months, on the night which preceded the eve of Christmas day, Zamora cast into his master's cell a third billet: *If you are ready, to morrow, after dinner, leave some wine in your bottle.* The answer that he wished for was returned. This was on Christmas eve.

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Upon the day of this festival, Zamora enjoyed a still greater facility of correspondence. At the hour of distributing their supper to the prisoners, the greater part of the servants, the guards, and the alcaide were still at church. Zamora then threw in his fourth and last billet. *To morrow, between midnight and one o'clock, let down the cord and get yourself ready.* The routine of duty being over about six o'clock, the grand inquisitor and the majority of the superiour members of the inquisition sat down at table. The wine was not spared. At nine they separated: and in half an hour more they were all buried in a profound sleep. The alcaide then said to Zamora: "Every body is asleep, as you perceive; there are no rounds to go to night; I will go and spend a few hours with Donna Jacintha" [his mistress.] "Well," replied Zamora, "I have promised to sup with the gardener and his wife. If you please we will go out together." The alcaide desired the guards to watch well. They promised as usual, and in half an hour after, they were as fast asleep as every other person. Zamora supped with the gardener and his wife. He had supplied himself with excellent wine; joy, laughter, and songs heightened the pleasure of the repast. Bumper followed bumper; and at eleven o'clock the gardener leaned snoring upon the table. The wife soon followed her lord's example, and Zamora was left alone.

The clock now struck twelve. Zamora extinguished the candles, and, on tiptoe, descended the stairs. He entered the garden. It was perfectly dark, and rained violently. He first ran to dig up a rope ladder, which he had concealed beneath a bed of flowers, of which he alone had the care, under the pretence of cultivating them for father Juan Maria. After some search he found it. He flew to the window: a slight whistle was the signal: in a moment after he saw descend a thin cord which he had conveyed to Estevan: he seized it, fastened it to his ladder, and then gave it a gentle pull. With the utmost ecstacy he saw the ladder ascend. The agitation which he endured was now most dreadful. Estevan appeared; and a moment more gave him to the ecstatick embrace of the delighted Zamora. They flew across the garden, entered the street, and were soon at a distance from this dreadful place. They entered the garden of the consul, flew across it in a moment, reached the door, ascended the stairs, and here had their liberty secure in the asylum of his chamber.

"Oh, eternal giver of all good," exclaimed Estevan, as he bent his knees before the throne of his God, "hear the prayer of thy unfortunate creature; recompense my deliverer, whom thy mercies have enabled to achieve his daring resolution." How shall I paint the transports, the overflowing ecstacy, the interrupted exclamations of the three friends. Estevan was indebted to one for the recovery of his liberty, and to the other for the security of his fortune.

Estevan and his faithful Zamora afterwards escaped by sea to Bordeaux.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG REVIEWER, WITH A SPECIMEN OF THE ART.

YOU are now about to enter on a profession which has the means of doing much good to society, and scarcely any temptation to do harm. You may encourage genius; you may chastise superficial arrogance; expose falsehood; correct errour; and guide the taste and opinions of the age, in no small degree, by the books you praise and recommend.

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All this, too, may be done without running the risk of making any enemies, or subjecting yourself to be called to account for your criticism, however severe. While your name is unknown, your person is invulnerable. At the same time your aim is sure; for you may take it at your leisure; and your blows fall heavier than those of any writer whose name is given, or who is simply anonymous. There is a mysterious authority in the plural *we*, which no single name, whatever may be its reputation, can acquire; and, under the sanction of this imposing style, your strictures, your praises, and your dogmas, will command universal attention, and be received as the fruit of united talents, acting on one common principle, as the judgments of a tribunal, who decide only on mature deliberation, and who protect the interests of literature with unceasing vigilance.

Such being the high importance of that office, and such its opportunities, I cannot bestow a few hours of leisure better than in furnishing you with some hints for the more easy and effectual discharge of it—hints which are, I confess, loosely thrown together, but which are the result of long experience, and of frequent reflection and comparison. And if any thing should strike you, at first sight, as rather equivocal in point of morality, or deficient in liberality and feeling, I beg you will suppress all such scruples, and consider them as the offspring of a contracted education, and narrow way of thinking, which a little intercourse with the world, and sober reasoning will speedily overcome.

Now, as in the conduct of life, nothing is more to be desired than some governing principle of action, to which all other principles and motives must be made subservient, so, in the art of reviewing, I would lay down, as a fundamental position, which you must never lose sight of, and which must be the main spring of all your criticisms—*write what will sell.* To this golden rule, every minor canon must be subordinate, and must either be immediately deducible from it, or at least be made consistent with it. Be not staggered at the sound of a precept, which, upon examination, will be found as honest and virtuous as it is discreet. I have already sketched out the great services which it is in your power to render mankind; but all your efforts will be unavailing, if men do not read what you write. Your utility, therefore, it is plain, depends upon your popularity; and popularity cannot be attained without humouring the taste and inclinations of men.

Be assured, that by a similar train of sound and judicious reasoning, the consciences of thousands, in publick life, are daily quieted. It is better for the state, that their party should govern than any other. The good which they can effect by the exercise of power is infinitely greater than any which could arise from a rigid adherence to certain subordinate moral precepts, which, therefore, should be violated without scruple, whenever they stand in the way of their leading purpose. He who sticks at these can never act a great part in the world, and is not fit to act if he could. Such maxims may be very useful in ordinary affairs, and for the guidance of ordinary men; but when we mount into the sphere of publick utility, we must adopt more enlarged principles; and not suffer ourselves to be cramped and fettered by petty notions of right, and moral duty.

When you have reconciled yourself to this liberal way of thinking, you will find many inferiour advantages resulting from it, which, at first, did not enter into your consideration. In particular, it will greatly lighten your labours to follow the publick taste, instead of taking upon you to direct it. The task of pleasing, is at all times, easier than that of in-

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structing: at least it does not stand in need of painful research and preparation; and may be effected, in general, by a little vivacity of manner, and a dexterous morigeration, as lord Bacon calls it, to the humours and frailties of men. Your responsibility, too, is thereby much lessened. Justice and candour can only be required of you so far as they coincide with this main principle; and a little experience will convince you, that these are not the happiest means of accomplishing your purpose.

It has been idly said, that a reviewer acts in a judicial capacity, and that his conduct should be regulated by the same rules by which the judge of a civil court is governed; that he should rid himself of every bias; be patient, cautious, sedate, and rigidly impartial; that he should not seek to show off himself; and should check every disposition to enter into the case as a partisan.

Such is the language of superficial thinkers; but, in reality, there is no analogy between the two cases. A judge is promoted to that office by the authority of the state: a reviewer by his own. The former is independent of control, and may, therefore, freely follow the dictates of his own conscience: the latter depends for his very bread upon the breath of publick opinion. The great law of self-preservation, therefore, points out to him a different line of action. Besides, as I have already observed, if he ceases to please, he is no longer read, and, consequently, is no longer useful. In a court of justice, too, the part of amusing the bystanders rests with the counsel. In the case of criticism, if the reviewer himself does not undertake it, who will? Instead of vainly aspiring, therefore, to the gravity of a magistrate, I would advise him, when he sits down to write, to place himself in the imaginary situation of a cross-examining pleader He may comment, in a vein of agreeable irony, upon the profession, the manner of life, the look, dress, or even the name, of the witness he is examining. When he has raised a contemptuous opinion of him in the minds of the court, he may proceed to draw answers from him, capable of a ludicrous turn, and he may carve and garble these to his own liking. This mode of proceeding you will find most practicable in poetry, where the boldness of the image, or the delicacy of thought, for which the reader's mind was prepared in the original, will easily be made to appear extravagant or affected, if judiciously singled out, and detached from the group to which it belongs. Again, since much depends upon the rhythm and the terseness of expression, both of which are sometimes destroyed by dropping a single word, or transposing a phrase, I have known much advantage arise from not quoting in the form of a literal extract, but giving a brief summary, in prose, of the contents of a poetical passage; and interlarding your own language with occasional phrases of the poem, marked with inverted commas.—These, and a thousand other little expedients, by which the arts of quizzing and banter flourish, practice will soon teach you. If it should be necessary to transcribe a dull passage, not very fertile in topicks of humour and raillery, you may introduce it as "a favourable specimen of the author's manner."

Few people are aware of the powerful effects of what is philosophically termed association. Without any positive violation of truth, the whole dignity of a passage may be undermined by contriving to raise some vulgar and ridiculous notions in the mind of the reader; and language teems with examples of words by which the same idea is expressed, with the difference only that one excites a feeling of respect, the other of contempt. Thus, you may call a fit of melancholy "the sulks," resentment "a pet," a steed "a nag," a feast "a junketing,"

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sorrow and affliction "whining and blubbering." By transferring the terms peculiar to one state of society, to analogous situations and characters in another, the same object is attained: a drill-serjeant, or a cat and nine tails, in the Trojan war; a Lesbos smack, put into the Piræus; the penny-post of Jerusalem; and other combinations of the like nature, which, when you have a little indulged that vein of thought, will readily suggest themselves, never fail to raise a smile, if not immediately at the expense of the author, yet entirely destructive of that frame of mind which his poem requires, in order to be relished.

I have dwelt the longer on this branch of literature, because you are chiefly to look here for materials of fun and irony. Voyages and travels, indeed, are no barren ground, and you must seldom let a number of your review go abroad without an article of this description. The charm of this species of writing, so universally felt, arises, chiefly, from its uniting narrative with information. The interest we take in the story, can only be kept alive by minute incident and occasional detail, which puts us in possession of the traveller's feelings, his hopes, his fears, his disappointments, and his pleasures. At the same time, the thirst for knowledge and love of novelty is gratified, by continual information respecting the people and countries he visits. If you wish, therefore, to run down the book, you have only to play off these two parts against each other. When the writer's object is to satisfy the first inclination, you are to thank him for communicating to the world such valuable facts as whether he lost his way in the night, or sprained his ancle, or had no appetite to his dinner. If he is busied about describing the mineralogy, natural history, agriculture, trade, &c. of a country, you may mention a hundred books from which the same information may be obtained; and deprecate the practice of emptying old musty folios into new quartos, to gratify that sickly taste for a smattering about every thing, which distinguishes the present age.

In works of science and recondite learning, the task you have undertaken, will not be so difficult as you may imagine. Tables of contents and indexes are blessed helps in the hands of a reviewer; but, more than all, the preface is the field from which his richest harvest is to be gathered. In the preface the author usually gives a summary of what has been written on the same subject before; he acknowledges the assistance he has received from different sources, and the reasons of his dissent from former writers; he confesses that certain parts have been less attentively considered than others, and that information has come to his hands too late to be made use of; he points out many things in the composition of his work which he thinks may provoke animadversion, and endeavours to defend or to palliate his own practice. Here, then, is a fund of wealth for the reviewer, lying upon the very surface. If he knows any thing of his business, he will turn all these materials against the author; carefully suppressing the source of his information, and as if drawing from the stores of his own mind, long ago laid up for this very purpose. If the author's inferences are correct, a great point is gained; for by consulting a few passages of the original works, it will be easy to discuss the subject with the air of having a previous knowledge of the whole. Your chief vantage ground is, that you may fasten upon any position in the book you are reviewing, and treat it as principal and essential, when, perhaps, it is of little weight in the main argument; but, by allotting a large share of your criticism to it, the reader will naturally be led to give it a proportionate importance,

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and to consider the merit of the treatise at issue upon that single question. If any body complains that the greater and more valuable parts remain unnoticed, your answer is, that it is impossible to pay attention to all; and that your duty is rather to prevent the propagation of errour, than to lavish praises upon that, which, if really excellent, will work its way in the world without your help. Indeed, if the plan of your review admits of selection, you had better not meddle with works of deep research and original speculation; such as have already attracted much notice, and cannot be treated superficially without fear of being found out. The time required for making yourself thoroughly master of the subject is so great, that you may depend upon it, they will never pay for the reviewing. They are, generally, the fruit of long study, and of talents concentrated in the steady pursuit of one object. It is not likely, therefore, that you can throw much new light on a question of this nature, or even plausibly combat the author's positions in the course of a few hours, which is all you can well afford to devote to them. And, without accomplishing one or other of these points, your review will gain no celebrity, and, of course, no good will be done.

Enough has been said, to give you some insight into the facilities with which your new employment abounds. I will only mention one more, because of its extensive and almost universal application to all branches of literature; the topick, I mean, which, by the old rhetoricians, was called ἐξ ἐναντίων: that is, when a work excels in one quality, you may blame it for not having the opposite. For instance, if the biographical sketch of a literary character is minute, and full of anecdote, you may enlarge on the advantages of philosophical reflection, and the superiour mind required to give a judicious analysis of the opinions and works of deceased authors. On the contrary, if the latter method is pursued by the biographer, you can, with equal ease, extol the lively colouring, and truth, and interest, of exact delineation and detail. This topick, you will perceive, enters into style as well as matter. Where many virtues might be named which are incompatible, and whichever the author has preferred, it will be the signal for you to launch forth on the praises of its opposite, and continually to hold up that to your reader as the model of excellence in this species of writing.

You will, perhaps, wonder why all my instructions are pointed towards the censure, and not the praise of books; but many reasons might be given why it should be so. The chief are, that this part is both easier, and will sell better. Let us hear the words of Mr. Burke on a subject not very dissimilar. "In such cases," says he, "the writer has a certain fire and alacrity inspired into him, by a consciousness, that, let it fare how it will with the subject, his ingenuity will be sure of applause; and this alacrity becomes much greater, if he acts upon the offensive, by the impetuosity that always accompanies an attack, and the unfortunate propensity which mankind have to the finding and exaggerating faults.—Pref. Vindic. Nat. Soc. p. 6. You will perceive that I have, on no occasion, sanctioned the baser motives of private pique, envy, revenge, and love of detraction; at least I have not recommended harsh treatment upon any of these grounds. I have argued simply on the abstract, moral principle which a reviewer should ever have present to his mind. But if any of these motives insinuate themselves as secondary springs of action, I would not condemn them: they may come in aid of the grand leading principle, and powerfully second its operation.

But it is time to close these tedious precepts, and to furnish you with what speaks plainer than any

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precept, a specimen of the art itself, in which several of them are embodied. It is hastily done; but it exemplifies, well enough, what I have said of the poetical department, and exhibits most of those qualities which disappointed authors are fond of railing at, under the name of flippancy, arrogance, conceit, misrepresentation, and malevolence: reproaches which you will only regard as so many acknowledgments of success in your undertaking, and infallible tests of an established fame, and rapidly increasing circulation.

SPECIMEN OF REVIEWING.

L'Allegro, a Poem. By John Milton. No Printer's name.

IT has become a practice, of late, with a certain description of people who have no visible means of subsistence, to string together a few trite images of rural scenery, interspersed with vulgarisms in dialect, and traits of vulgar manners; to dress up these materials in a sing-song jingle, and to offer them for sale as a poem. According to the most approved recipes, something about the heathen gods and goddesses, and the schoolboy topicks of Styx, and Cerberus, and Elysium, is occasionally thrown in, and the composition is complete. The stock in trade of these adventurers is, in general, scanty enough, and their art, therefore, consists in disposing it to the best advantage. But if such be the aim of the writer, it is the critick's business to detect an ddefeat the imposture; to warn the publick against the purchase of shop-worn goods, and tinsel wares; to protect the fair trader, by exposing the tricks of needy quacks and mountebanks; and to chastise that forward and noisy importunity, with which they present themselves to the publick notice.

How far Mr. Milton is amenable to this discipline, will best appear from a brief analysis of the poem before us. In the very opening he assumes a tone of authority, which might better suit some veteran bard than a raw candidate for the Delphick bays; for, before he proceeds to the regular process of invocation, he clears the way by driving from his presence, with sundry hard names and bitter reproaches on her father, mother, and all the family, a venerable personage, whose age at least, and staid, matron-like appearance, might have entitled her to more civil language.

Hence, loathed Melancholy;
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn, &c.

There is no giving rules, however' in these matters, without a knowledge of the case. Perhaps the old lady had been frequently warned off before, and provoked this violence by continuing still to lurk about the poet's dwelling. And, to say the truth, the reader will have but too good reason to remark, before he gets through the poem, that it is one thing to tell the spirit of Dulness to depart, and another to get rid of her in reality. Like Glendower's spirits, any one may order them away: "But will they go when you do order them?"

But let us suppose, for a moment, that the Parnassian decree is obeyed; and, according to the letter of the order, which is as precise and wordy as if Justice Shallow himself had drawn it, that the obnoxious female is sent back to the place of her birth,

"'Mongst horrid shapes, shrieks, sights," &c.

at which we beg our fair readers not to be alarmed, for we can assure them they are only words of course in all poetical instruments of this nature; and mean no more than the "force and arms," and "instigation of the devil," in a common indictment. This nuisance, then, being abated, we are left at liberty to contemplate a character of a different

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complexion, "buxom, blithe, and debonair;" one who, although evidently a great favourite of the poet's, and, therefore, to be received with due courtesy, is notwithstanding, all introduced under the suspicious description of an *alias*.

> In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
> And by men, heart-easing Mirth.

Judging indeed from the light and easy deportment of this gay nymph, one might guess there were good reasons for a change of name as she changed her residence.

But of all vices, there is none we abhor more than that of slanderous insinuation. We shall therefore confine our moral strictures to the nymph's mother, in whose defence the poet has little to say himself. Here too, as in the case of the *name*, there is some doubt; for the uncertainty of descent on the father's side having become trite to a proverb, the author, scorning that beaten track, his left us to choose between two mothers for his favourite: and without much to guide our choice; for, whichever we fix upon, it is plain she was no better then she should be. As he seems, however, himself inclined to the latter of the two, we will even suppose it so to be.

> Or whether (as some sages sing)
> The frolick *wind that breathes the spring*,
> Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
> *As he mether once a Maying;*
> There on beds of violets blue,
> And fresh-blown roses washed in dew, &c.

Some dull people might imagine, that the wind was more like the breath of spring than spring the breath of the wind; but we are more disposed to question the author's ethicks than his physicks, and accordingly cannot dismiss these May gambols without some observations.

In the first place, Mr. M. seems to have higher notions of the antiquity of the Maypole than we have been accustomed to attach to it. Or, perhaps, he thought to shelter the equivocal nature of this affair under that sanction. To us, however, who can hardly subscribe to the doctrine that "vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness," neither the remoteness of time, nor the gayety of the season, furnishes a sufficient palliation. "Violets blue," and "fresh-blown roses," are, to be sure, more agreeable objects of the imagination than a gin-shop in Wapping, or a booth in Bartholomew-fair; but in point of morality, these are distinctions without a difference: or, it may be, the cultivation of mind which teaches us to reject and nauseate these latter objects, aggravates the case, if our improvement in taste be not accompanied by a proportionate improvement of morals

If the reader can reconcile himself to this latitude of principle, the anachronism will not long stand in his way. Much, indeed, may be said in favour of this union of ancient mythology with modern notions and manners. It is a sort of chronological metaphor—an artificial analogy, by which ideas, widely remote and heterogeneous, are brought into contact, and the mind is delighted by this unexpected assemblage, as it is by the combinations of figurative language.

Thus in that elegant interlude, which the pen of Ben Jonson has transmitted to us, of the Loves of Hero and Leander:

> Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,
> Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander,
> With a great deal of cloth, lapp'd about him like a scarf,
> For he yet serves his father, a dier in Puddle Wharf;
> Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abydus,
> As the Bank-side is our Sestos, *and let it not be denied us.*

And far be it from us to deny the use of so reasonable a liberty; especially if the request be backed (as it is in the case of Mr. M.) by the craving and imperious necessities of

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rhyme. What man who has ever bestrode Pegasus but for an hour, will be insensible to such a claim?

Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

We are next favoured with an enumeration of the attendants of this "debonair" nymph, in all the minuteness of a German *dramatis personæ*, or a rope-dancer's hand-bill:

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity;
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wrathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

The author, to prove himself worthy of being admitted of the crew, skips and capers about upon "the light fantastick toe," that there is no following him. He scampers through all the categories, in search of his imaginary beings, from Substance to Quality, and back again; from thence to Action, Passion, Habit, &c. with incredible celerity. Who, for instance, would have expected cranks, nods, becks, and wreathed smiles, as part of a group, in which Jest, Jollity, Sport, and Laughter, figure away as full-formed, entire personages? The family likeness is certainly very strong in the two last; and if we had not been told, we should perhaps have thought the act of deriding as appropriate to Laughter as to Sport.

But how are we to understand the stage direction?

Come, and trip it as you *go*.

Are the words used synonymously? Or is it meant this airy gentry shall come in at a minuet step, and go off in a jig? The phenomenon of a tripping crank is indeed novel, and would doubtless attract numerous spectators. But it is difficult to guess to whom among this jolly company the poet addresses himself; for immediately after the plural appellative [you] he proceeds,

And in *thy* right hand lead with *thee*
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

No sooner is this fair damsel introduced, but Mr. M. with most unbecoming levity falls in love with her; and makes a request of her campanion, which is rather greedy, that he may live with both of them:

To live with her, and live with thee.

Even the gay libertine who sung, "How happy could I be with either!" did not go so far as this. But we have already had occasion to remark on the laxity of Mr. M's amatory notions.

The poet, intoxicated with the charms of his mistress, now rapidly runs over the pleasures which he proposes to himself in the enjoyment of her society. But though he has the advantage of being his own caterer, either his palate is of a peculiar structure, or he has not made the most judicious selection. To begin the day well, he will have the *sky-lark*

——to come *in spite of sorrow*,
And at his window bid good-morrow.

The sky-lark, if we know any thing of the nature of that bird, must come in spite of something else as well as of sorrow, to the performance of this office. In his next image, the natural history is better preserved; and as the thoughts are appropriate to the time of the day, we will venture to transcribe the passage, as a favourable specimen of the author's manner:

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbring Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Is it not lamentable that, after all, whether it is the cock or the poet

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that listens, should be left entirely to the reader's conjecture? Perhaps also his embarrassment may be increased by a slight resemblance of character in these two illustrious personages, at least as far as relates to the extent and numbers of their seraglio.

After a *flaming* description of sunrise, on which occasion the clouds attend in their very best liveries, the bill of fare for the day proceeds in the usual manner. Whistling ploughmen, singing milkmaids, and sentimental shepherds, are always to be had at a moment's notice, and, if well grouped, serve to fill up the landscape agreeably enough. On this part of the poem we have only to remark, that if Mr. John Milton proposeth to make himself merry with

Russet lawns, and fallows gray
Where the nibbling flocks *do* stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds *do* often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements, &c. &c. &c.

he will either find himself egregiously disappointed, or he must possess a disposition to merriment which even Democritus himself might envy. To such a pitch, indeed, does this solemn indication of joy sometimes rise, that we are inclined to give him credit for a literal adherence to the apostolick precept: "Is any merry, let him sing psalms."

At length, however, he hies away at the sound of bell-ringing, and seems for some time to enjoy the tippling, and fiddling, and dancing of a village wake; but his fancy is soon haunted again by spectres and goblins, a set of beings not in general esteemed the companions or inspirers of mirth.

With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led:
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lays him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Mr. M. seems, indeed, to have a turn for this species of nursery tales and prattling lullabies; and if he will studiously cultivate his talent, he need not despair of figuring in a conspicuous corner of Mr. Newbury's shop window; unless, indeed, Mrs. Trimmer should think fit to proscribe those empty levities and idle superstitions, by which the world has been too long abused.

From these rustick fictions we are transported to another species of *hum.*

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With *store of ladies*, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.

To talk of the bright eyes of ladies, judging the prize of wit, is, indeed, with the poets, a legitimate species of humming; but would not, we may ask, the *rain* from these ladies' bright eyes rather tend to dim their lustre? Or is there any quality in a shower of *influence*, which, instead of deadening, serves only to brighten and exhilarate? Whatever the case may be, we would advise Mr. M. by all means to keep out of the way of these knights and barons bold; for, if he has nothing but his wit to trust to, we will venture to predict, that without a large share of most undue *influence*, he must be content to see the prize adjudged to his competitors.

Of the latter part of the poem little need be said. The author does seem somewhat more at home when

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he gets among the actors and musicians, though his head is still running upon Orpheus and Eurydice, and Pluto, and other sombre gentry, who are ever thrusting themselves in where we least expect them, and who chill every rising emotion of mirth and gayety.

He appears, however, to be so ravished with this sketch of festive pleasures, or perhaps with himself for having sketched them so well, that he closes with a couplet, which would not have disgraced a Sternhold:

> These delights if thou canst give,
> Mirth, with thee I *mean* to live.

Of Mr. M's good *intentions* there can be no doubt; but we beg leave to remind him, that in every compact of this nature there are two opinions to be consulted. He presumes, perhaps, upon the poetical powers he has displayed, and considers them as irresistible; for every one must observe in how different a strain he avows his attachment now, and at the opening of the poem. Then it was,

> If I give thee honour due,
> Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

But having, it should seem, established his pretensions, he now thinks it sufficient to give notice, that he means to live with her, because he likes her.

Upon the whole, Mr. Milton seems to be possessed of some fancy and talent for rhyming; two most dangerous endowments, which often unfit men for acting a useful part in life, without qualifying them for that which is great and brilliant. If it be true, as we have heard, that he has declined advantageous prospects in business, for the sake of indulging his poetical humour, we hope it is not yet too late to prevail upon him to retract his resolution. With the help of Cocker and common industry he may become a respectable scrivener; but it is not all the Zephyrs and Auroras, and Corydons, and Thyrsises, aye, nor his junketing queen Mab, and drudging goblins, that will ever make him a poet.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF A SUTTEE.

[*Communicated by an eye witness, to the Editor of a Calcutta paper.*]

BEING informed, that a Suttee was about to take place in the vicinity of my house (in the neighbourhood of Calcutta) I repaired to the spot, in company with a friend, instigated by a strong and natural curiosity, to observe narrowly the deportment of a human being, about to take a voluntary and publick leave of existence, and believing, from what we had read of similar cases, that our feelings would not be shocked by any open exhibition of the actual pains of dissolution. I do not recollect to have seen any account of a Suttee, which did not, upon the whole, tell rather favourably for the humanity of those whom an imperious ordinance of religion calls upon, to preside or officiate at such ceremonials. I think it therefore a duty which I owe to the cause of truth, to record at least one instance on the other side of the question. With this view, I beg leave to address myself to you, in the hope you will give the narration a place in your valuable newspaper, when you have nothing more interesting or novel to insert.

"The Suttee in question took place at a spot by the riverside, about a quarter of a mile below Barnagore, at eleven in the morning. We arrived about half an hour before that time, and found the widow, bathing in the river, surrounded by a troop of friends, chiefly men. It was then

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low water, and the deep mud left by the tide prevented our approaching sufficiently near to observe with accuracy, the ceremonies that were performing. Our attention was attracted to the pile, which was placed about high water mark. It was not altogether more than 4 1-2 or 5 feet long, to the best of our observation, and consisted merely of some long billets of chopped soon-dry wood, fresh and green, from the bazar, retained in their places by four stakes driven into the ground at the angles. The whole was exceeding little, if at all, longer or broader, than one of the common cots used by the natives. The deceased was supported in a sitting posture by two men, close to the pile, and some more billets of wood, with four or five bundles of dry bushwood and reeds, lay ready for use. The whole of the ceremonies observed on the occasion, were such as are usually gone through, and as have been described so often in books. The widow was dressed in a robe or sheet of bright red silk, and had her hair hanging loose and dishevelled, and stuck through with many wooden combs; her forehead was painted with yellow ochre, or orpiment, and she had no other dress or ornament whatever. From the bye-standers we learned, that her husband was a common washerman, and that it was not expected by any one that she would have resolved to burn herself, especially as she had a child three years old, and as her relations had offered to maintain them both, if she would consent to live. I shall not take up your time by detailing the many ceremonies that were performed. The body of the husband was placed on its right side; and in due time she ascended and lay down by its side, facing it, and literally locked in its arms. So short was the pile, that the bye-standers were obliged to bend the legs of both very much, to enable the pile to contain them. During all this "dreadful note of preparation," from first to last, the widow preserved the utmost, the most entire fortitude and composure, or rather apathy; and was unmoved, even at parting with her child. In her processions round the pile, she was supported and hurried through the crowd, by many men, who held her by the arms and shoulders, and made the populace give way. From this we at first concluded her to be intoxicated, but were afterwards convinced of our mistake, by seeing the steadiness of nerve, and perfect composure, with which she sprinkled the corpse of her husband, and mounted on the funeral pile, entirely unassisted and alone. We stood within six or seven feet of the pile, and could not be mistaken. The remaining billets of wood were now laid on the bodies, with a scanty handful of dry reeds here and there.

But the point to which I wish most especially to draw the attention of your readers, is, that thick, strong ropes, thoroughly soaked in water, were previously tied round the bodies of the living and the dead, in many places, to preclude the possibility of escape, and in seeming anticipation of the dreadful scene that followed. One Bramin only was present at the ceremony, and as soon as all was prepared, he offered to the widow's child (in the arms of another) a lighted brand. The child drew back in affright, when they seized its hand by force, and applied the fire to the head, and afterwards to the foot of the pile. The shouting and noise of the crowd had been incessant from the beginning, but at this instant it was incredibly loud.

Four strong green bamboos were now laid across the whole of the pile, which were strongly held by eight men, so as to keep down all attempts of the miserable creature within to rise; a precaution not useless, if it be allowed to conjecture, from what we observed at the foot

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of the pile, near to which we stood. A quantity of ghee, not, I should imagine, a pint in all, was scattered on the pile; the scantiness of this and the brush wood, and the greenness of the billets, caused the pile to burn very slow, and rendered it necessary to apply fresh fire at one time. I scarcely know how to paint in colours that shall not disgust and shock your readers, the horrible close of the scene. Suffice it to say, that soon after the fire took effect, the wretched woman within, in her torment, stretched forth her leg, which now protruded from the knee, beyond the scanty pile; and by the quickness with which she attempted to withdraw it, on its touching a burning brand, it was evident that she was still too sensible to the tortures she must then have been enduring. Owing to the brushwood being scattered only at the extremities of the pile, the fire there was fiercest. In a minute or two more, the scorched and mutilated limb was again thurst out, and slowly consumed before our outraged eyes, while the tremulous and convulsive motion which it exhibited to the last (for many minutes) too plainly showed that sensation and life yet existed in the miserable wretch within. A kind of incredulous horrour at what was passing, had till now rivetted us to the spot; but the scene became too shocking, and we quickly retired. I ought to observe that the utmost indifference, without any symptom of the remotest compassion, prevailed among the whole of the spectators, not excepting the mother and sister of the widow, who were pointed out to us among the crowd."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, JUNE 21, 1810.

A part of a paper by M. Delille, translated from the French, was read, describing the *bohan upas*, or poison tree, of Java. The author is a French physician, a member of the National Institute of Egypt, and transmitted this paper from the East Indies to the Royal Society, by means of an English lady. The botanical account of this poisonous plant, he received from one of the French naturalists who accompanied captain Baudin, and who resided some time in Java; where he visited the interiour of the country, and with much difficulty succeeded in prevailing on the natives to show him the different poison plants, which they carefully conceal in order to use them during war. Hence the reason of so many fables as have been repeated respecting the extraordinary destructiveness and influence of the *upas*, which, in the language of the Javanese, signifies vegetable poison, and is applied only to the juice of the bohan tree, and another twisted-stemmed plant.

The bohan is a large tree, which this writer considers a new genus. The other plant, yielding an equally powerful poison, is of the woodbine genus. The *upas*, or poisonous juice, is extracted by an incision in the bark with a knife, and carefully collected and preserved by the natives, to be used in their wars. As to its diffusing noxious effluvia in the atmosphere, and destroying all vegetation around it; the absurdity of these stories is best exposed by the fact, that the climbing species requires the support of other plants to attain its usual growth. Dr. Delille made several experiments with the *upas* on dogs and cats. An incision was made in the thigh of a dog, and eight grains of *upas* dropped into it: shortly after the dog began to vomit, and continued vomiting at intervals, till he became convulsed, the muscles of his head greatly dis-

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torted, and he died in twenty minutes. Six grains were put into the thigh of another dog, which also vomited first his undigested food, next a white foam, and died contracted and convulsed in fifteen minutes.—A cat was also treated in like manner; but she was still sooner and more convulsed, and her muscles contracted. She continued leaping up for a few minutes, and fell down dead. All these animals died crying and in great agony.—After repeating a number of experiments on the deleterious and prompt effects of this powerful poison when applied externally; the author gave a grain and a half to a dog, which he took into his stomach, but it only produced a slight purging. To another four grains were given, which in about four hours produced both vomiting and purging, and the dog died in the course of half a day. On examining the bodies of these animals after death, no very extraordinary appearances were discovered. The ventricles of the heart were full of blood, and some slight traces of inflammation appeared in the stomach; but the derangement was not so great as might have been expected from such a violent and sudden death. From this circumstance, the author concluded that the absorbents had transmitted the poison to the nerves of the stomach, and that this peculiar vegetable poison acts exclusively on the nerves.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DR. JOHN LAW.

DR. JOHN LAW, brother to lord Ellenborough, was born at Greystoke, in Cumberland, in 1745. His father, Dr. Edmund Law, bishop of Carlisle, was, at that time, rector of the parish, to which he had been presented by the university of Cambridge, in 1737. At an early age John Law was sent on the foundation to the Charter-house, from whence, in 1762, he removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was eminently distinguished by his superiour abilities and uncommon application to his studies: as a proof of which, his name appeared second on the list of wranglers at his examination for his bachelor's degree; and shortly after he obtained the first of the chancellor's medals. These honourable exertions were rewarded with the first vacant fellowship his college was enabled to offer him, and he soon became tutor in conjunction with Drs. Shepherd and Paley.

After a residence of eleven years in the university, Dr. Law, in 1773, received from his father, the vicarage of Warkworth, in Northumberland, and a prebendal-stall in Carlisle, where he married Miss Wallace, sister of the barrister of that name. In 1777, he was made archdeacon of the diocese, and in 1782, was removed to the bishoprick of Clonfert, in Ireland. It has been reported that this promotion was most unexpectedly offered to him by the late duke of Portland, when that nobleman was lord lieutenant of Ireland, in order to bestow the preferments held by Dr. Law upon a gentleman to whose exertions the duke was principally indebted for his ultimate success in the celebrated trial between him and sir James Lowther. From this see Dr. Law was removed, successively, to those of Killala and Elphin, the last of which he retained till the time of his decease. The following anecdote deserves to be recorded in letters of gold, as furnishing a distinguished instance of Christian charity. When he took possession of the see of Killala, and learned that almost the whole of the population were Roman catholicks, he used these ex-

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pressions: "That as it was a hopeless task to make them protestants, it would answer every desirable purpose to make them *good catholicks;*" and with this view he got printed at his own expense, and distributed gratis throughout the diocese, a new edition of the works of the Rev. J. Gother, which breathe the piety, and in plain and humble language, inculcate the morality of the bible. The bishop of Elphin has been recorded as "a man of great variety of knowledge, uncommon genius, and sincere religion." In respect to his literary character we are not aware that any production avowed by himself has been given to the publick; yet it has been supposed that he had a considerable share in the composition of the "Moral and Political Philosophy" of his friend Dr. Paley, and we believe the chapter on *reverencing the Deity* has been generally ascribed to him. Dr. Law's chief study, however, was always understood to be the science of the mathematicks, to which at an early age he displayed great preference, and certainly made a very considerable progress, although few men possessed a more refined taste for polite literature, or had made more extensive acquisitions in every branch of general knowledge.

ACCOUNT OF THE BURGHUT: OR BANIAN TREE OF INDIA.

THE *burghut*, generally known among Europeans by the name of the *banian* tree, grows to an immense size in India; being often known to measure from twenty-five to thirty feet in girth. It is distinguished from every other tree hitherto known, by the very peculiar circumstance of its throwing out roots from all its branches. These being pendant, and perfectly lax, in time, reach the ground, which they penetrate, and ultimately become substantial props to the very massy, horizontal boughs, which, but for such a support, must either be stopped in their growth, or give way from their own weight. Many of these quondam roots, changing their outward appearance from a brown, rough rind to a regular bark, not unlike that of the beech, increase to a great diameter. They may be often seen from four to five feet in circumference, and in a true perpendicular line. When they are numerous, as sometimes happens, an observer, ignorant of their nature and origin, might think them artificial, and that they had been placed for the purpose of sustaining the boughs from which they originated.

I am almost afraid, says the writer of this description, to state what I have seen on this subject; and I fear that I shall be considered as having made a trip to Abyssinia, when I inform the reader, that there was, some years since, a banian tree, growing not far from Naddeap, which, probably aided by art, had spread nearly round a tank of about two thirds of an acre in size, so that the branches, diverging to the right, nearly met those proceeding from the left. Many will, perhaps, avail themselves of the assertion I offer, that "if I had not seen, I should not have believed it." This wonderful tree was supported by its radial columns in a most extraordinary manner, and probably would have, long since, become an object of that spirited research which has of late years, prevailed in India, were it not, that in consequence of an ox having been killed under it by some European, the spot had been considered as defiled, and the tree, during the paroxysm of fanatical zeal, destroyed, which caused the *faukeer*, who resided under its extensive shades, to level it to the ground.

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We may safely consider the *burghut* as a unique in nature, for we may, I believe, search in vain for its parallel. We know of no production in the vegetable world, which thus searches for support; and which, inverting its order of circulation, procures sap from that limb, which was originally produced and fed by one of its branches. These roots proceed from all the branches indiscriminately, whether near or far removed from the ground. They appear like new swabs, such as are in use on board ships. However, few reach sufficiently low to take a hold of the soil, except those of the lower branches. I have seen some do so from a great height; but they were thin, and did not promise well. Many of the ramifications pendant from the higher boughs are seen to twine round the lower branches; but without any obvious effect on either. Possibly, however, they may derive sustenance or support, even from that partial mode of communication.

The height of a full grown *burghut*, may be from sixty to seventy feet, and many of them, I am fully confident, cover at least two acres. Their leaves are similar to, but rather larger, than those of the laurel. The wood of the trunk is used only for fuel; it is light and brittle; but the pillars formed by the roots are valuable, being extremely elastick and light, working with ease, and possessing great toughness. It resembles a good kind of ash. Hence it is found to answer well for tent poles, and such articles as are usually made of that wood.

Description of the various species of Snakes most prevalent in India.

THE following description of the various species of snakes most prevalent in India, is extracted from capt. Williamson's work, entitled, "*Oriental Field Sports;*" a source from whence we have before derived many interesting articles.

"However extraordinary it may appear at first mention, it is, nevertheless, certain, that most of the accidents which happen [in India] from the breaking of the artificial banks raised for the purpose of keeping the rivers within due bounds during the rainy season, by which large tracts of country are preserved from annual innundation, are to be attributed to snakes, rats, and other vermin. These burrowing in the banks, in time work their way completely through. Though they generally are near the surface, still the effect is much the same; for when the water rises to such a height as to enter any of the apertures, it penetrates rapidly into every crevice, and having a vent towards the land side, occasions such a draught as, by a gradual increase, soon becomes sufficiently powerful to tear away very large masses, when the torrent completes the destruction.

"Like most wild animals, snakes are more inclined to retire than to attack. I believe that very few instances can be adduced of their not availing themselves of any opening that offers for evasion. They throw themselves over broad ditches and banks when pursued, as if they had wings. When confined without the hope of escape they become desperate, and attack whatever presents itself to view. Their mode of attack varies: the large kinds, such as the *adjeghur*, which has been known to grow to the length of twenty-eight feet, and as thick as a man's body, generally make a horizontal dart. The *covra capella*, which usually measures about eight or nine feet, rears to about half its length, and often darts to a distance equal to its

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whole measurement. This snake is peculiarly venomous, as are the *covra manilla*, which rarely exceeds eighteen inches in length, and a sort of snake, rarely to be found but in the hills, which is perfectly cylindrical, except for about an inch at each end; these being conical, leaves a doubt as to which is the head, whence many suppose it to have two heads. The grass snake, which, indeed, is often to be seen in trees, and is particularly fond of secreting itself in very curious places, such as under the flaps of tables, &c. is deserving of particular notice: It is of a beautiful green, with a crimson or purple head, and grows to about four feet in length. It is extremely venomous, and so very active, that it can skim over the tops of grass, and scarcely be seen. Its velocity is incredible.

"During the campaign in Rohilcund in 1794, while the army was encamped at about five or six miles from the Kammow hills, a remarkable snake was brought to a gentleman, skilled in natural philosophy, which appeared to be replete with venom. It was not more than eight or nine inches long, and was of a light ash colour, with a black head. The natives consider it to be the most dangerous of the whole tribe. But may we not suppose this to be the class, of which we have so little account as to consider the designation to imply any venomous reptile? In digging under old walls, &c. a beautiful snake is often found, of a lively bottle colour, not usually exceeding seven or eight inches, and thin in proportion. It is difficult to distinguish without a glass, which is its head. Hence, it is like the cylindrical serpent just mentioned, called the double headed snake. It is said to be venomous, but I never heard of its injuring any animal; and unless it have a sting, which does not appear probable, I should consider it as being perfectly innocent; especially as the size of its mouth would not allow of sufficient distension to embrace enough even of the skin to bite through it.

"All snakes have a great propensity to enter houses, not only as a temporary shelter, but to possess themselves of the numerous rat-burrows wherein to remain concealed. The abundance of vermin to be seen in houses even of the first class, proves the original incitement for snakes to venture in The rats, however, soon smell their enemy, and lose no time in shifting their quarters. Yet snakes and rats frequently inhabit the same thatch in numbers. The presence of the former is generally announced by some of the family being bit in their beds, or elsewhere; or, perhaps, in the contests between the parties, both the snake and the rat come tumbling down from the inside. I was once dining with a friend, when our attention was suddenly arrested by a *covra capella* and a rat falling from the thatch upon one of the dishes on the table. I know not which of the four was first out of the room.

"The *dhameen*, which grows to a considerable size, often measuring ten or twelve feet, rarely bites; but coiling itself up, and awaiting the approach of its enemy, it lashes with its tail in a most forcible manner. The flesh usually sphacelates, and leaves a considerable sore, which the natives attribute to venom. Such, however, cannot be the case; and we may safely conclude, that the severity of the stroke with so rough a weapon, is the sole cause of the mischief, which, in so warm a climate, and where surgery is so little understood, increases rapidly. Fortunately the temperance of the generality of the natives in regard to their viands and beverage, renders their habits highly favourable towards a speedy cure; to which the cleanliness enforced by their religious ablutions necessarily adds.

"The poison of a snake operates with certainty if fairly introduced

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into the circulation. The effect will be more or less rapid according to circumstances, and not a little depends on the state of the sufferer's body, whether he be cool or heated with exercise. It is proper to inform the reader, that only the two eye teeth can impregnate any subject with the poison. They have at their roots, within the jaw, each a small cyst or bag, containing the venom. These being pressed in the act of biting, discharge their contents through the fangs respectively, by means of a very small channel or groove, which reaches from the place where the bag envelopes the root, about half way up the tooth, having its vent on the inside of the fang. Hence it is obvious, that if the person be thickly clothed, or that the jaws be not sufficiently compressed to force the venom out of the cyst, no mischief will ensue. This not being duly attended to, has, no doubt, given credit to many supposed antidotes, which, when the real nature or kind of snake has been ascertained to be venomous, has been supposed to work a cure, when, in truth, the absence of the deleterious matter has been the sole cause of safety.

"I have made numerous experiments with snakes, and invariably found, that every kind I ever saw would freely enter the water. The natives have an opinion, that their venom loses its fatal properties when immersed; but of this we have no proof, and our knowledge of the anatomy of the parts containing the poison, should induce us to reject such a wild conjecture; it being sufficiently evident, that the puncture receives and buries the venom, without the least chance of its being washed away, or diluted by the liquid.

"Persons working in fields are often bitten, and as no puncture, in general, appears, the poor fellows are apt to attribute the uneasiness first felt to the prickings of thorns, thistles, &c. A few minutes, however, never fail to exhibit the real state of the case, the unfortunate victim becoming sick, with cold sweats and stupor, and gradually subsiding, perhaps occasionally convulsed, into the arms of death. Few survive more than half an hour, and many die within five minutes.

"The snake-catchers in the Carnatick are said to possess a medicine which renders them totally secure from the effects of venom. This had been doubted; but they have occasionally supplied some of our faculty with a sufficient quantity to become convinced, by their own personal knowledge, of its complete resistance thereto. Many bribes have been offered for the recipe, but without success. Fictitious directions have been given, which failing, the properties of the real antidote have been too hastily condemned. The only medicine which has ever been found to answer, except that above noticed, has been a very pure preparation of eau de luce, which being swallowed in the proportion of a tea spoonful to a wine glass of water, and repeated two or three times if occasion require, has been known to prevent fatal consequences. As to the wounds themselves, they do not seem to admit of any effectual treatment. Oil is generally rubbed in and drunk; but no reliance whatever can be placed on such a course. The eau de luce appears to prevent that stagnation of the blood and fluids, which we may reasonably infer takes place, from knowing that a snake's venom, dropped in the smallest quantity into milk, instantly acts as powerfully as a very large portion of rennet.

"When snakes are known to infest particular places, the snake-catchers are called in. These, by smelling at the different burrows, at once decide in which the snake then harbours. Taking care to keep out of sight, they play on an instrument not unlike a hautboy; and having scattered some scents on the

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floor, of which the coriander is one, the snake soon comes forth, when one of the colleagues watching his opportunity, seizes the delighted reptile by the tail, and rapidly slipping the other hand up to its neck holds it firm, while the musician, having thrown aside his pipe, and taken a pair of pliers, soon robs the snake of its fangs, and their concomitant venom.—Thus the formidable *covra capella* becomes an innocent instrument of display at the command of his dexterous captor. Very large snakes are taken by means of nets and bags.

"Ichneumons are very numerous throughout India. They are the natural enemies of the serpent race, searching them out, and attacking them without fear of their bulk or venom. They are the quickest of all quadrupeds in their motions, and, by their perseverance and activity, so worry a snake, that in the end they find an opportunity to seize on the back of the head, where, in spite of the writhings of the agonized animal, they keep a firm hold, and to a certainty prove victorious. They are, however, sometimes bitten. On such occasions they hunt about the common grass, and there find some antidote, of which having eaten, and rubbed themselves by rolling on the spot, they return to the charge, never failing to scent the snake's course perfectly correct. It is a thousand pities that the antidote resorted to by the ichneumon has never been ascertained.

"Even crows and starlings will attack small snakes, and hover over them in flights. The larger birds, such as the *cyrus*, *argeelah* (or adjutant) &c. are particularly fond of killing them, as are peacocks. They dance round the snake, which rears to defend itself, and keeping it in a perpetual state of alarm, weary it out; or if there be other birds at hand, they watch their opportunity to catch hold near the throat, and giving it a hearty shake, speedily sicken and kill it. They then very deliberately take the reptile by the tail, and swallow it whole, not, however, without much competition among the fraternity, of which each individual perhaps gets the snake half way down his long throat, when another, making a snap at the pendant remainder, pulls it forth, and flying off, drops it as he proceeds through the air, followed by his disappointed kindred.

"Snakes swallow animals which often are more than five or six times as thick as themselves. Thus it is common to see one not more than an inch in diameter, with a large rat or frog in its maw, appearing like a great swelling. The skeleton of an *adjeghur*, which was discovered near Chittagong, is, I believe, yet to be seen: it measured upwards of twenty-five feet in length. The skeleton of an antelope was found in its throat.—There was every reason to believe that the snake was in the act of swallowing the antelope, whose horns, though compressed by the snake's jaws and gullet, yet forced their way through before they passed among the ribs, and prevented digestion."

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,——The ancients were of opinion, that crows, having once paired, and had young, are faithful to one another; and that, on the death of the one, the other generally lives a solitary life, and not unfrequently dies of vexation. Can any of your intelligent readers say how far this is a fact? I have the best reason to conclude that geese, having once paired, if left to themselves, continue faithful to one another; a kind of new courtship each spring commencing between the same pair: and that a gander, still alive, his mate, having died twenty years ago, still lives a solitary life.

JAMES HALL.

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POETRY.

THE WIND PASSETH OVER IT, AND IT IS GONE.

I saw a dewdrop, cool and clear,
  Dance on a myrtle spray.
Fair colours decked the lucid tear,
Like those which gleam and disappear
  When showers and sunbeams play.
Sol cast athwart a glance severe,
  And scorched the pearl away.

High on a slender, polished stem,
  A fragrant lily grew:
On the pure petals many a gem
Glittered a native diadem
  Of healthy morning dew:
A blast of lingering winter came,
  And snapped the stem in two.

Fairer than morning's early tear,
  Or lily's snowy bloom,
Shines beauty in its vernal year:
Bright, sparkling, fascinating, clear,
  Gay, thoughtless of its doom!
Death breathes a sudden poison near,
  And sweeps it to the tomb!

SONNET,

OCCASIONED BY RETURNING TO MY NATIVE PLACE.

[*By Martha Hanson.*]

Oh ye loved scenes, and do mine eyes once more
  From your wild heights behold the sun descend,
  While his bright flames their parting rays extend,
Tinging the wave that bathes my native shore.

A sweet tranquillity pervades the scene,
  In hushed repose the ocean's bosom sleeps,
  Save where the oar its measured dashing keeps,
Or seaman's voice disturbs the blue serene.

I feel my heart expand to pleasure's glow,
  As here once more I breathe the freshening gale,
  And at each breath I seem new health t'inhale,
More than or wealth, or power can e'er bestow,
To me, dear scenes of nature, ye impart;
Ye chase misfortune's gloom and soothe my heart.

ROSALIND'S DYING COMPLAINT TO HER SLEEPING CHILD.

[*By Henry Headley.*]

Alas! my dearest baby,
  I grieve to see thee smile,
I think upon thy rueful lot
  And cold's my heart the while.

'Gainst wind and tide of worldly wo,
  I cannot make my way;
To lull thee in my bosom warm,
  I feel I must not stay.

My mother will not hear me speak,
  My father knits his brow;
Sweet Heavens! were they never young,
  That thus they treat me so?

Ye souls unkind, a fate like mine,
  Oh! never may ye prove;
Nor live to find how bitter 'tis
  To miss the man ye love.

My friends they all forsake me,
  Nor comfort will afford;
They laugh while I am thinking,
  My true-love broke his word.

May God amend their cruel hearts;
  For surely they're to blame;
They little know what 'tis to feel
  The heaviness of shame.

Th' ungentle hand of rude mischance
  Has 'reft my heart of rest,
And frighted Hope of cheerless eye
  Lies strangled in my breast.

'Twas yester-eve, at midnight hour,
  I waked but to weep;
I kiss'd my baby's pretty hand,
  And watch'd it while asleep:

Its cruel far-off father
  My tender thoughts embraced,
And in my darling's infant look
  His lovely likeness traced.

With smileless look a spectre form
  Advancing seem'd to appear,
While Fancy toll'd the death-bell slow
  Across my startled ear.

Full well I knew its fearful sound,
  That sternly seemed to say,
Go, speed thee to the grass-green sward,
  For thou must die to day.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Edward Earle, Philadelphia,

Republished—An elegant miniature edition of the Lady of the Lake.

By Brannan and Morford, Philadelphia,

Published—Burn's Principle of Midwifery; including the diseases of women and children, revised, corrected and enlarged by the author, with notes. By W. W. Buchanan, M. D. professor of midwifery, and lecturer on the diseases of women and children, Columbia college, New York.

By B. B. Hopkins, Philadelphia,

Published—Walker on Elocution.

By A. Finley, Philadelphia,

Published—A Dictionary of Select and Popular Quotations, which are in daily use, taken chiefly from the Latin and French, but comprising many from the Greek, Spanish, and Italian languages, translated into English, with illustrations, historical and idiomatick. By D. E. Macdonnel, of the Middle Temple. First American, from the fifth London edition, corrected with additions.

Unde habeas quærit nemo, sed oportet habere. *Horace.*

He has been at a great feast of languages, and stolen all the scraps. *Shaks.*

By G. & R. Waite, New York.

Published—The Extraordinary Conversion and Religious Experience of Dorothy Ripley, with her first voyage and travels in America. To which is added, her address to the mayor and corporation of New York.

By S. Etheridge, Boston,

Republished—Lives of the most eminent English Poets, with critical observations on their works. By Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. in 2 vols.

By D. Longworth, New York,

Republished—The Rival Princes; or a faithful narrative of facts relating to Mrs. M. A. Clarke's political acquaintance with Colonel Wardle, Major Dodd, &c. &c. who were concerned in the charges against the Duke of York; together with a variety of authentick and important Letters, and curious and interesting Anecdotes of several persons of Political Notoriety. By Mary Ann Clarke. Embellished with a Genuine Portrait of this extraordinary woman, and a fac simile of her writing.

By Ezra Sargeant, New York,

Republished—The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal—No. XXXI. For April, 1810.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

James P. Parke, Philadelphia,

Proposes to republish—Piety Promoted. The Tenth Part. By Joseph G. Bevan. Just issued from the press in London.

Bradford & Inskeep, and Moses Thomas, Philadelphia,

To republish—The celebrated Atlas of Mr. Pinkerton, now publishing in quarterly numbers.

William Graydon, Harrisburg,

To republish—A second edition of his Abridgment of the Laws of the United States.

Robert M'Dermut, and M. & W. Ward, New-York,

To republish—Rollin's Ancient History, in eight vols. duodecimo.

P. Schermerhorn, Schenectady, N. York,

To publish—A topographical and natural History of New Netherland. By Adrian Van Der Donk, M. D An Inhabitant of New Netherland. Translated by the Rev. John Bassett, D. D. Minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, at the Boght, N.Y. To which will be affixed, an Appendix, Consisting of such Parts of De Laet's and Megalapolensis' History, as the Translator has adjudged necessary to confirm and establish the Facts advanced by his author.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The Family Legend. A Tragedy. By Joanna Baillie. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Compendius History of the Israelites. By R. Atkins. 2*s*

A Letter to sir Samuel Romilly, knt. on the Revision of the bankrupt Laws. By W. David Evans, Esq. 3*s.*

Tales of Romance, with other poems. By C. A Elton, author of a Translation of Hesiod. Foolscap, 8vo. 7*s* 6*d.*

The Speeches of the Honourable Thomas Erskine (now lord Erskine) when at the bar, on Subjects connected with the Liberty of the Press, Reform in Parliament, and against Constructive Treason, 3 vols 1*l.* 7*s* large paper, 1*l* 16*s.*

Poems on the Abolition of the Slave Trade Written by J. Montgomery, J. Grahame, and E. Benger. 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.*

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Beloe has put to press a fifth volume of his Anecdotes of Literature.

The author of Nubilia, is about to commence a periodical work, entitled the Contemplatist. A number of which will be published every Saturday.

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Edwin sc.

His Excellency Mirza Abou al Hassan

Envoy Extraordinary from the King of Persia

Engraved for the Select Reviews.

SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1810.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Voyages dans l'Amérique Méridionale, &c. *i. e.* Travels in South America, by Don Felix de Azara, Commissioner and Superintendant of the Lines of the Spanish Frontiers in Paraguay, from 1781 to 1801; containing a geographical, political, and civil Description of Paraguay, and the River Plata; an Account of the Discovery and Conquest of those Countries; various Details relative to their Natural History, and the Savage Tribes which inhabit them; a Statement of the Methods employed by the Jesuits to subject and civilize the Natives, &c. Published from the Author's Manuscripts, with a Sketch of his Life and Writings. By C. A. Walckenaer; and enriched with Notes by G. Cuvier, Perpetual Secretary to the Class of Physical Sciences in the Institute, &c. To which is added the Natural History of the Birds of Paraguay and La Plata. By the same Author, translated from the original Spanish, and augmented by a great Number of Notes. By M. Sonnini. Accompanied with an Atlas, containing Twenty-five plates. 4 Vols. 8vo. and 4to. Atlas. Paris. 1809. Price Four Guineas.

THE favourable notice which Don Felix de Azara's communications have obtained on the other side of the water, and the signal opportunities which he enjoyed for directing his extended observation to tracts of country which have been very imperfectly explored, and which are destined, perhaps, to undergo new and important political revolutions, induced us to open these volumes with no ordinary degree of eagerness and expectation. After a candid perusal of the whole, it behoves us to state that our gratification has not been unmingled with disappointment. Yet the work, with all its defects, bespeaks a vigorous, independent, and active mind, comprises a rich diversity of materials, and has powerful claims on our deliberate attention. The whole of volume I. and nearly two thirds of the second, are occupied by the travels; the remaining part of the second is allotted to an introductory view of the natural history of Cochabamba and a description of its productions, by Don Tadeo Haenke, member of the academies of sciences at Vienna and Prague; and the third and fourth contain the ornithology of Paraguay and la Plata. The French editor would probably have performed a more acceptable service to the publick, if he had either printed the travels separately, or had incorporated, in the present work, the author's account of the quadrupeds of Paraguay, with the requisite corrections and annotations: or, assuming the writings of the Spaniard as the basis of his plan, he might have worked them into a more seemly fabrick.

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As the publication now stands, the natural history department is very incomplete, allusions being frequently made to another book, which is not within our reach; and the notices of the quadrupeds are scanty and unsatisfactory, because they were avowedly penned with a reference to prior and more ample details Part of the information contained in the biographical sketch is repeated in the letters prefixed to the work; and several vague and crude statements have been retained in the text, without comment or apology. The author may, nevertheless, regard with self complacency the association of his name with those of *Walckenaer*, *Cuvier*, and *Sonnini*; and the diffusion of his volumes through the medium of a language which is familiar to the scholars and the philosophers of Europe.

His editor informs us that Don Felix was born at Barbunales, near Balbastro, in Arragon, on the 18th of May, 1746 A few days previously to this event, his parents, who lived in happy retirement on their estate, had sent their eldest son, Don Nicholas, to the university of Salamanca. Don Felix commenced his literary career in that of Huesca; and, when he had completed his course in philosophy, he entered the military academy of Barcelona. In the latter city, these two brothers, who had never seen each other, enjoyed an affectionate but transient interview; and they did not meet again till the expiration of thirty-five years. In 1764, Don Felix was appointed a cadet in the Galician regiment of infantry; in 1767, ensign in the corps of engineers, and in 1775, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In this capacity he signalized his courage in an expedition against Algiers, and received a dangerous wound from a large copper ball, which shattered one of his ribs, and, to all appearance, deprived him of life. Owing, however, to the kind attention of a friend, and the boldness of a sailor who cut out the ball with a knife, he gradually recovered, after having endured the most excruciating pain, as it was necessary to extract a considerable portion of the rib. The wound did not close till five years afterward: at the same distance of time, it broke out afresh, and thus naturally made way for the remaining fragment of the injured bone. He was then in America, and secluded from all the assistance of art: but the wound healed spontaneously. When roaming in the wilds of the same country, he broke his collar-bone by a fall from his horse, and again recovered without having recourse to any external application. With these accidental exceptions, and another which we shall presently mention, he seems to have enjoyed the most uninterrupted good health.

"I was accustomed to eat bread," says he, in a letter to his editor, "till I had reached my twenty fifth year, without any particular inclination for that species of food: but having experienced at that period of my life great difficulty of digestion, attended with symptoms of general indisposition, especially after dinner, I consulted a skilful physician at Madrid, who surmised that my complaints originated in the use of bread, and advised me to give it up. I did so. My sickness quickly vanished; and, from that time, I have never been indisposed. The want of bread has given me a higher relish for other kinds of aliment, than I felt when I blended them with that general article of human food. I am not in the habit of using any substitute for bread: but I am sensible that I am somewhat more partial to vegetables and fish than to butcher's meat. For the rest, it is not extraordinary that I should abstain from bread, since the inhabitants of the countries which I have traversed are alike strangers to it, though they live as long as we do, and even longer."

From this, and various instances which have come within our own knowledge, we have reason to believe that esculent roots are generally more light and nourishing than the most elaborate preparations of farinaceous plants.

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By the treaty of Idelfonso, the courts of Spain and Portugal had mutually stipulated to name commissioners for the final definition and adjustment of their respective lines of demarcation in South America. Don Felix de Azara, with the rank of lieutenant colonel of engineers, was one of those who were deputed by the Spanish government to direct the execution of these arrangements, and he set sail accordingly in 1781. By the chicanery of the Portuguese commissioners, however, the business was studiously protracted; till Don Felix, perceiving that his official services were unavailing, boldly projected a geographical survey of that vast country, of which he had been instructed to ascertain only the boundaries. Undismayed by the certain expense, trouble, fatigue, and danger, which were attendant on an operation of such magnitude and detail, and regardless of the secret or the avowed opposition which he might expect to encounter from the Spanish viceroys, he steadily persevered, during thirteen years, in the prosecution of his scheme; and, owing to the resources of his own unshaken mind, and the zeal of the officers who acted under him, he finally triumphed over every obstacle.

"He provided himself with brandy, glass beads, ribands, knives, and other trinkets, in order to gain the good will of the savages. The whole of his personal baggage consisted of a few clothes, a little coffee, and salt, with tobacco and the Paraguay herb for his attendants. The latter carried with them only the clothes which they wore But they took with them a great many horses, regulating the number by the length of the journey, and fixing the proportion sometimes at twelve for each individual. These were by no means requisite for conveying the baggage, which was very trifling; but horses, it should be observed, are extremely common in these countries, occasion no trouble, because they receive only such food as they pick up themselves during the night, and are very easily fatigued. The travellers were also accompanied by large dogs.

"They rose an hour before daybreak to prepare breakfast. After this repast, individuals were detached from the troop to collect the horses which were dispersed in the neighbourhood, and sometimes even at a league's distance, because, except those which each person retained close by him, during the night, they roamed and fed quite at large. As soon as the horses were reassembled, each person let loose the animal which had served him for twenty-four hours; when the whole troop formed a circle round the relay-horses, to prevent their escape, while a man advanced into the circle, and, by means of a noose, laid hold of such as were necessary for the journey. Finally, all put themselves in motion two hours after sunrise As there are no open roads in these deserts, a guide, well acquainted with the country, marched three hundred paces ahead, and quite alone, that his attention might not be diverted by conversation of any kind. After him came the relay-horses, which, in turn, were followed by the main body of the travellers; and thus the party continued its progress, without stopping, till two hours before sunset.

"They then selected, for a halting station, the neighbourhood of some marsh or rivulet; and men were despatched, in different directions, to procure wood for fuel, and to catch cows for food, either from among the wild cattle in the plains, or from those which belonged to some habitation, if any such occurred within the distance of two or three leagues. In case these wild cows should fail, others followed in the rear of the troop In some districts, a sufficient number of armadillos were procured for the subsistence of the whole company. To provide against the eventual failure of all these resources in a projected line of route, they previously laid in a stock of cows' flesh, which they cut into very long shreds, of the thickness of a man's finger, dried them in the sun, and conveyed them in packages on their horses, being the only sort of food which they carried along with them. They ate it when roasted on wooden skewers, the only mode of preparing meat in these countries, which forms the sole food of the inhabitants.

"Previously to encamping on any spot, they were obliged to take precautions against the vipers, which are often very numerous. With this view, they led out all the horses on the space which they intended to occupy, so as either to crush these reptiles, or to induce such of them as lurked under the grass to come out; an expedient to which the lives of a few

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horses were occasionally sacrificed. On retiring to rest, every individual spread a piece of cowskin on the ground. M. de Azara was the only person who had a hammock suspended to stakes, or trees. During the night, every body kept his horse near to his person, that, in case of need, he might effect his escape from wild beasts. The approach of the latter was always announced by the dogs, which scented them at a great distance, because they exhale a very strong odour. In spite of every attention, it often happened that several vipers glided into the camp, but they usually lay concealed and quiet under the cows' hides on which the people slept. They sometimes passed near to or even over the men, without doing the smallest harm; for they never bite but when disturbed.

"This order of march was observed only in those tracts in which no apprehensions were entertained from the savage Indians. Where he had reason to dread their encounter, M. de Azara had recourse to other precautions; he moved only in the night time; he despatched scouts in every direction to explore the proper line of march; two patroles proceeded on each side of the troop; and each kept his rank, and had his arms in readiness. In spite of all this prudence and discretion, he was frequently attacked, and had the misfortune to lose some of his men."

In the midst of these laborious and perilous wanderings, geometrical calculations, and the details that were inseparable from the pursuit of his primary object, the intrepid Spaniard contrived to bestow a considerable portion of his attention on the quadrupeds and birds which were peculiar to these regions. He at first made war on these animals, solely for the purpose of preserving their skins, and transmitting them to Europe: but, perceiving that they were soon injured by keeping, he adopted the plan of minutely describing each individual in its recent state. From the rapid accumulation of his descriptions, he was frequently at a loss to know whether he had not previously characterized certain specimens; and therefore, in order to obviate repetitions, he distributed his stores into groupes, each of which he distinguished by general characters; thus simplifying and reducing his labour, relieving his recollection, acquiring more promptitude of discrimination, and exhibiting a pleasing example of an individual mind devising that mode of procedure which the science of ages has consecrated and improved. He had not long persevered in thus methodising the objects of his investigation, when chance threw in his way a Spanish translation of the works of Buffon. We need not say with what assiduity he perused or rather devoured the whole. But, should the strictures, which he had hazarded on the pages of that illustrious author, appear to some persons either needlessly multiplied, or expressed in terms rather pointedly severe, the peculiar circumstances in which he was unavoidably placed, his extreme solicitude for the discovery of truth, and his long seclusion from the resources of European literature, as well as from the urbanity of European manners, may be allowed to disarm the censure of the fastidious. We may add that his descriptions and remarks were originally destined for the perusal and revision of Buffon himself; and intended to be inserted, as supplementary matter, in his celebrated work, instead of forming a separate publication. M. de Azara's descriptions of the external forms of quadrupeds and birds evince much patient observation, while his account of their internal dispositions and habits cannot fail at once to excite and to fix the attention of the curious.

It would be equally foreign to our purpose and disgusting to our readers, to recite the base and unworthy artifices by which the Spanish viceroys endeavoured to sully and obscure the fair reputation of the traveller. The injustice and ingratitude of his superiours (were they entitled to that appellation?) diminished not the zeal with which he executed their commands. When specially charged with the survey of the dreary waste on the southern coast, he shrunk not from the task, though

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he was aware that the performance of it would expose him to the daily attacks of ferocious savages called Pampas. He was also intrusted with the command of the Brazilian frontier, which he was directed to explore, and to free from the Portuguese settlers. He was moreover enjoined to visit the harbours of the Plata, and to draw up a plan of defence, in the event of an attack on the part of the English. At the request of the viceroys, he composed various representations and memoirs relative to the administration of publick affairs; and, among other schemes of salutary reform, he recommended the emancipation of the civilized Indians. Towards the close of his residence in America, he provided settlements for many families who had migrated from old Spain under the auspices of government, with the view of colonizing the shores of Patagonia, but whom the supineness or the incapacity of the viceroy of Buenos Ayres allowed to languish without occupation, and to subsist on the publick treasury.

The long oblivion of the complicated and meritorious services of the subject of these notices, at length drew to a period; for, in 1789, he was promoted to the rank of captain in the navy;* and, in 1801, he obtained, what he had often solicited in vain, permission to revisit his native country. There he availed himself of an early opportunity of committing to the press his history of the quadrupeds and birds of South America; which, in affectionate and pathetick terms, he dedicated to his brother, Don Nicholas, then residing at Paris, in the character of ambassadour from the court of Madrid. When he arrived in the French capital, the author divided his time between his brother's society and the study of Natural History.

"On the 5th of October," says M. Walckenaer, "the king of Spain had advanced him to the rank of brigadier general in the army. In proportion, however, as his brother cherished the intimacy of his friendship, the more powerfully he felt the force of an attachment with which disparity of years blended something like paternal fondness. In short, he was easily persuaded to resign his new dignity, and to live under the same roof with his elder brother. Alas! he did not long enjoy the happiness of this devotion of his existence to fraternal affection. On the 26th January 1803, he saw with the deepest affliction that beloved brother, to whom he had sacrificed all the hopes of ambition, and all the splendour of preferment, expire in his arms."

"The king of Spain recalled the surviver, and fixed him in his own capital, by appointing him a member of a military board, whose functions had a reference to the affairs of the two Indies.

"No great length of time has elapsed since I could have concluded this sketch with the gratifying intelligence that Don Felix at last enjoyed, in the bosom of his country, that repose which he had so dearly earned; but I have, since that period, vainly employed all the means in my power to learn the history of his fortunes, and to present him with the joint tribute of his own labours. With painful emotions I must now consign to the press those pages, which it was my happiness to trace."

This abrupt and mysterious termination of a friendly correspondence would almost tempt us to apprehend, that the romantick and high toned sentiments of the generous Spaniard may have involved his fate in the miseries of his much injured country.

In the course of his introduction, the author takes occasion to state that his investigations were not limited to geographical surveys:

"Finding myself," says he, "in a vast country which I conceived to be unknown, almost wholly ignorant of European transactions, deprived of books, and of agreeable and instructive conversation, I could scarcely find any source of employment but in the objects which nature offered to my contemplation. Hence, I felt myself, in some measure, compelled to obey her call; and I perceived at every step beings which arrested my attention, because they

* This appointment of a colonel of engineers to be a captain in the navy, will appear singular to the English reader.

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appeared new to me. I thought it would be convenient, and even necessary, to note my observations and the reflections which they suggested. Distrust, indeed, on the ground of ignorance, checked this idea, and induced the persuasion that my alleged discoveries had been already completely described by the historians, travellers, and naturalists, who had written on America. Besides, I could not dissemble that a man in my insulated situation, overwhelmed with fatigue, busied with geography and other indispensable details, and destitute of assistance and advice, must be altogether incapable of describing objects so numerous, and so much varied. Yet I resolved to observe every thing which my capacity, leisure, and circumstances would permit; committing all my remarks to writing, and suspending their publication till I should be relieved from the pressure of official business.

"After my return to Europe, I deemed it improper to withhold my observations from the learned and curious. They will easily perceive that I possess no knowledge relative to the characteristicks of earths, or stones, vegetables, fishes, insects, or reptiles, and that I have not bestowed on these subjects all the time that I could have wished to have devoted to them: but I have great reliance on their sagacity for supplying my deficiencies in these respects. My statements of facts, however, they may rest assured, are wholly unmingled with exaggeration or conjecture; since I assert nothing which I have not seen, and which any individual may not verify by his own observation, or through the medium of the inhabitants of the country. With respect to the inferences which I sometimes deduce from these facts, my readers will assent to such as are properly founded, while they are perfectly at liberty to abandon those of an opposite description, and to suggest others more deserving of attention; in which latter case I shall be the first to approve."

Don Felix informs us, moreover, that he not only directed his attention to the ancient traditions of the country, but perused a large portion of the civil archives of assumption, several of the documents contained in those of Buenos Ayres, Corrientes, Santa Fé, and all the early memoirs relative to the colonies and parishes; by which means he has been enabled to correct the many errours of De Vaca, Herrera, Schimidels, Centenera, Guzman, Lozano, and Guevera. To his short catalogue raisonné of these writers, the editor has subjoined a few supplementary notices in the margin.

The first of the present volumes contains nine chapters, which treat of the climate and winds; the disposition and qualities of the soil; salts, and minerals; the principal rivers and harbours; fishes; wild and cultivated vegetables; insects, reptiles, quadrupeds, and birds. The remarks on climate and winds, which have chiefly a reference to Assumption and Buenos Ayres, are too vague and desultory to afford much satisfaction to the meteorological student. We are presented with no tabular view of the degrees of heat and cold, or the quantity of rain, &c. and even a thermometer appears to have been often wanting. Thunder storms are very frequent, and sometimes attended with destructive consequences. During the author's residence in Paraguay, many individuals were killed by lightning; and, in a single storm, which occurred on the 21st of January, 1793, the lightning fell thirty-seven times within the town of Buenos Ayres, and killed nineteen persons.

Owing to the general and extensive flatness of these countries, the smaller rivers are arrested and evaporated before they reach the sea; and the lakes, which are very numerous, and occasionally also very extensive, are remarkably shallow. Though that of Xarayes, for example, is presumed to measure 110 leagues in length, and 40 in breadth, it is no where navigable, and is evaporated to complete dryness during the greater part of the year. "Some of the old writers believed that it was the source of the river Paraguay, whereas the fact is precisely the reverse; others, who took a pleasure in forging tales, have asserted that in the centre of this lake existed the empire of the Xarayes, or of el Do-

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rado, or of Paytili; and they have embellished this falsehood by other fables, still more unaccountable." The quantity of soil that is flooded by these vast pieces of water, the impracticability of drainage and irrigation in boundless tracts of dead level, and the sand stone rock, which stretches over all the flats on the east of the Paraguay and Parana, present insuperable obstacles to extensive vegetation and culture. The following particulars it will be proper to mention, as nearly as we can, in the author's own language.

"On the north of the river Plata, or in the plains of Monte Video and Maldonado, I have observed that the herds search for, and eat with avidity, dried bones; that, in proportion as they advance northward, they eat a species of earth called Barrero, which is a salt clay found in the ditches; and that, when this fails (which happens in the eastern districts of Paraguay and the Missions of Uruguay) cattle of all kinds infallibly perish at the expiration of four months. We can scarcely conceive the eagerness which the herds manifest in seeking for and devouring this salt argillaceous earth. If they discover it after a month's privation, they are not to be driven from it by blows; and by indulging in it to excess they sometimes die of indigestion. I have been assured that the birds and quadrupeds of this country, which feed on vegetables, manifest the same propensity; and I can, at least, personally vouch for a great quantity of salt in the stomach of the Tapir. From these facts, I conclude that the pastures of the countries in question are incapable of supporting any species of cattle, without the addition of salt, or salted clay: but that the freshness of the herbage diminishes from the Missions to the river Plata. In Brazil, notwithstanding the luxuriance of the pasture, it is found impossible to rear cattle without salt; and since none is found in the country, and it is all imported from Europe, it forms a very expensive article, being sold on account of government."

The state of things is quite reversed in the whole of Chaco, or in the region situated to the west of the Paraguay and Parana, and from the Plata southwards; every rivulet, lake, and well, being brackish in summer. Even the rivers partake of this quality when their waters are low.

Don Felix de Azara is very sparing of his notices concerning fossil productions, and communicates no information relative to the stratification of the districts which he traversed. His account of the celebrated mass of native iron, in the plains of Chaco, does not materially differ from that of Don Rubin de Celis, though his mode of explaining the phenomenon may be allowed to be his own: he says, "I am inclined to believe that it is as ancient as the world, and that it proceeded in its present form from the hands of the Creator."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Speeches of the Honourable Thomas Erskine (now Lord Erskine) when at the Bar, on Subjects connected with the Liberty of the Press, and against Constructive Treasons. Collected by James Ridgeway. 2 vol. 8vo. p. 854. London. 1810.

WE regard the publication of this collection as an event of great importance, both in a literary and political view. The orations which have been given to the world in modern times, under the sanction of the person who delivered them, or in such a manner as to secure a tolerable share of correctness, are lamentably few. Perhaps Mr. Burke's are the only speeches of note which have been printed in an authentick shape, in an age teeming with orators, and, though prolifick of much bad eloquence, adorned by some of the greatest geniuses that ever practised this divine art. When we consider how great the difference is between

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ancient and modern eloquence; how much of that which peculiarly marks the latter, was utterly unknown to the ancients; we mean, the extemporaneous reasoning and declamation known by the name of *debating;* and when we reflect how much more adapted this talent is to the business of real life than the elaborate and ornate compositions of antiquity; we cannot fail to lament, that almost all our great masters of the art have died, without leaving a trace of their genius behind them; and that if, unhappily, the free constitution of England were destroyed, the speeches of Mr. Burke alone would leave to posterity any means of conjecturing what powers had been exerted to avert its fate. To those immortal specimens of modern popular eloquence, must now be added the most perfect examples of the eloquence of the bar which are to be found in any age; for the volumes before us both collect and preserve the fugitive publications of Mr. Erskine's speeches formerly in circulation, and add, in a correct and authentick form, several which had been most scantily and inaccurately reported.

These volumes, which, we rejoice to learn, will be followed by another, embrace the most celebrated speeches, from the case of captain Baillie, in 1779, when Mr. Erskine, in the very outset of his brilliant career, astonished the legal world with a display of talents, which was outshone, indeed, but not obscured, by his own riper efforts, down to his celebrated defence of Mr. Perry in 1793, when, having long stood unrivalled among English lawyers for eloquence; for skill and conduct; for knowledge of the constitutional law of the realm; and for dauntless love of liberty, he put forth his matured genius with a power that carried every thing before it, and bore down the utmost efforts of the court against the independence of the British press. The speeches are twelve in number; and they are prefaced with such explanations of the subjects, extracts from the pleadings, and reports of the speeches of the crown lawyers to whom Mr. Erskine replied, as serve to render the matter of them perfectly intelligible to every reader. Where it is of importance, the address of the judge to the jury is likewise inserted; and many anecdotes which occurred at the trials are added; with the verdict; motions in arrest of judgment, and conversations at delivering the verdict, where any thing of this kind took place. The prefatory statements are very well, and, as far as we happen to know, very faithfully executed. We have understood, that the publick is indebted for them, and indeed for this publication, to a gentleman of the profession. Mr. Erskine himself, we believe, revised many of his speeches at the time of their original publication—at least we have heard so; and, from the character of accuracy which they here bear, we are inclined to believe the report. By rather a singular omission in so careful a compilation, no table of contents is given to these volumes. We shall therefore give a list of the speeches contained in them. The first is that in captain Baillie's case, in the Court of King's Bench. Then follows the speech for Carnan, at the bar of the house of commons, against the monopoly of the two universities in printing almanacks. Next come: the famous speech for Lord George Gordon at the Old Bailey; the speeches for the dean of St. Asaph, at Shrewsbury assizes, at the motion in the King's Bench for a new trial, and afterwards in support of the rule, with a note of his speech in arrest of judgment, in the same noted case. These close the first volume. The second begins with the speech for Paine; after which comes the speech, rather more popular at the time, against the publisher of the Age of Reason —and which finds a place here somewhat strangely, as it was not

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delivered for years after the period where these volumes end, and should have come into a subsequent part of the publication. The speech in Stockdale's case follows; and then those for Messrs. Frost and Perry; with which the second volume concludes.

In these volumes, we have a complete body of the law of libel, and a most perfect history of its progress, down to the libel bill of Mr. Fox, which owed its origin, indeed, to the doubts and difficulties that arose during the prosecution [is there not an errour in the first syllable?] of the dean of St. Asaph. The argument on the rights of juries, as connected with that case, affords the clearest exposition of the subject, and is, in itself, by far the most learned commentary on the nature of that inestimable mode of trial, which is any where to be found. Mr. Fox's bill is merely declaratory of the principles, which were laid down in this argument with unrivalled clearness, and enforced with a power of reasoning which none ever denied to this great advocate, except in the moment when, dazzled by the astonishing powers of his language, they were tempted to fancy, that so rare a union of different qualities was not in nature; and to doubt whether such eloquence and fire, so lively an imagination, and so great warmth of passions, were compatible with the faculties of close reasoning, and nice discrimination. As connected, then, with the history of jury trial; as laying down its principles; as furnishing the groundwork of Mr. Fox's famous bill; and as having, in point of fact, given occasion to that bill, we view the speeches for dean Shipley, which contain a most complete history of that case, as the most important part of this collection. We need scarcely add, that the trial by jury is here only viewed in its relation to the law of libel; but, to administer this law, is, beyond all comparison, the most important office of juries—the one in which the excellence of that institution is most conspicuous and indisputable, and, independent of which, the objections to it would be neither few nor light. Of the speeches now described we purpose to say nothing more at present. They are so well known, and so often referred to, that we need not dwell upon them in this place.

In the importance of the occasion, and of its consequences to the liberties of Englishmen, we cannot hesitate in placing the defence of lord George Gordon in the next rank. This great speech, and the acquittal which it secured to the object of it, were the deathblow of the tremendous doctrine of *constructive treason*. Lord George Gordon's, indeed, may be called the case of constructive treasons; and, after its decision, that engine of oppression lay at rest for a series of years, till the season of alarm, which, with all other monstrous and unutterable things, arose out of the French revolution, seemed to furnish a fit opportunity for reviving the times of legal oppression and injustice, under colour of law. In that inauspicious era, this most perilous doctrine once more found, in the same consummate advocate, an enemy so irresistible, that again it utterly failed, though brought forward with every chance in its favour, from the temper of the times; the power of the crown; the madness of the country; the folly of the mob; and the talents of Mr. Erskine's political enemies and professional rivals. We shall have an opportunity of contemplating this, the greatest of all his victories, with more advantage, when the speeches in 1794 are added to the collection. At present, our attention is confined to the defence of lord George Gordon.

From this we are unable to extract any passages which can give a just notion of its character and high merits; for these consist, not in dazzling sentences, nor in parti-

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cular bursts of eloquence, but in the close texture of the whole argument, both where Mr. Erskine lays down the principles of treason law, skilfully adapting them to his purpose, by bringing forward such parts chiefly as suit his case, and illustrating them by a reference to circumstances like those he had himself to deal with, and where he more particularly and more directly makes the application of those doctrines to the charges against lord George Gordon. The whole speech must be read, and even carefully studied, before a just sense of the talents displayed in it can be entertained, or a conjecture formed of its great effects upon the audience who heard it, and the tribunal to which it was addressed. We shall here only give a passage from the conclusion, because its diction is peculiarly beautiful and chaste, and the topicks highly persuasive.

"What, then, has produced this trial for high treason; or given it, when produced, the seriousness and solemnity it wears?—What, but the inversion of all justice, by judging from *consequences*, instead of from *causes* and *designs*?—what but the artful manner in which the crown has endeavoured to blend the petitioning in a body, and the zeal with which an animated disposition conducted it, with the melancholy crimes that followed?—crimes, which the shameful indolence of our magistrates; which the total extinction of all police and government suffered to be committed in broad day, and in the delirium of drunkenness, by an unarmed banditti, without a head, without plan or object, and without a refuge from the instant gripe of justice; a banditti, with whom the associated protestants and their president had no manner of connexion, and whose cause they overturned, dishonoured, and ruined.

"How unchristian then is it to attempt, without evidence, to infect the imaginations of men who are sworn dispassionately and disinterestedly to try the trivial offence, of assembling a multitude with a petition to repeal a law (which has happened so often in all our memories) by blending it with the fatal catastrophe, on which every man's mind may be supposed to retain some degree of irritation? *O fie!* *O fie!* Is the intellectual seat of justice to be thus impiously shaken? Are your benevolent propensities to be thus disappointed and abused? Do they wish you, while you are listening to the evidence, to connect it with unforeseen consequences, in spite of reason and truth? Is it their object to hang the millstone of prejudice around his innocent neck to sink him? If there be such men, may Heaven forgive them for the attempt, and inspire you with fortitude and wisdom to discharge your duty with calm, steady, and reflecting minds.

"Gentlemen, I have no manner of doubt that you will. I am sure you cannot but see, notwithstanding my great inability, increased by a perturbation of mind (arising, thank God! from no dishonest cause) that there has been not only no evidence on the part of the crown, to fix the guilt of the late commotions upon the prisoner, but that, on the contrary, we have been able to resist the *probability*—I might almost say the *possibility*—of the charge, not only by living witnesses, whom we only ceased to call, because the trial would never have ended, but by the evidence of all the blood that has paid the forfeit of that guilt already; an evidence that, I will take upon me to say, is the strongest, and most unanswerable, which the combination of natural events ever brought together since the beginning of the world for the deliverance of the oppressed—since, in the late numerous trials for acts of violence and depredation, though conducted by the ablest servants of the crown, with a laudable eye to the investigation of the subject which now engages us, no one fact appeared which showed any plan, any object, any leader—since, out of forty-four thousand persons who signed the petition of the protestants, *not one* was to be found among those who were convicted, tried, or even apprehended on suspicion—and since, out of all the felons who were let loose from prisons, and who assisted in the destruction of our property, not a single wretch was to be found, who could even attempt to save his own life by the plausible promise of giving evidence to day.

"What can overturn such a proof as this! Surely a good man might, without superstition, believe, that such a union of events was something more than natural, and that the Divine Providence was watchful for the protection of innocence and truth.

"I may now, therefore, relieve you from the pain of hearing me any longer, and be myself relieved from speaking on

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a subject which agitates and distresses me. Since lord George Gordon stands clear of every hostile act or purpose against the legislature of his country, or the properties of his fellow subjects; since the whole tenour of his conduct repels the belief of the *traitorous intention* charged by the indictment; my task is finished. I shall make no address to your passions; I will not remind you of the long and rigorous imprisonment he has suffered; I will not speak to you of his great youth, of his illustrious birth, and of his uniformly animated and generous zeal in parliament for the constitution of his country. Such topicks might be useful in the balance of a doubtful case; yet, even then, I should have trusted to the honest hearts of Englishmen to have felt them without excitation. At present, the plain and rigid rules of justice and truth, are sufficient to entitle me to your verdict." I. 132—135.

A singular passage, to be found in this speech, affords a great contrast to the calm, and even mild tone of its peroration. It is, indeed, as far as we know, the only instance of the kind in the history of modern eloquence; and we might justly have doubted, if even Mr. Erskine's skill and well known discretion as a publick speaker had not forsaken him, and allowed his heat and fancy to hurry him somewhat too far, had we not, in the traditional account of the perfect success which attended this passage, the most unequivocal evidence in his favour. After reciting a variety of circumstances in lord George's conduct, and quoting the language which he used, the orator, suddenly, abruptly, and violently, breaks out with this exclamation:—"*I say*, BY GOD, that man is a ruffian, who shall, after this, presume to build upon such honest, artless, conduct, as an evidence of guilt!" [vol. I. p. 125.] The sensation produced by these words, and by the magick of the voice, the eye, the face, the figure, and all we call the manner, with which they were uttered, is related, by those present on this great occasion, to have been quite electrical, and to baffle all power of description. The feeling of the moment alone; that sort of sympathy which subsists between an observant speaker and his audience, which communicates to him, as he goes on, their feelings under what he is saying; decyphers the language of their looks; and even teaches him, without regarding what he sees, to adapt his words to the state of their minds, by merely attending to his own—this intuitive and momentary impulse could alone have prompted a flight, which it alone could sustain; and as its failure would, indeed, have been fatal, so its eminent success must be allowed to rank it among the most famous feats of oratory.

The speech which we are inclined to rank the next in importance, but the first in oratorical talent, and happily the most accurately reported and revised, is the celebrated defence of Stockdale, whose trial may be termed the case of libels; for in it we have clearly laid down, and most powerfully enforced, the doctrine which now enters into every such question; viz. that if, taking all the parts of a composition together, it shall not be found to exceed the bounds of a free and fair discussion; so fair as a regard to good order, the peace of society, and the security of the government requires; but so free as the nature of our happy constitution, and the unalienable right of Englishmen to canvass publick affairs, allows; if, in short, the discussion be, upon the whole, sufficiently decent in its language, and peaceable in its import, although marked with great freedom of opinion, and couched in terms as animated as a free man can use, on a subject that interests him deeply; although even a great share of heat should be found in the expression, and such invective as, surpassing the bounds of candour and of charity, can only be excused by the violence of honest feelings; nay, although detached passages may be pitched upon, in their nature and separate capacity amounting to libels; yet these also shall be overlooked, and

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the defendant acquitted, on the ground that he has only used the grand right of political discussion with uncommon vehemence. This great doctrine, now on the whole generally received, was first fully expounded in the defence of Stockdale; and it forms obviously the foundation of whatever is more than a mere name in the liberty of the press, the first and proudest pre-eminence of this country over all the rest of Europe.

While the trial of Mr. Hastings was going on, Mr Stockdale, a bookseller in London, published a pamphlet, written by the late Mr. Logan, one of the ministers of Leith, and a gentleman of very distinguished genius. It was a defence of Mr. Hastings; and, in the course of it, the author was led into several reflections upon the conduct of the managers, which the house of commons deemed highly contemptuous and libellous. The language of certain passages was, indeed, rather free and offensive. The charges against Mr. Hastings were said to "originate from *misrepresentation and falsehood.*" The house of commons, in making one of those charges, was compared to "a *tribunal of inquisition*, rather than a court of parliament." Others of them were stigmatized as "so *insignificant* in themselves, or founded on such *gross misrepresentations*, that they would not affect an obscure individual, much less a publick character." And, after a great deal of other invective, somewhat more diffuse, and less offensive in single terms, but fully more bitter and sarcastick in substance, the impeachment of Mr. Hastings was said to be "carried on from motives of personal animosity, not from regard to publick justice." This pamphlet made a considerable impression on the publick mind; and it was complained of by Mr. Fox, on the part of the managers It deserves, however, to be remarked, that although it was published during the proceedings against Mr. Hastings, and had a direct and undeniable tendency to influence the judgment of the peers as well as the country, no attempt was made to commit the printer or the author, by the mere authority of the house of commons; and Mr. Fox himself was content to move an address for a prosecution in a court of common law.

Mr. Stockdale, the publisher, was accordingly tried on an information filed by the attorney general, *ex officio*. The passages, of which we have just given a summary, were set forth and stated as libellous. The fact of publication was admitted; and Mr. Erskine then delivered the finest of all his orations, whether we regard the wonderful skill with which the argument is conducted; the soundness of the principles laid down, and their happy application to the case; or the exquisite fancy with which they are embellished and illustrated; and the powerful and touching language in which they are conveyed. It is justly regarded, by all English lawyers, as a consummate specimen of the art of addressing a jury; as a standard, a sort of precedent for treating cases of libel, by keeping which in his eye, a man may hope to succeed in special pleading his client's case, within its principle, who is destitute of the talent required even to comprehend the other and higher merits of his original. By those merits, it is recommended to lovers of pure diction; of copious and animated description; of lively, picturesque, and fanciful illustration; of all that constitutes, if we may so speak, the poetry of eloquence; all for which we admire it, when prevented from enjoying its musick and its statuary. We shall venture to recommend this exquisite specimen of Mr. Erskine's powers, by extracting a few passages almost at random.

He thus introduces his audience to a striking view of the grand trial in Westminster Hall, not for the

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sake of making fine sentences, or of adorning his speech with a beautiful description; for the speeches of this great advocate may be searched through by the most crafty special pleader, from beginning to end, and no one instance of such useless ornament will be found; but for the solid and important purpose of interesting his hearers in the situation of Mr. Hastings, and of his defender, the author of the pamphlet; of leading the mind to view the prisoner as an oppressed man, overwhelmed by the weight of parliamentary resentment, and ready to be crushed, in the face of the country, by the very forms and solemnities of his trial; of insinuating that the pamphlet only ventures to say something in defence of this unhappy person; and that, in such an unequal contest, an English jury may well excuse a little intemperance in the language of such a generous and almost hopeless defence.

"Gentlemen—before I venture to lay the book before you, it must be yet further remembered (for the fact is equally notorious) that, under these inauspicious circumstances, the trial of Mr. Hastings at the bar of the lords, had actually commenced long before its publication.

"There, the most august and striking spectacle was daily exhibited, which the world ever witnessed. A vast stage of justice was erected, awful from its high authority; splendid from its illustrious dignity; venerable from the learning and wisdom of its judges; captivating and affecting from the mighty concourse of all ranks and conditions which daily flocked into it, as into a theatre of pleasure. There, when the whole publick mind was at once awed and softened to the impression of every human affection, there appeared, day after day, one after another, men of the most powerful and exalted talents, eclipsing by their accusing eloquence the most boasted harangues of antiquity; rousing the pride of national resentment, by the boldest invectives against broken faith and violated treaties; and shaking the bosom with alternate pity and horrour, by the most glowing pictures of insulted nature and humanity;—ever animated and energetick, from the love of fame, which is the inherent passion of genius;—firm and indefatigable, from a strong prepossession of the justice of their cause.

"Gentlemen—when the author sat down to write the book now before you, all this terrible, unceasing, exhaustless artillery of warm zeal, matchless vigour of understanding, consuming and devouring eloquence, united with the highest dignity, was daily, and without prospect of conclusion, pouring forth upon one private, unprotected man, who was bound to hear it, in the face of the whole people of England, with reverential submission and silence. I do not complain of this, as I did of the publication of the charges, because it is what the law allowed and sanctioned in the course of a publick trial. But when it is remembered that we are not angels, but weak, fallible men, and that even the noble judges of that high tribunal are clothed beneath their ermines with the common infirmities of man's nature, it will bring us all to a proper temper for considering the book itself, which will, in a few moments, be laid before you. But first, let me once more remind you, that it was under all these circumstances, and amidst the blaze of passion and prejudice, which the scene I have been endeavouring faintly to describe to you, might be supposed likely to produce, that the author whose name I will now give to you, sat down to compose the book which is prosecuted to day as a libel." II. 229—231.

He now brings the author more immediately before the audience, thus skilfully prepared to give him a favourable reception; and he proceeds to put to them at once the chief question they have to decide, but in a striking shape.

"He felt for the situation of a fellow citizen, exposed to a trial, which, whether right or wrong, is undoubtedly a severe one; a trial, certainly not confined to a few criminal acts like those we are accustomed to, but comprehending the transactions of a whole life, and the complicated policies of numerous and distant nations; a trial, which had neither visible limits to its duration, bounds to its expense, nor circumscribed compass for the grasp of memory or understanding; a trial, which had therefore broke loose from the common form of decision, and had become the universal topick of discussion in the world, superseding not only every other grave pursuit, but every fashionable dissipation.

"Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is ex-

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tremely simple. It is neither more nor less than this. At a time when the charges against Mr. Hastings were, by the implied consent of the commons, in every hand, and on every table; when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was incessantly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the publick; when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and writing, and publishing just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations, would it have been criminal in Mr. Hastings himself to have reminded the publick that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defence in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them in the mean time to receive, as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? This is, without colour or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because I assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that if Mr. Hastings himself could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defence, the author, if he wrote it bona fide to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified; and if the author be justified, the publisher cannot be criminal, unless you had evidence that it was published by him with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written. The question, therefore, is correctly what I just now stated it to be. Could Mr. Hastings have been condemned to infamy for writing this book?

"Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation, to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured, that a subject of this country (instead of being arraigned and tried for some single act in her ordinary courts, where the accusation, as soon at least as it is made publick, is followed within a few hours by the decision) may be impeached by the commons for the transactions of twenty years, that the accusation shall spread as wide as the region of letters; that the accused, shall stand, day after day, and year after year, as a spectacle before the publick, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him; yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit any thing to the judgment of mankind in his defence? If this be law (which it is for you to day to decide) such a man has no trial. That great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar; and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by God and his country, is a victim and a sacrifice." II. 232—234.

We pass over the whole critical argument which follows on the true meaning of the work in question, and come to perhaps the most interesting passage of the speech. Although Mr. Erskine very judiciously disavows all intention of defending the opinions contained in the pamphlet, or of censuring the managers, and vindicating Mr. Hastings, he is nevertheless led to show, that Mr. Hastings's defender only made a sincere and bona fide appeal to the publick in his behalf; and that he only used, in doing so, the topicks which would naturally strike every one who impartially considered the subject. Without defending Mr. Hastings, therefore, he shows how he may be defended, in order to vindicate his client from the charge of making his book a cloak for abusing the house of commons; and it is evident, that the higher he can state the grounds of Mr. Hastings's defence, though without actually entering upon it, the better it must be for Mr. Stockdale. Yet this is not to be rashly done neither. On no account could the orator palliate the enormities of the Indian administration; the publick mind was too full of them; the ears of his audience still rang with the prodigious eloquence which had been called in to blazon them. Any thing absolutely favourable to such conduct; any appearance of callousness or carelessness to such scenes, and consequently any admission which mixed up the pamphleteer too intimately with the author of the wrongs complained of, was studiously to be shunned. How does this most dexterous advocate proceed? He studiously separates his defence of Stockdale as much as possible from a defence of Hastings; yet he begins to feel his way, by remarking, that the supporter of the governour-general might

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fairly wonder at the want of Indian accusers.

"Will the attorney-general proceed then to detect the hypocricy of our author, by giving us some detail of the proofs by which these personal enormities have been established, and which the writer must be supposed to have been acquainted with? I ask this as the defender of Mr. Stockdale, not of Mr. Hastings, with whom I have no concern. I am sorry, indeed, to be so often obliged to repeat this protest; but I really feel myself embarrassed with those repeated coincidences of defence which thicken on me as I advance, and which were, no doubt, overlooked by the commons when they directed this interlocutory inquiry into his conduct. I ask then, *as counsel for Mr. Stockdale*, whether, when a great state criminal is brought for justice at an immense expense to the publick; accused of the most oppressive cruelties, and charged with the robbery of princes, and the destruction of nations; is it not open to any one to ask, who are his accusers? What are the sources and the authorities of these shocking complaints? Where are the ambassadours or memorials of those princes, whose revenues he has plundered? Where are the witnesses for those unhappy men in whose persons the rights of humanity have been violated? How deeply buried is the blood of the innocent, that it does not rise up in retributive judgment to confound the guilty! These surely are questions, which, when a fellow citizen is upon a long, painful, and expensive trial, humanity has a right to propose; which the plain sense of the most unlettered man may be expected to dictate, and which all history must provoke from the more enlightened. When Cicero impeached Verres, before the great tribunal of Rome, of similar cruelties and depredations in her provinces, the Roman people were not left to such inquiries. All Sicily surrounded the forum, demanding justice upon her plunderer and spoiler, with tears and imprecations. It was not by the eloquence of the orator, but by the cries and tears of the miserable, that Cicero prevailed in that illustrious cause. Verres fled from the oaths of his accusers and their witnesses, and not from the voice of Tully. To preserve the fame of his eloquence, he composed his five celebrated speeches; but they were never delivered against the criminal; because he had fled from the city, appalled with the sight of the persecuted and the oppressed. It may be said, that the cases of Sicily and India are widely different; perhaps they may be; whether they are or not is foreign to my purpose. I am not bound to deny the possibility of answers to such questions; I am only vindicating *the right to ask them*." II. 242—244.

He here leaves this attempt in favour of the defenders of Hastings, and goes again into some details as to the work and its subject. But seeing, in all probability, how far he might go, he again adverts to the same topick with more perseverance and boldness; and fairly shows how much of the atrocities of Mr. Hastings are to be imputed to his instructions, to his situation, to the wicked policy of England, and of Europe, in distant countries—to the general infamy of civilized man when he disturbs the repose of his less enlightened fellow creatures; till by description and anecdote, and even by a personal adventure of his own in North America, and a speech which, with a fair license, he puts into the mouth of an Indian (a flight to which he evidently did not soar until he perceived that it was safe, from the previous preparation of his hearers) he at last envelops this delicate part of his subject, Hastings, India, the book and all, in a blaze of imagery and declamation, which overpowers the understandings of his audience. We give this wonderful passage entire, premising that the traditional accounts of its effects are to be credited, not even by those who now read it, if they have not also experienced the witchery of this extraordinary man's voice, eye, and action.

"Gentlemen of the jury—If this be a wilfully false account of the instructions given to Mr. Hastings for his government, and of his conduct under them, the author and publisher of this defence deserve the severest punishment, for a mercenary imposition on the publick. But if it be true that he was directed to make the *safety and prosperity of Bengal the first object of his attention*, and that under his administration, it has been safe and prosperous; if it be true that the security and preservation of our possessions and revenues in Asia were marked out to him as the great

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leading principle of his government, and that those possessions and revenues, amidst unexampled dangers, have been secured and preserved; then a question may be unaccountably mixed with your consideration, much beyond the consequence of the present prosecution, involving, perhaps, the merit of the impeachment itself, which gave it birth; a question which the commons, as prosecutors of Mr. Hastings, should, in common prudence, have avoided; unless, regretting the unwieldy length of their proceedings against him, they wished to afford him the opportunity of this strange, anomalous defence. For, although I am neither his counsel, nor desire to have any thing to do with his guilt or innocence, yet, in the collateral defence of my client, I am driven to state matter which may be considered by many as hostile to the impeachment. For if our dependencies have been secured, and their interests promoted, I am driven, in the defence of my client, to remark, that it is mad and preposterous to bring to the standard of justice and humanity, the exercise of a dominion, founded upon violence and terrour. It may, and must be true, that Mr. Hastings has repeatedly offended against the rights and privileges of Asiatick government, if he was the faithful deputy of a power which could not maintain itself for an hour, without trampling upon both. He may and must have offended against the laws of God and nature, if he was the faithful viceroy of an empire wrested in blood, from the people to whom God and nature had given it. He may and must have preserved that unjust dominion over timorous and abject nations, by a terrifying, overbearing, insulting superiority, if he was the faithful administrator of your government, which, having no root in consent or affection; no foundation in similarity of interests; nor support from any one principle which cements men together in society, could only be upheld by alternate stratagem and force. The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been, by the knavery and strength of civilisation, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the east would, long since, have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority, which heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

"Gentlemen—I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince, surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governour of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence: 'Who is it,' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure, 'who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being, who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it!' said the warriour, throwing down his tomohawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation—These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.

"These reflections are the only antidotes to those anathemas of superhuman eloquence, which have lately shaken these walls that surround us; but which it unaccountably falls to my province, whether I will or no, a little to stem the torrent of, by reminding you, that you have a mighty sway in Asia, which cannot be maintained by the finer sympathies of life, or the practice of its charities and affections. What will they do for you, when surrounded by two hundred thousand men with artillery, cavalry, and elephants, calling upon you for their dominions which you have robbed them of? Justice may, no doubt, in such a case forbid the levying of a fine to pay a revolting soldiery; a treaty may stand in the way of increasing a tribute to keep up the very existence of the government; and delicacy for women may forbid all entrance into a Zenana for money, whatever may be the necessity for taking it. All these things must ever be occurring. But, under the pressure of such constant difficulties, so dangerous to national honour, it might be better, perhaps, to think of effectually securing it al-

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together, by recalling our troops and our merchants, and abandoning our oriental empire. Until this be done, neither religion nor philosophy can be pressed very far into the aid of reformation and punishment. If England, from a lust of ambition and dominion, will insist on maintaining despotick rule over distant and hostile nations, beyond all comparison more numerous and extended than herself, and give commission to her viceroys to govern them with no other instructions than to preserve them, and to secure permanently their revenues; with what colour of consistency or reason can she place herself in the moral chair, and affect to be shocked at the execution of her own orders; adverting to the exact measure of wickedness and injustice necessary to their execution, and complaining only of *the excess* as the immorality, considering her authority as a dispensation for breaking the commands of God, and the breach of them as only punishable when contrary to the ordinances of man?

"Such a proceeding, gentlemen, begets serious reflections. It would be better, perhaps, for the masters and the servants of all such governments, to join in supplication, that the great Author of violated humanity may not confound them together in one common judgment." II 260—265.

In considering this passage, we earnestly entreat the reader, whoever he may be, to reflect on the moral of it, as it bears on the great questions of East Indian policy; but, as far as relates to the character of Mr. Erskine's eloquence, we would point out, as the most remarkable feature in it, that in no one sentence is the subject, the business in hand, the case, the client, the verdict, lost sight of; and that the fire of that oratory, or rather that rhetorick (for it was quite under discipline) which was melting the hearts, and dazzling the understandings of his hearers, had not the power to touch for an instant the hard head of the *nisi prius lawyer*, from which it radiated; or to make him swerve, by one hair-breadth even, from the minuter details most befitting his purpose, and the alternate admissions and disavowals best adapted to put his *case* in the *safest position*. This, indeed, was the grand secret of Mr. Erskine's unparalleled success at the English bar. Without it, he might have filled Westminster Hall with his sentences, and obtained a reputation for eloquence, somewhat like the fame of a popular preacher or a distinguished actor; but his fortunes, aye, and the liberties of his country, are built on the matchless skill with which he could subdue the genius of a first rate orator to the uses of the most consummate advocate of the age.

After the passage just quoted, he contends (always taking care to protest against the inuendoes in every particular) that though a man in the situation of the author should happen, in a long work, to use one or two intemperate expressions, he must not, on this account, be "subjected to infamy." "If," says he, "this severe duty were binding on your consciences, the liberty of the press would be but an empty sound; and no man could venture to write on any subject, however pure his purpose, without an attorney at one elbow, and a counsel at the other." This leads to another of those highly-wrought, and yet argumentative passages, which so eminently distinguish this oration.

"From minds thus subdued by the terrours of punishment, there could issue no works of genius to expand the empire of human reason, nor any masterly compositions on the general nature of government, by the help of which, the great commonwealths of mankind have founded their establishments; much less any of those useful applications of them to critical conjunctures, by which, from time to time, our own constitution, by the exertion of patriot citizens, has been brought back to its standard. Under such terrours, all the great lights of science and civilisation must be extinguished, for men cannot communicate their free thoughts to one another with a lash held over their heads. It is the nature of every thing that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular; and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the

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fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom, when it advances in its path—subject it to the critick, and you tame it into dulness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilize in the summer: the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish for hunger.—Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings, and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is—you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law; but she would then be Liberty no longer; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom." II. 266—268.

The only other extract which we shall make, is from the Peroration, where he illustrates his argument, of the necessity of taking the whole work in question together, in judging of its intentions and merits, by the awful example of the judgment to be expected on the book of human life at the last day; a topick which he manages with his usual delicacy of taste, and felicity of diction.

"One word more, gentlemen, and I have done.—Every human tribunal ought to take care to administer justice, as we look hereafter to have justice administered to ourselves. Upon the principle on which the attorney-general prays sentence upon my client—God have mercy upon us!—instead of standing before him in judgment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us; for which of us can present, for omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted, and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in his hands, and regarding the general scope of them, if he discovers benevolence, charity, and good-will to man beating in the heart, where he alone can look; if he finds that our conduct, though often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in general well directed; his all-searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will his justice select them for punishment, without the general context of our existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections. No, gentlemen; believe me, this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospels of Heaven. If the general tenour of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common paths of life; because he knows, that instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those frail passages, which, like the scored matter in the book before you, chequers the volume of the brightest and best spent life, his mercy will obscure them from the eye of his purity, and our repentance blot them out for ever." II. 269—271.

The speech for Mr. Perry (the editor of the Morning Chronicle, who has distinguished himself too, on a late occasion, as the successful advocate of a free press) is, though much less brilliant, almost equal in skill and argument; and it produced, like the defence of Stockdale, a clear acquittal. We shall, however, rather direct the attention of our readers to the speech in Frost's case, who was accused, by the very *comfortable* loyalty of some good men in those days, of uttering seditious words.—They turned out to be a few random expressions used in passing through a coffeehouse, where he had been dining, and drinking pretty freely, at an *agricultural* meeting.

At the present day, or at any time since the mild and conciliatory administration of Mr. Addington (to whom, on this, as well as on other accounts, we gladly pay the tribute of our humble gratitude) no man would be found base enough to denounce such offences, because the government would be ashamed to employ even professional spies on such eavesdropping errands. But in that day of alarm, it was far other-

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wise. We were then reaping the bitter first-fruits of the penitence of Mr. Pitt—a new convert from the damnable heresy of reform, and performing his rigorous noviciate among the associated enemies of popular rights. In the fervour of that new sprung zeal, an experiment was made on the temper and character of the nation, which nothing but the alarms transplanted from France could have made any mortal bold enough to have attempted;—which the conversions of Oliver Cromwell did not surpass, except in success; which Buonaparte himself, in the antijacobin part of his life—in his third manner (to use the language of painters) has scarcely excelled, unless in the greater boldness of the design, and brilliancy of the execution; and which the integrity of British courts of justice, and the genius of Mr. Erskine, alone prevented from dying the canvas with as deep a shade among ourselves. The trade of a spy was then not merely lucrative; it had almost ceased to be degrading. Friends of the constitution, as they were called, conveyed the dark hint, and carried the careless words of the supposed "*democrat*" from house to house, till, at last, his person was watched, his temper tried, the accents of discontent registered, as they were wrung from his lips by every indignity which the *persecution of society* (if we may so speak) can inflict; and then his company shunned by the base and the cowardly; or only resorted to by the *loyal* who had not yet fattened upon him, and had their fortune still to make out of his life and conversation.

We speak not from hearsay, or from fancy, but from distinct and personal recollection; for fifteen years have not passed over our heads, since every part of the island, from the metropolis to the meanest village that supports an attorney or a curate, teemed with the wretched vermin whom we are in vain attempting to describe. We speak, indeed, from notes that are still fresh and legible; for, turn which way we will, we now see almost all the places of profit and trust in this island filled with persons, for whose elevation we should find it hard to account, if we did not look back to their apprenticeships in 1794 and 1795. We speak from a feeling recollection; for, where did this unutterable baseness; this infinite misery; this most humiliating curse, fall so heavily as in the very city where we now write? And for no other reason, but because Scotland has no popular spirit, from having no popular elections—and because her courts of justice were, at that time, considerably behind the courts of Westminster. In London, the evil was less severely felt; but it was no fault of Mr. Pitt's that it stopt where it did. He had committed in his youth the sin of reform; he had his atonement to make for an offence only pardonable on the score of that heedless and tender age—only to be expiated by the most glaring proofs of amendment.

Mr. Frost had been a reformer, too; and had even held a high office among the members of Mr. Pitt's society. In this capacity he had constant communications with that distinguished personage; and, at his trial, could even produce the most cordial and respectful letters, on the interests of their "great and common cause." The canting visage of Harrison, or the steady virtue of Hutchison, were not more hateful to Cromwell; Danton and Brissot were not more formidable to Robespierre; Syeyes is less odious to Buonaparte; a catholick petition to lord Castlereagh; or, to come nearer to the point, the question of the abolition, to the same Mr. Pitt himself, after his periods had been turned on the slave traffick—than such men as Frost, Hardy, Thelwall and Holcroft were to that converted reformer of the parliament. After he had once

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forsworn the errours of his way, and said to corruption, "thou art my brother," and called power, or rather place, his god (for he truckled too much for the sake of merely *keeping in*—he was too mean in his official propensities, to deserve the name of *ambitious*) the sight of a reformer was a spectre to his eyes; he detested it as the wicked do the light; as tyrants do the history of their own times, which haunts their repose even after the conscience has ceased to sting their souls. We must be pardoned for using this language. We know of no epithet too harsh for him who was profligate enough to thirst for the blood of his former associates in reform; of the very men whom his own eloquence, and the protection of his high station, had seduced into popular courses; and, not content with deserting them, to use the power into which he had mounted on their backs, for the purpose of their destruction! When the wars and the taxes which we owe to the lamentable policy of this rash statesman shall be forgotten, and the turmoils of this factious age shall live only in historical record; when those venal crowds shall be no more, who now subsist on the spoil of the myriads whom he has undone, the passage of this great orator's life, which will excite the most lively emotions, will be that where his apostacies are enrolled; where the case of the African slave, and of the Irish catholick, stand black in the sight; but most of all will the heart shudder at his persecutions of the reformers, and his attempt to naturalize into England a system of proscriptions, which nothing but the trial by jury, and by English judges, could have prevented from sinking the whole land in infamy and blood.

The speech for Mr. Frost is the first of those almost miraculous exertions which, in that momentous crisis, Mr. Erskine made for the liberties of his country. We shall give our readers only a short specimen of it, as descriptive of the proceedings which we have been alluding to; and more especially of the conduct of the government and their agents in Scotland. Could evidence be brought from Ireland, we apprehend the Scottish persecutions would sink out of sight.

"Gentlemen—it is impossible for me to form any other judgment of the impression which such a proceeding, altogether, is likely to make upon your minds, but from that which it makes upon *my own*. In the first place, is society to be protected by the breach of those confidences, and in the destruction of that security and tranquillity, which constitute its very essence every where, but which, till of late, most emphatically characterized the life of an Englishman? Is government to derive dignity and safety by means which render it impossible for any man who has the least spark of honour to step forward to serve it? Is the time come, when obedience to the law and correctness of conduct are not a sufficient protection to the subject, but that he must measure his steps, select his expressions, and adjust his very looks in the most common and private intercourses of life? Must an English gentleman, in future, fill his wine by a measure, lest, in the openness of his soul, and whilst believing his neighbours are joining with him in that happy relaxation and freedom of thought, which is the prime blessing of life, he should find his character blasted, and his person in a prison? Does any man put such constraint upon himself in the most private moment of his life, that he would be contented to have his loosest and lightest words recorded, and set in array against him in a court of justice? Thank God, the world lives very differently, or it would not be worth living in. There are moments when jarring opinions may be given without inconsistency; when Truth herself may be sported with without the breach of veracity; and where well-imagined nonsense is not only superiour to, but is the very index to wit and wisdom. I might safely assert, taking, too, for the standard of my assertion, the most honourably correct and enlightened societies in the kingdom, that if malignant spies were properly posted, scarcely a dinner would end without a duel and an indictment.

"When I came down this morning, and found, contrary to my expectation, that we were to be stuffed into this miserable hole

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in the wall,* to consume our constitutions: suppose I had muttered along through the gloomy passages: 'What, is this cursed trial of Hastings going on again? Are we to have no respite? Are we to die of the asthma in this damned corner? I wish to God that the roof would come down and abate the impeachment, lords, commons, and all together.' *Such a wish, proceeding from the mind,* would be desperate wickedness, and the serious expression of it a high and criminal contempt of parliament. Perhaps the bare utterance of such words, even without meaning, would be irreverend and foolish; but still, if such expressions had been gravely imputed to me as the result of a malignant mind, seeking the destruction of the lords and commons of England, how would they have been treated in the house of commons, on a motion for my expulsion? How! The witness would have been laughed out of the house before he had half finished his evidence, and would have been voted to be too great a blockhead to deserve a worse character. Many things are, indeed, wrong and reprehensible, that neither do nor can become the objects of criminal justice; because the happiness and security of social life, which are the very end and object of all law and justice, forbid the communication of them; because the spirit of a gentleman, which is the most refined morality, either shuts men's ears against what should not be heard, or closes their lips with the sacred seal of honour.

"This tacit but well understood and delightful compact of social life, is perfectly consistent with its safety. The security of free governments, and the unsuspecting confidence of every man who lives under them, are not only compatible, but inseparable. It is easy to distinguish where the publick duty calls for the violation of the private one; criminal intention, but not indecent levities, not even grave opinions unconnected with conduct, are to be exposed to the magistrate; and when men, which happens but seldom, without the honour or the sense to make the due distinctions, force complaints upon governments, which they can neither approve of nor refuse to act upon; it becomes the office of juries, as it is yours to day, to draw the true line in their judgments, measuring men's conduct by the safe standards of human life and experience." II. 341, 344.

After quoting Mr. Burke's spirited remarks on the system of *espionage* and persecution practised in France, he proceeds:

"If these sentiments apply so justly to the reprobation of persecution for opinions, even for opinions which the laws, however absurdly, inhibit; for opinions, though certainly and maturely entertained, though publickly professed, and though followed up by corresponding conduct; how irresistibly do they devote to contempt and execration, all eavesdropping attacks upon loose conversations, casual or convivial, more especially when proceeding from persons conforming to all the religious and civil institutions of the state, unsupported by general and avowed profession, and not merely unconnected with conduct, but scarcely attended with recollection or consciousness! Such a vexatious system of inquisition, the disturber of household peace, began and ended with the star-chamber. The venerable law of England never knew it; her noble, dignified, and humane policy soars above the little irregularities of our lives, and disdains to enter our closets without a warrant, founded upon complaint. Constructed by man to regulate human infirmities, and not by God to guard the purity of angels, it leaves to us our thoughts, our opinions, and our conversations; and punishes only overt acts of contempt and disobedience to her authority.

"Gentlemen, this is not the specious phrase of an advocate for his client; it is not even my exposition of the spirit of our constitution; but it is the phrase and letter of the law itself. In the most critical conjunctures of our history, when government was legislating for its own existence and continuance, it never overstepped this wise moderation. To give stability to establishments, it occasionally bridled opinions concerning them; but its punishments, though sanguinary, *laid no snares for thoughtless life,* and took no man by surprise." II. 345, 346.

We subjoin one other passage from the conclusion of the speech, because its application to the present times is but too striking.

"Indeed, I am very sorry to say that we *hear* of late too much of the excellence of the British government, and *feel* but too little of its benefits. They, too, who pronounce its panegyricks, are those who alone prevent the entire publick from acceding to them; the eulogium comes from a suspected quarter, when it is pronounced by persons enjoying every honour from the crown, and treating the people upon all

* The King's Bench sat in the small court of Common Pleas, the impeachment having shut up its own court. EDITOR.

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occasions with suspicion and contempt. The three estates of the kingdom are co-ordinate, all alike representing the dignity, and jointly executing the authority of the nation; yet all our loyalty seems to be wasted upon one of them. How happens it else, that we are so exquisitely sensible, so tremblingly alive to every attack upon the crown, or the nobles that surround it, yet so completely careless of what regards the once respected and awful commons of Great Britain!

"If Mr. Frost had gone into every coffeehouse, from Charingcross to the Exchange, lamenting the dangers of popular government; reprobating the peevishness of opposition in parliament; and wishing, in the most advised terms, that we could look up to the throne and its excellent ministers alone, for quiet and comfortable government, do you think that we should have had an indictment? I ask pardon for the supposition; I can discover that you are laughing at me for its absurdity. Indeed, I might ask you whether it is not the notorious language of the highest men, in and out of parliament, to justify the alienation of the popular part of the government from the spirit and principle of its trust and office, and to prognosticate the very ruin and downfal of England, from a free and uncorrupted representation of the great body of the people? I solemnly declare to you, that I think the whole of this system leads inevitably to the dangers we seek to avert; it divides the higher and the lower classes of the nation into adverse parties, instead of uniting and compounding them into one harmonious whole; it embitters the people against authority, which, when they are made to feel and know is but their own security, they must, from the nature of man, unite to support and cherish. I do not believe that there is any set of men to be named in England, I might say, that I do not know an individual, who seriously wishes to touch the crown, or any branch of our excellent constitution; and when we hear peevish and disrespectful expressions concerning any of its functions, depend upon it, it proceeds from some practical variance between its theory and its practice. These variances are the fatal springs of disorder and disgust; they lost America, and in that unfortunate separation laid the foundation of all that we have to fear; yet, instead of treading back our steps, we seek recovery in the system which brought us into peril. Let government, in England, always take care to make its administration correspond with the true spirit of our genuine constitution, and nothing will ever endanger it. Let it seek to maintain its corruptions by severity and coercion, and neither laws nor arms will support it. These are my sentiments; and I advise you, however, unpopular they may be at this moment, to consider them, before you repel them." II. 353—356.

In the violence of that day, the exertions of Mr. Erskine failed of their accustomed effect; and Mr. Frost was found guilty. But the impression of his defence was not lost; and it deterred the government from risking its credit on such precarious speculations, until, in 1794, the charges of high treason were brought forward, the whole force of the bar marshalled against the prisoners, and every effort used to beat down their undaunted defender. Then it was that his consummate talents shone in their full lustre. His indefatigable patience, his eternal watchfulness, his unceasing labour of body and of mind, the strength of an herculean constitution, his untameable spirit, a subtlety which the merest pleader might envy, a quickness of intellect which made up for the host he was opponed to: these were the great powers of the man; and the wonderful eloquence of his speeches is only to be spoken of as second to these. Amidst all the struggles of the constitution, in parliament, in the council, and in the field, there is no one man, certainly, to whose individual exertions it owes so much, as to this celebrated advocate; and if ever a single patriot saved his country from the horrours of a proscription, this man did this deed for us, in stemming the tide of state prosecutions.

We have spoken most at large of his later productions; but the reader will naturally be anxious to look at the beginnings of his career. We subjoin, therefore, an extract from his celebrated speech for captain Baillie, being the first he ever made, and pronounced by him immediately after he was called to the bar. The specimen we are about to give, is selected principally with a view to

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show, that the courage which marked Mr. Erskine's professional life, was not acquired after the success which rendered it a safe and a cheap virtue; but, being naturally inherent in the man, was displayed at a moment when attended with the most formidable risks.

"In this enumeration of delinquents, the revd. Mr. ———, looks round, as if he thought I had forgotten him. He is mistaken; I well remembered him: but *his* infamy is worn threadbare. Mr. Murphy has already treated him with that ridicule which his folly, and Mr. Peckham with that invective which his wickedness, deserve. I shall, therefore, forbear to taint the ear of the court further with his name: a name which would bring dishonour upon his country and its religion, if human nature were not happily compelled to bear the greater part of the disgrace, and to share it amongst mankind."

"*Such, my lords, is the case.* The defendant, not a disappointed, malicious informer, prying into official abuses, because without office himself, but himself a man in office; not troublesomely inquisitive into other men's departments, but conscientiously correcting his own; doing it pursuant to the rules of law, and, what heightens the character, doing it at the risk of his office, from which the effrontery of power has already suspended him without proof of his guilt; a conduct, not only unjust and illiberal, but highly disrespectful to this court, whose judges sit in the double capacity of ministers of the law, and governours of this sacred and abused institution. Indeed, lord ——— has, in my mind, acted such a part.

* * *

[*Here, lord Mansfeld observing the counsel heated with his subject, and growing personal on the first lord of the admiralty, told him that lord ——— was not before the court.*]

"I know, that he is not formally before the court; but, for that very reason, *I will bring him before the court.* He has placed these men in the front of the battle, in hopes to escape under their shelter; but I will not join in battle with them: *their* vices, though screwed up to the highest pitch of human depravity, are not of dignity enough to vindicate the combat with *me.* I will drag *him* to light, who is the dark mover behind this scene of iniquity. I assert, that the earl of ——— has but one road to escape out of this business without pollution and disgrace; and *that is*, by publickly disavowing the acts of the prosecutors, and restoring captain Baillie to his command. If he does this, then, his offence will be no more than the too common one, of having suffered his own *personal* interest to prevail over his *publick* duty, in placing his voters in the hospital. But if, on the contrary, he continues to protect the prosecutors, in spite of the evidence of their guilt, which has excited the abhorrence of the numerous audience that crowd this court—*if he keeps this injured man suspended, or dares to turn that suspension into a removal, I shall then not scruple to declare him an accomplice in their guilt; a shameless oppressor; a disgrace to his rank, and a traitor to his trust*— But as I should be very sorry that the fortune of my brave and honourable friend should depend, either upon the exercise of lord ———'s virtues, or the influence of his fears, I do most earnestly entreat the court to mark the malignant object of this prosecution, and to defeat it. I beseech you, my lords, to consider, that even by discharging the rule, and with costs, the defendant is neither protected nor restored. I trust, therefore, your lordships will not rest satisfied with fulfilling your JUDICIAL duty, but, as the strongest evidence of foul abuses has, by accident, come collaterally before you, that you will protect a brave and publick spirited officer from the persecution this writing has brought upon him, and not suffer so dreadful an example to go abroad into the world, as the ruin of an upright man, for having faithfully discharged his duty.

"My lords, this matter is of the last importance. I speak not as an ADVOCATE alone, I speak to you as A MAN, as a member of a state, whose very existence depends upon her naval strength. If a misgovernment were to fall upon Chelsea hospital to the ruin and discouragement of our army, it would be no doubt to be lamented; yet I should not think it fatal. But if our fleets are to be crippled by the baneful influence of elections, we are lost indeed! If the seaman, who, while he exposes his body to fatigues and dangers, looking forward to Greenwich as an asylum for infirmity and old age, sees the gates of it blocked up by corruption, and hears the riot and mirth of luxurious landmen drowning the groans and complaints of the wounded, helpless companions of his glory—he will tempt the seas no more. The admiralty may press HIS BODY, indeed, at the expense of humanity and the constitution, but they cannot press *his*

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mind; they cannot press the heroick ardour of a British sailor; and, instead of a fleet to carry terrour all round the globe, the admiralty may not much longer be able to amuse us, with even the peaceable, unsubstantial pageant of a review.

"FINE AND IMPRISONMENT! The man deserves a PALACE, instead of a PRISON, who prevents the palace, built by the publick bounty of his country, from being converted into a dungeon, and who sacrifices his own security to the interests of humanity and virtue." I. 20. 29—32.

The professional life of this eminent person, who has, of late years, reached the highest honours of the law, is, in every respect, useful, as an example to future lawyers. It shows, that a base, time-serving demeanour towards the judges, and a corrupt or servile conduct towards the government, are not the only, though, from the frailty of human nature, and the wickedness of the age, they may often prove the surest roads to preferment. It exalts the character of an English barrister beyond what, in former times, it had attained, and holds out an illustrious instance of patriotism and independence, united with the highest legal excellence, and crowned, in the worst of times, with the most ample success. But it is doubly important, by proving how much a single man can do against the corruption of his age, and how far he can vindicate the liberties of his country, so long as courts of justice are pure, by raising his single voice against the outcry of the people, and the influence of the crown, at a time when the union of these opposite forces was bearing down all opposition in parliament, and daily setting at nought the most splendid talents, armed with the most just cause. While the administration of the law flows in such pure channels; while the judges are incorruptible, and are watched by the scrutinizing eyes of an enlightened bar, as well as by the jealous attention of the country; while juries continue to know, and to exercise their high functions, and a single advocate of honesty and talents remains—thank God, happen what will in other places, our personal safety is beyond the reach of a corrupt ministry and their venal adherents. Justice will hold her even balance, in the midst of hosts armed with gold or with steel. The law will be administered steadily, while the principles of right and wrong; the evidence of the senses themselves; the very axioms of arithmetick, may seem, elsewhere, to be mixed in one giddy and inextricable confusion; and, after every other plank of the British constitution shall have sunk below the weight of the crown, or been stove in by the violence of popular commotion, that one will remain, to which we are ever fondest of clinging, and by which we can always most surely be saved.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Lady of the Lake; a Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* boards. Philadelphia, republished by Edward Earle, in a miniature edition. Price $1. 1810.

"Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis
Quam linguâ Latium, si non offenderet unum-
Quemque poëtarum limæ labor, et mora. Vos O
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coërcuit, atque
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad [illegible]guem."

UN[illegible]
autl[illegible]

The poet tells us in his parting address, that

—" Little recks he of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay:"—

but we trust that our readers will not find us disposed to cavil; and we are certain that censure, in this instance, will not be idle, because, if a pure literary taste be yet worth preserving among us, on no occasion can its advocates stand forwards with better grace, and with more likelihood of obtaining the approbation of the judicious and intelligent, than on the present. With due respect, then, we approach an author whose eminent genius we warmly and freely acknowlegde, but whose carelessness in composition is, we conceive, making a rapid progress in barbarizing our language and corrupting our taste. We shall begin by a general survey of the plan of the poem, interspersed with such remarks as arise from the subject; then make some extracts as specimens of the style and execution; and conclude with further observations on its merits in all these respects.

The events recorded in the story are supposed to have taken place in the reign of James the fifth of Scotland. The scene is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch-Katrine, in the western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of action includes six days: and the transactions of each day occupy a canto. After a fine address to the harp of the north, the first canto, which is called *The Chase*, commences with an account of a long and dangerous hunt, over a tract of country, of which, we have no doubt, the topographical accuracy is equal to the picturesque description. The huntsmen drop the pursuit in succession,

" And when the brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone."

His two bloodhounds drive the "stalwart stag" up to the western boundary of Loch-Katrine; where, as they approach to seize him, instead of turning to bay, he dashes into a deep ravine, and foils their pursuit in the crags and thickets below. Here the gallant steed of the sportsman falls exhausted, and expires. He pathetically apostrophizes the noble animal, and calling off his dogs, endeavours to retrace his way to his companions; when his road on the wild borders of the lake, among mountains and woods, is as clearly brought to our view as if we really beheld it. Having wandered for some time in this romantick scene, his path winds out on the Lake, and gives him a glorious prospect of its expanse. Here he blows his horn, in hopes of summoning some straggler of his train; but, to his astonishment, he perceives a damsel of matchless beauty and elegance, whose dress betrays the daughter of some highland chief, guiding a light skiff over the water. As she draws near the shore, she looks round for the person who blew the horn; asks whether it was her "father," and, more gently, whether it was "Malcolm?" On seeing a stranger, she pushes her boat from the shore, but, reassured by his address and appearance, she listens to his tale of losing himself in the chase, and courteously offers him the rights of hospitality in her father's house. To his surprise, she adds that old Allan-Bane, their secondsighted minstrel, had foretold his mischance, and his arrival at the lake. He takes the oar from the lady, and they land on a thickly wooded island. The "rustick bower," or, as the lady gayly calls it, the enchanted "hall," which they reach through a tangled path, excites still farther the wonder of the stranger. The large room which they enter is hung round with trophies of the chase; and a sword of enormous size, falling as they cross the threshold with a loud clang on the floor, not a little startles the knight; but he blushes for his mo-

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mentary alarm, and, taking up the steel, asks whose "stalwart arm" could wield so vast a weapon? She tells him that it trembles in her father's hand as lightly as a hazel wand in her's, and adds, playfully, that her sire was equal in size to Ferragus or Ascabart:

"But in the absent giants' hold,
Are women now, and menials old.

The mistress of the mansion appears, the Lady Margaret,

"To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due."

by which obscure piece of information, we are afforded but small insight into the relationship of the characters at present. However, the stranger informs us that he is

"The knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz James;"

and in return for this communication he seems disposed to ascertain the degree and title of his hosts; but the elder lady "heard with silence grave," or Ellen innocently smiled away his inquiries:

"Wierd women we! by dale and down,
We dwell afar from tower and town,"
&c. &c.

She sings a very pretty song in continuance, and is accompanied by an unseen harp. The stranger, delighted with his reception, retires to his bed of mountain-heather, and dreams of all the strange accidents of the day; and his vision is described with all the commanding imagination of a poet. Chiefly, however, the knight dwells on the likeness in the highland maiden to the exiled family of Douglas; and on the gigantick sword, which could not be wielded by any but a Douglas arm. To chase these painful thoughts, he breathes his midnight orison, and tells his beads of gold, and sinks to rest,

"Until the heath cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Benvenue."

Thus interested in the characters and events of the story, the reader is introduced to the second canto, entitled *The Island*. It opens with a morning scene, and a most beautiful song of the aged minstrel, sitting on a rock which overhangs the Lake, and viewing the departure of the stranger in a vessel which bears him to the opposite shore. Ellen sits beside the minstrel, and smiles to see the parting stranger linger, and stop, and turn to wave a long and repeated adieu. She blushes, however, for her momentary forgetfulness, and bids the old man sing the praise of a noble house, and "pour forth the glory of the Græme!" She reddens deeper at the name;

"For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower."

The minstrel falls into a melancholy reverie; in the course of which he gives us such glimpses of the events preceding the story, as serve greatly to heighten our interest in the fate of the characters. He says that his harp now returns such mournful sounds to his touch, as it did in "Bothwell's banner'd hall,"

"Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,
Were banished from their native heaven."

Ellen, who now appears confessedly a Douglas,

"The Lady of the bleeding heart,"

endeavours to cheer the old minstrel; but, on her mentioning the name of black sir Roderick, the scourge of the Saxons and the pride of Clan-Alpine, a kinsman of the Douglases and their protector at present, the bard reminds her that this savage chieftain (who is admirably painted) aspires to her hand; and Ellen, shuddering at the thought, declares her resolution to die in a convent, or wander

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"Through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,"

rather than become the bride of sir Roderick. To change the subject, she speaks of their stranger guest; but Allan-Bane foretells sorrow, even from him, since the Douglas sword

"Did, self unscabbarded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe."

At all events, Roderick was likely to be suspicious and jealous of him, and the minstrel reminds Ellen of Roderick's quarrel with Malcolm Græme. As they converse, sir Roderick's "banner'd pine" advances up the lake in four vessels, to the sound of martial musick. This scene is highly finished, and the expressive notes of the pibroch almost seem to have that effect in the poet's description which is ascribed to them in reality. The words of the war-song are spirited; but the arrival of the boats at the shore presents us with a most engaging picture. Lady Margaret, the mother of Roderick, receives him with her female band, and calls Ellen to welcome him still more gratefully; but the reluctant damsel at this moment hears her father's bugle; and, hastening with Allan-Bane into her skiff, she darts forward over the lake to meet the Douglas. Their embrace is most sweetly and naturally described; and the groupe of the father, the daughter, and the lover modestly standing at a little distance, with the aged minstrel in the boat, will surely call forth the talents of some painter worthy to embody the images of the poet.

The Douglas answers all the expectations which have been formed of him; and Malcolm Græme is one of the most winning young heroes of romance. Roderick is an admirable contrast. The reader has been prepared for all these characters very artfully; and his gratification when they are introduced to him is heightened instead of diminished. Roderick ill brooks the appearance of a rival, notwithstanding his friendly guidance of the Douglas safe through the royal spies and scouts (though Malcolm was a royal ward) and spoils the happiness of their meeting by announcing the approach of the king on a hunting party, or the pretext of a hunting party, to Loch-Katrine. Douglas determines that no friend shall suffer for him and his daughter, and resolves to seek shelter among the mountains; but Roderick will not allow this; and, asking the hand of Ellen, he declares, that, united with the Douglas, he shall be "confident in arms" against the king. Ellen's agitation and despair for her father's safety, almost drive her to accept the hand of the dreaded Roderick: but Malcolm rises to speak. Douglas, anticipating him, tells Roderick that Ellen cannot be his bride. Roderick then manifests the most indignant rage; and, as Malcolm hastens to support Ellen, who is overcome with this scene, the fierce chieftain attacks his rival, and they are separated only by the strength of Douglas. With a few manly words of affection for him and his lovely daughter, and a stern defiance to Roderick, Malcolm departs, and, attended by Allan-Bane to the water's side, cries out with noble spirit,

"'Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain side'—
Then plunged he in the flashing tide."

The minstrel watches Malcolm safe over to the opposite shore, and thus ends the second canto. Thus, too, ends, for the present, our labour of detail; or, rather, our pleasure in giving the outline of the events and characters of the story. These have been hitherto excellently related and contrasted; but "Oh! most lame and impotent" progression! All that follows of beauty in the third, is the beauty of long description unconnected with the plot; and the ad-

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vance of the main story is so miserably delayed, that we lose almost all our interest in the fate of the characters. Can it be believed that Malcolm Græme, the gallant, the ingenuous lover of Ellen, appears not again till the end of the sixth canto?

"Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultrà
"Esse sinent?"—

Yet so it is. The only one of our old acquaintance, whom we see in the third canto, which is called *The Gathering*, is Roderick Dhu. We hear, indeed, with that chieftain, a song from Ellen, which we had much rather not have heard, since it is nearly the worst of the many doleful canticles in the volume. How this author, who can be a genuine poet when he pleases, not only in the description of inanimate nature, but in scenes full of life, of spirit, or of tenderness, can write his songs (for the exceptions are not numerous) in such lamentable taste, we are as unable to conceive as we are sorry to be compelled to remark: but we shall not any farther anticipate the censure which the mere quotation of one of these ditties, and a reference to some others, must entail on them.

In The Gathering, much good description and many picturesque passages undoubtedly occur. The sacrifice, or augury of the Taghairm, a superstitious mode of inquiring into futurity, is performed by Brian the hermit, at the orders of Roderick. This hermit is a wonderful being, and is fearfully described; but he detains us so long with his preparations, both in this canto and as they are related more fully in the 4th, that we cannot help exclaiming: "Leave muttering thy damned curses," and let us go on with the story. He slays "a goat, the patriarch of the flock," *vir gregis, ipse caper*, and makes a slender cross of yew, the ends of which he burns in the flames, quenches in the blood of the patriarch, and sends it forwards, under the name of the fiery cross, from village to village, by relays of messengers, to rouse the country to arms. Roderick's henchman (or hunch-man) that is, his close attendant, is the principle courier; and as he successively passes by wedding or funeral, he calls the feaster or the mourner from his occupation, and summonses him to arms. Several new characters are here introduced, and our interest is still farther lost for the heroes and heroine of the first and second cantos. Roderick, as we premised, hears a song from Ellen at the end of this third canto; and after having lingered awhile near the rocky cave of Coir-Nan Uriskin, the refuge of the persecuted Douglases, he joins his clansmen who are assembled in the vale below.

Now we are in hopes that we shall come to action, and see our favourites again; but alas! not yet. Our poet, as to the conduct of his story, seems to adopt the opinion of the Roman in other matters:

——"Non est properanda voluptas,
Sed sensim tardâ prolicienda morâ:"

but the "*limæ labor et mora*" is the delay which we recommend to him, both in forming his plan and in polishing his verse. Let his first composition of that verse, when he has arranged his subject, be as rapid as he pleases. "Flow on, flow unconstrained, my song!" may be his motto: but he should cast a lingering look back upon it in his cooler moments; and suffer not the world to see the reeking heat of composition, which exhibits the most immediate contact between the brain and the printing-press.

Malise, the henchman, and Norman of Ardmandave, one of the new characters, hold a dramatick dialogue at the commencement of the forth canto, or *The Prophecy*, on the slaughter of "Duncraggan's

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milk white bull" and other solemnities of the Taghairm. This being well over, we learn that the result of the prophet's speculations in the bull's hide is,

"Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife."

Roderick announces the discovery of a spy in the neighbourhood, and that Red Murdoch is bribed to be his guide into the ambuscade of his foes. Malise now informs his chief of the approach "of Moray's silver star," and "the sable pale of Mar." Roderick rejoices at the advance of the king's party; and, hearing that he is not to expect any auxiliaries, he determines that

"Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trosach's shaggy glen;
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child and son for sire,
Lover for maid beloved!—but why—
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?
Or dost thou come, ill-omen'd tear!
A messenger of doubt or fear?
No!" &c. &c.—

The chieftain gives his orders to his warlike clan, and the poet

"Turns him from the martial roar,
And seeks Coir-Uriskin once more."

With heartfelt joy do we accompany him to look for the gentle Ellen:

"Where is the Douglas? He is gone;
And Ellen sits on the gray stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan."

The aged minstrel, whose attachment to his lovely mistress, and whose whole character are most interesting, in vain endeavours to console her with hopes of her father's return. She fears that he is gone to the court, to do what she had done

"Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"

to beg grace for his friends, and to sacrifice himself. She fears also for her lover, the youthful Græme, and even for Roderick. Allan sings to his listless hearer; and we wish, indeed, that we could have called off our attention from his song, as easily as the fair heroine. It is a fairy tale of the most childish nature, written in the idlest ballad-measure, and continuing through seven pages. We shall, however, say no more about it; for we are now agreeably surprised by the reappearance

"Of Snowdoun's knight, of James Fitz James."

This gay and gallant huntsman has returned, it seems, under the guidance of a highlander, whom Ellen suspects of treachery, to endeavour to persuade that mountain maid to elope with him to the lowlands. His horses wait at Bochastle, and he presses his suit. But Ellen, blushing to think that her female vanity, which was evidently pleased with his flattering attentions before, had now led him back into danger, perhaps into destruction, resolves to atone for that transient infidelity [which was unpardonable, according to our notions on the subject] to Malcolm, by confessing her love for him to Fitz James. This generous knight, who grows in favour with the reader every moment, beholding in Ellen's face the ingenuous soul of truth and modesty, then offers to attend her out of these dangerous seats of war, as a guide and a brother; but she warns him of the suspicions of Roderick. As he parts, he informs Ellen that he once chanced to save the life of the king of Scotland, who had given him a ring, which he was to present at court, when he had any favour to solicit. This ring he presents to Ellen, and tells her that, as he wants nothing from the king himself, she may claim her suit, whatever it may be, as ransom of the monarch's pledge to him. He then proceeds with his guide; who alarms him in the "Trosach's glen," with a loud whoop:

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"'Murdoch, was that a signal cry?'
He stammered forth, 'I shout to scare
Yon raven from his dainty fare.'
He looked—he knew the raven's prey,
His own brave steed—'Ah! gallant gray!'
&c. &c.

As they wind through the rocks, they behold, standing on a cliff beside the way,

"——— A wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tattered weeds and wild array."

This wretched maniack, Blanche of Devan, whose reason was overturned by the dreadful murder of her betrothed lover by the hand of Roderick Dhu, in one of his plundering excursions, is exquisitely described. Her wild airs are quite in character, natural, and pathetick. She warns Fitz James, in an obscure manner, of Murdoch's treachery, which is not unaccountable, as it may seem at first sight, since Murdoch might have been with Roderick at the assassination of her lover; and she tells Fitz James that she delights in his dress of Lincoln Green, which that lover also wore. The antipathy which she must feel to Murdoch would make her suspect him of treachery to a Lowlander; and moreover, she might have heard the Highlanders, in their neighbouring ambuscade, talking of their expected victim.

Fitz James now draws his sword, and threatens Murdoch with death if he does not disclose his treachery. The Scot sets forth at full speed, and shoots an arrow in his flight, which grazes Fitz James's crest, "and thrills in Blanche's faded breast!" Fitz James pursues and slays Murdoch, and then hastens back to Blanche, whose reason is returning on the brink of death. She gives him a lock of yellow hair, in course that of her lover, and begs, with her dying breath, that, when he sees a darksome man

"Who boasts him chief of Alpine's clan,"

he will wreak vengeance on him for her wrongs. The knight blends the hair with a blood-stained lock from the head of poor Blanche, and vows to wear it in his bonnet, till he embrues it in the best blood of Roderick Dhu. He then proceeds in his dangerous path alone; when, turning the corner of a rock, he is summoned to stand, by a mountaineer, at his watch-fire. This scene is excellently described. The frankness and high-souled courage of the two warriours; the reliance which the Lowlander places on the word of the Highlander to guide him safely on his way the next morning, to Coilantogle Ford, although he has spoken threatening and violent words against Roderick, whose kinsman the mountaineer professes himself to be; these circumstances are all admirably imagined and related. The rivals lie down side by side on the heather, and sleep till morning; and thus concludes the fourth canto.

We now come to the *chef d'œuvre* of Walter Scott. The fifth canto, or *The Combat*, contains a long scene of more vigour, nature, and animation than any other passage in all his poetry; much as that poetry abounds in these qualities. Fitz James and his guide proceed through the Trosach, towards Coilantogle Ford. As they slowly march along their difficult path, the conversation turns on Roderick Dhu, and the Lowlander does not spare the character of that highland chieftain. Nay, he expresses an open and daring wish to see the rebel and his band, and receives the following terrific answer; for, contrary to our intention, we cannot resist making a quotation in this place, although it will interrupt our detail of the plot:

"'Have, then, thy wish!' he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlieu,
From crag to crag the signal flew,
Instant through copse and heath arose,
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above below,

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Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warriour armed for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still;
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—'How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriours true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!"

We do not hesitate to declare that, as a living description of a highly interesting scene, the above passage appears to us worthy of any poet who ever wrote. We are, indeed, certain, that very few, in any age or country, will be found who were equal to its composition.

Fitz James, though startled, is undaunted; and the mountaineers, at the signal of their leader, disappear again among the thickets. Perhaps this description vies with the preceding. The chieftains now reach the Ford; and there a dreadful combat ensues between them, which is described with clearness, force, and vivacity, and which ends in favour of Fitz James. He then sounds his bugle; and four mounted squires soon gallop up to him. He proceeds rapidly towards Stirling; and two of the attendants follow more slowly, bearing the body of the wounded Roderick, on a steed which had been destined to carry off a gentler burthen. As Fitz James rides up the hill, he sees a tall, athletick figure, striding towards the castle, and recognises the Douglas. That noble chief, as he approaches Stirling, addresses it in very dignified strains; and, perceiving preparations for festive sports in the park, he determines to join the throng, since he knows that king James, "the commons' king," will be present. The king and his court are described as witnesses of the sports, in all of which Douglas wins the principal prize. But one of the king's grooms striking a favourite grayhound belonging to that earl, he crushes the offender with one blow of his "stalwart hand." For this violence, the king orders Douglas to be carried prisoner to the castle. The mob rise to rescue him; and here, Oh! sad abuse of poetry! we have an allusion to recent tumults in the British metropolis. Surely this is "damning proof," if we had not internal evidence more than sufficient, of the fact, that the ink which traced the characters of this part of the poem, was not suffered to dry 'ere it reached the printing office! Douglas behaves better than the favourite of the people to whom the poet here covertly alludes, and enjoins their obedience to the laws, and their dispersion. This is too childish to be tolerated; but we are sure that our readers cannot need any assistance from us to discern and reprove such an instance of faulty taste; not to say, presumption on publick favour. The sports are broken up; and the canto concludes with a general account of the rumours of an engagement between the king's party and the clan of Roderick.

The sixth canto, entitled The Guard Room, opens with a good description of the morning (although we have, perhaps, had enough of this before) dawning on the castle yard, and the groupes of mercenary soldiers still prolonging their savage debauchery. One of them sings a song, which we do, indeed, wish that the author had not suffered to contaminate his pages, since it is equally destitute of wit and propriety. These are severe words, and we must prove the truth of them; but

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at present we continue the story. The old minstrel and Ellen are now brought into the yard; and the anxious alarm, but dignified demeanour of the lady, in this shocking scene, are well depicted. On presenting Fitz James's ring to the captain of the guard Ellen is introduced into the castle; and the minstrel, at his own request, is carried to one of the dungeons to see his chief; but the chief to whom he is brought, turns out, to his surprise, to be Roderick Dhu, instead of the Douglas. This interview between the old bard and the dying warriour, is finely related; and the idea of the former singing to his harp an account of the battle in the Trosach, which he had witnessed the night before, while the latter struggles to show his joy at the valour of his clan, is excellently conceived. Roderick expires as the song concludes; and the minstrel breathes his requiem in very moving strains.

The scene now turns to Ellen, who is anxiously waiting the result of her message to the king, in an apartment where she hears the sound of a voice not unknown to her, and from the subject of the song Malcolm is discovered to be imprisoned (although we are not told how and when) in some chamber very near to her. Fitz James now appears, and conducts Ellen through a suite of rooms to the presence chamber; where, to her astonishment, and that of the reader,

"All stood bare, and in the room,
Fitz James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring:—
And Snowdoun's knight is Scotland's king!"

This denouement is as unexpected and pleasing as any similar discovery which we ever encountered in romance; and it is admirably delayed and concealed. The circumstances of James's real life furnish sufficient ground for the incident. We need hardly add that Douglas is pardoned; that Malcolm Græme is called out in playful seeming of anger; that the fetters imposed on him are golden links; and that the clasp of the chain is laid by the generous monarch on Ellen's hand.—Thus ends the poem; which, with all its defects in the conduct of the story, has alternately elevated and depressed us, and is certainly the most interesting as a whole of any of Mr. Scott's compositions. We now proceed to make some extracts; which will at once, we think, confirm our general commendation of this writer, and substantiate our particular objections to such as we conceive to be his prominent errours.

Why will not Mr. Scott more frequently write in the manly and poetical style of the introduction to his first canto?

"Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O minstrel harp, still must thine accents sleep
Mid rustling leaves, and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warriour smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

"Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud,
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high,
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy,
Was knighthood's dauntless deed, and beauty's matchless eye.

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"O wake once more! how rude so e'er the hand,
That ventures o'er thy magick maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command,
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!"

This is a measure worthy to try the strength of a poet. The verse of eight feet is boy's play compared to it; although we are happy in bearing testimony to the improvement of the author in the regularity of that verse. His rugged lines are much fewer than in his former poems:—but we must observe a carelessness in suffering similar rhymes to recur much too frequently; and a correct ear would have avoided the homotonous terminations of the first five lines of the above extract.

We wish that our limits would allow a specimen of the powers of landscape-painting which are eminently displayed by Mr. Scott in the first canto. But we prefer a sketch of animated nature, and choose the following:

"The boat had touched this silver strand,
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain,
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art.
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

"And ne'er did Grecian chizzel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown:
The sportive toil, which short and light,
Had died her glowing hue so bright,
Served too, in hastier swell, to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace;
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised it's head,
Elastick from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue:
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear."—

The "slight hare-bell raising its head" under the foot of Ellen, is one of the stale hyperboles of poetry; and Mr. Scott should be above such petty larceny from the stock-images of his predecessors. All these unnatural compliments to beauty savour of a puerile taste; but the whole passage is very elegant.

We have already, as we passed, manifested the poet's improper fondness for the epithet "stalwart." We beg leave to enter our protest also against the noun "snood," and the verb "spy," perpetually repeated. But it would be endless to specify objections to Mr. Scott's phrases. Whether it be English, Scotch, or French, which his rhyme demands, he uses any of them indifferently; and here we meet with a "reveille," and here with a "brae," or a "correi." This really puts us in mind of a whimsical excuse lately made for a certain poem, which is written in a most unintelligible style, that, as the story was Pennsylvanian, it was fitting that the language should be so too. Another, and an equal fault of Mr. Scott's diction, is his continual omission of the relative "which;" the inglorious facility of "clipping the king's English," within the circumference of the verse, which this omission affords, should be despised by a man of genius. In the same manner, the preterite is sacrificed for the participle, when rhyme demands the termination which the latter will afford; as thus:

"A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup *sprung*." p. 218.

So also *sudden*, in the line preceding these two, and *instant* in the last of

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them, are used adverbially; but for this license, we fear, Mr. Scott may plead so many precedents that poor Priscian will scarcely stand his ground. To get rid of the unpleasant task of censure at once, we shall here select one of the author's songs, on which, in general, we have bestowed such severe reprehension. It is the soldier's song, mentioned above in terms which we are unfeignedly sorry to use, but on the justice of which we appeal to our reader's decision.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

"Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl.
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flaggon of sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with the liquor.
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip,
The ripe, ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says, that Belzebub lurks in her 'kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good mother church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjory's the word, and a fig for the vicar!"

It will not, surely, be urged in justification of this balderdash, that it is in character, and natural. This reason would, perhaps, justify, or rather palliate some of the swearing in Smollett's novels: but, as an excuse for such barbarism in a serious poem, it reminds us of Voltaire's famous reply to an adversary who pleaded "nature" as an apology for some glaring incongruities in composition: "*Avec permission, Monsieur, mon —— est bien naturel, et cependant je porte des culottes.*"

Can it be true that this song, or the fairy tale of Alice Brand (as bad as the celebrated poem of Alice Fell) in the 4th canto, or the hymn to the Virgin:

"Ave Maria, STainless STyled?"

or the Coronagh, in the third, or several other passages which we forbear to specify; can it really be, we say, that these things are written by the author of the following beautiful lines?

"*Nil fuit sic unquam impar sibi!*"

The lines are selected from the dream of Fitz James in the first canto:

"Again returned the scenes of youth
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
O were his senses false or true!
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

At length with Ellen in a grove,
He seemed to walk and speak of love."
&c. &c.

The succeeding lines are equally pleasing. But we have no room for more than another extract. That our justice may be exactly measured, we shall, however, again praise the song of Ellen, in the first, and of the minstrel in the second canto, and that of the lover in the 4th. The Boat-song we have already mentioned as spirited, although the chorus sounds barbarously to any but a Scottish ear. We shall add, that every canto displays beauties of the most varied description, too numerous for us to specify; and we shall select, as a finale to our panegyrick, the Lament over Roderick in the last canto;

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LAMENT.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
For thee shall none a requiem say?—
For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,—
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honoured pine!

What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line
But would have given his life for thine.—
O wo for Alpine's honoured pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine
And mix her wo and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honoured pine."

We may just observe that the notes contain some amusing stories, with others that are dull, and shall now take our leave of Mr. Scott, expressing a most sincere wish that his farewell address to his harp may not be more serious than the farewell addresses of poets usually are; and adding that we hope our plainly specified objections to parts of his poem, whether they be faults in the conduct of the plot, or inaccuracies of diction, will induce his numerous imitators at least to pause, ere they contribute farther to the wide corruption of our taste, which is occasioned by such servility. We wish that we might reasonably imagine that their great original himself, animated by the noble hope of living in the praises of posterity, would even now, in the full tide of his present fame and popularity, lend an ear to our admonitions! Then might he soar like his own eagle, and silence all his contemporaries:

"The shrinking band stood oft aghast;
At the impatient glance he cast;—
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Ben-venue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake."

p. 100.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Fatal Revenge; or the Family of Montorio. A Romance. By Dennis Jasper Murphy. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1807.

J'APPRENDS d'être vif. Such was the noted answer of a German baron who had alarmed a whole Parisian hotel by leaping over joint-stools in his solitary apartment. This mode of qualifying himself for the lively conversation of the French was probably attended with some fatigue to the worthy *Frei-herr's* person, and perhaps some damage to his shins; with which we the more readily sympathise, as, in compliance with the hint of several well meaning friends, we are just taking the pen after some desperate efforts *pour apprendre à être vif.* It was whispered to us, in no unfriendly voice, that we were respectable classical scholars; divines at least as serious as was necessary; tolerable politicians considering the old-fashioned nature of our principles; and as good philosophers as could be expected of persons obviously trammeled by belief in the tenets which, in compliance with ancient custom, are still delivered once in seven days to those who choose to hear them. It seemed farther to be allowed, that we were indifferent good hands at a

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sarcasm, and displayed some taste for poetry; but still we were not lively; that is, we had none of those light and airy articles which a young lady might read while her hair was papering. To sum up all in one dismal syllable, it was insinuated that we were *dull*. To prove the futility of the charge, we resolved to extend the sphere of our inquiries, and to review not only the grave and weighty, but the flitting and evanescent productions of the times, for the purpose of giving full scope to our ingenuity, and evincing the vivacity of our talents, so wantonly called in question. The want of proper subjects for the exercise of our powers was the first dilemma. We had no friendly correspondent at the court of Paris, who, with a sentimental flourish on the peace which ought to subsist in the republick of letters, though war raged between the respective countries of the sages, might forward, through some kind neutral, the last new novel or the latest philosophical discovery of the institute, and only expect us, in requital, to give the wit, and learning, and science of the Great Nation, its reasonable and just precedence over those of our own country. What then was to be done? After some consideration, we sent to our publisher for an assortment of the newest and most fashionable novels, hoping to find, among the frivolous articles of domestick manufacture, something to supply the want of foreign importation. It is from a laborious inspection into the contents of this packet, or rather hamper, that we are now risen with the painful conviction that spirits and patience may be as completely exhausted in perusing trifles as in following algebraical calculations.—Before proceeding, however, to the novel, selected almost at random for the subject of a few remarks, we cannot but express our surprise at the present degradation of this class of compositions.

The elegant and fascinating productions which honoured the name of novel, those which Richardson, Mackenzie, and Burney gave to the publick, of which it was the object to exalt virtue and degrade vice; to which no fault could be objected unless that they unfitted here and there a romantick mind for the common intercourse of life, while they refined, perhaps, a thousand whose faculties could better bear the fair ideal which they presented; these have entirely vanished from the shelves of the circulating library. It may, indeed, be fairly alleged in defence of those who decline attempting this higher and more refined species of composition, that the soil was in some degree exhausted by over-cropping; that the multitude of base and tawdry imitations obscured the merit of the few which are tolerable, as the overwhelming blaze of blue, red, green, and yellow, at the exhibition, vitiates our taste for the few good paintings which show their modest hues upon its walls. The publick was, indeed, weary of the protracted embarrassments of lords and ladies who spoke such language as was never spoken, and still more so of the see-saw correspondence between the sentimental lady Lucretia and the witty miss Caroline, who battledored it in the pathetick and the lively, like Morton and Reynolds on the stage. But let us be just to dead and to living merit. In some of the novels of the late Charlotte Smith, we found no ordinary portion of that fascinating power which leads us through every various scene of happiness or distress at the will of the author; which places the passions of the wise and grave for a time at the command of ideal personages; and, perhaps, has more attraction for the publick at large than any other species of literary composition, the drama not excepted. Nor do we owe less to Miss Edgeworth, whose true and vivid pictures of modern life contain the

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only sketches reminding us of the human beings, whom, secluded as we are, we have actually seen and conversed with in various parts of this great metropolis.

When we had removed from the surface of our hamper a few thin volumes of simple and insipid sentiment; taken a moment's breath; and exclaimed: "O Athenians, how hard we labour for your applause!" we lighted upon a class of books which excited sterner sensations. There existed formerly a species of novel of a tragi-comick nature, which, far from pretending to the extreme sentiment and delicacy of the works last mentioned, admitted, like the elder English comedy, a considerable dash of coarse and even indelicate humour. Such were the compositions of Fielding; and such of Smollet, the literary Hogarth, whose figures, though they seldom attained grace or elegance, were marked with indelible truth and peculiarity of character. Instead of this kind of comick satire, in which, to borrow a few words of old Withers, abuses, when whipped, were perhaps stripped a little too bare, we have now the lowest denizens of Grub-street, narrating, under the flimsy veil of false names, and through the medium of a fictitious tale, all that malevolence can invent, and stupidity propagate, concerning private misfortunes and personal characters. We have our winters in London, Bath, and Brighton, of which it is the dirty object to drag forth the secret history of the day, and to give to scandal a court of written record. The talent which most of these things indicate is that of the lowest newspaper composition, and the acquaintance with the fashionable world precisely what might be gleaned from the footman or porter; while the portraits of Bow-street officers, swindlers, and bailiffs, are possibly drawn from a more intimate acquaintance. The shortness of our cruise has not yet permitted us to fall in with any of these picaroons; but let them beware, as lieutenant Bowling says, how they come athwart our hawser; "we shall mind running them down no more than so many porpoises."

"Plunging from depth to depth a vast profound," we at length imagined ourselves arrived at the Limbus Patrum in good earnest. The imitators of Mrs. Radcliffe and Mr. Lewis were before us; personages, who, to all the faults and extravagancies of their originals, added that of dulness, with which they can seldom be charged. We strolled through a variety of castles, each of which was regularly called Il Castello; met with as many captains of condottieri; heard various ejaculations of Santa Maria and Diavolo; read by a decaying lamp, and in a tapestried chamber, dozens of legends as stupid as the main history; examined such suites of deserted apartments as might fit up a reasonable barrack, and saw as many glimmering lights as would make a respectable illumination. Amid these flat imitations of the castle of Udolpho, we lighted, unexpectedly, upon the work which is the subject of the present article, and, in defiance of the very bad taste in which it is composed, we found ourselves insensibly involved in the perusal, and at times impressed with no common degree of respect for the powers of the author. We have, at no time, more earnestly desired to extend our voice to a bewildered traveller, than towards this young man, whose taste is so inferiour to his powers of imagination and expression, that we never saw a more remarkable instance of genius degraded by the labour in which it is employed. It is the resentment and regret which we experience at witnessing the abuse of these qualities, as well as the wish to hazard a few remarks upon the romantick novel in general, which has induced us (though we are obliged to go back a little) to

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offer our criticism on the "Fatal Revenge, or the House of Montorio."

It is scarcely possible to abridge the narrative, nor would the attempt be edifying or entertaining. A short abstract of the story is all for which we can afford room. It is introduced in the following striking manner.

"At the siege of Barcelona by the French, in the year 1697, two young officers entered into the service at its most hot and critical period. Their appearance excited some surprise and perplexity. Their melancholy was Spanish; their accent Italian; their names and habits French.

"They distinguished themselves in the service by a kind of careless and desperate courage, that appeared equally insensible of praise or of danger. They forced themselves into all the coups de main, the wild and perilous sallies, that abound in a spirited siege, and mark it with a greater variety and vivacity of character than a regular campaign. Here they were in their element. But among their brother officers, so cold, so distant, so repulsive, that even they who loved their courage, or were interested in their melancholy, stood aloof in awkward and hesitating sympathy. Still, though they would not accept the offices of the benevolence their appearance inspired, they were, involuntarily, always conciliating. Their figures and motions were so eminently noble and striking, their affection for each other so conspicuous, and their youthful melancholy so deep and hopeless, that every one inquired, and sought intelligence of them from an impulse stronger than curiosity. Nothing could be learnt; nothing was known, or even conjectured of them.

"During the siege, an Italian officer, of middle age, arrived to assume the command of a post of distinction. His first meeting with these young men was remarkable. They stood speechless, and staring at each other for some time. In the mixture of emotions that passed over their countenances, no one predominant or decisive could be traced by the many and anxious witnesses that surrounded them.

"As soon as they separated, the Italian officer was persecuted with inquiries about the strangers. He answered none of them; yet he admitted that he knew circumstances sufficiently extraordinary relating to the young men, who, he said, were natives of Italy.

"A few days after, Barcelona was taken by the French forces. The assault was terrible; the young officers were in the very rage of the fight; they coveted and courted danger; they stood amid showers of grape and ball; they rushed into the heart and crater of explosions; they literally "wrought in the fire." The effects of their dreadful courage were foreseen by all; and cries of recall and expostulation sounded around them on every side, in vain.

"On the French taking possession of the town, there was a general demand for the brothers. With difficulty the bodies were discovered, and brought, with melancholy pomp, into the commander's presence. The Italian officer was there; every eye was turned on him." Introd. pp. ix—xiii.

The history of these mysterious brethren is told by the officer who had recognised them, and runs briefly thus: Orazio, count of Montorio, for we begin our story with the explanation, which in the original concludes it, possessed of wealth, honours, and ancestry, is married to a beautiful woman, whom he loves doatingly, but of whose affections he is not possessed. A villanous brother instils into his mind jealousy of a cavalier to whom the countess had formerly been attached. Orazio causes the supposed paramour to be murdered in the presence of the lady, who also dies. He then flies from his country with the feelings of desperation thus forcibly described:—

"My reason was not suspended: it was totally *changed*. I had become a kind of intellectual savage; a being that, with the malignity and depravation of inferiour natures, still retains the reason of a man, and retains it only for his curse. Oh! that midnight darkness of the soul, in which it seeks for something whose loss has carried away every sense but one of utter and desolate privation; in which it traverses leagues in motion and worlds in thought, without consciousness of relief, yet with a dread of pausing. I had nothing to seek, nothing to recover. The whole world could not restore me an atom, could not show me again a glimpse of what I had been or lost; yet I rushed on as if the next step would reach shelter and peace." vol. iii. p. 380.

In this maniack state, he reaches an uninhabited islet in the Grecian

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archipelago, where, from a conversation accidentally overheard between two assassins sent by his brother to murder him, the wretched Orazio learns the innocence of his victims, and the full extent of his misery. He contrives to murder the murderers, and the effect of the subsequent discovery upon his feelings, is described in a strain of language which we were alternately tempted to admire as sublime and to reprobate as bombastick.

Orazio determines on revenge, and his plan is diabolically horrid. He resolved to accomplish the murder of his treacherous brother, who, in consequence of his supposed death, had now assumed the honours of the family; and he farther determined that this act of vengeance should be perpetrated by the hands of that very brother's own sons, two amiable youths, who had no cloud upon their character excepting an attachment to mysterious studies, and a strong propensity to superstition.

We do not mean to trace this agent of vengeance through the various devices and stratagems by which he involved in his toils his unsuspecting nephews, assumed in their apprehension the character of an infernal agent, and decoyed them, first to meditate upon, and at length actually to perpetrate, the parricide which was the crown and summit of his wishes. The doctrine of fatalism, on which he principally relied for reconciling his victims to his purpose, is in various passages detailed with much gloomy and terrifick eloquence. The rest of his machinery is composed of banditti, caverns, dungeons, inquisitors, trapdoors, ruins, secret passages, soothsayers, and all the usual accoutrements from the property room of Mrs. Radcliffe. The horrour of the piece is completed by the murderer discovering that the youths whom he has taken such pains to involve in parricide are not the sons of his brother, but his own offspring by his unfortunate wife. We do not dwell upon any of these particulars, because the observations which we have to hazard upon this neglected novel apply to a numerous class of the same kind, and because the incidents are such as are to be found in most of them.

In the first place, then, we disapprove of the mode introduced by Mrs. Radcliffe, and followed by Mr. Murphy and her other imitators, of winding up their story with a solution by which all the incidents appearing to partake of the mystick and marvellous are resolved by very simple and natural causes. This seems, to us, to savour of the precaution of Snug the joiner; or, rather, it is as if the machinist, when the pantomime was over, should turn his scenes "the seamy side without," and expose the mechanical aids by which the delusions were accomplished. In one respect, indeed, it is worse management; because the understanding spectator might be, in some degree, gratified by the view of engines, which, however rude, were well adapted to produce the effects which he had witnessed. But the machinery of the castle of Montorio, when exhibited, is wholly inadequate to the gigantick operations ascribed to it. There is a total and absolute disproportion between the cause and the effect, which must disgust every reader much more than if he were left under the delusion of ascribing the whole to supernatural agency. This latter resource has, indeed, many disadvantages; some of which we shall briefly notice. But it is an admitted expedient; appeals to the belief of all ages but our own; and still produces, when well managed, some effect, even upon those who are most disposed to contemn its influence. We can, therefore, allow of supernatural agency to a certain extent and for an appropriate purpose, but we never can consent that the effect of such agency shall be finally attributed to natural causes

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totally inadequate to its production. We can believe, for example, in Macbeth's witches, and tremble at their spells; but had we been informed, at the conclusion of the piece, that they were only three of his wife's chambermaids disguised, for the purpose of imposing on the Thane's credulity, it would have added little to the credibility of the story, and entirely deprived it of the interest. In like manner, we fling back upon the Radcliffe school their flat and ridiculous explanations, and plainly tell them that they must either confine themselves to ordinary and natural events, or find adequate causes for those horrours and mysteries in which they love to involve us. Yet another word on this subject. We know not if a novel writer of the present day expects or desires his labours to be perused oftener than once; but as there may be here and there a maiden aunt in a family, for whose advantage it must be again read over by the young lady who has already devoured it in secret, we advise them to consider how much they suffer from their adherence to this unfortunate system. We will instance the incident of the black veil in the castle of Udolpho.—Attention is excited, and afterwards recalled, by a hundred indirect artifices, to the dreadful and unexplained mystery which the heroine had seen beneath it; and which, after all, proves to be neither more nor less than a waxen doll. This trick may, indeed, for once, answer the writer's purpose; and has, we suppose, cost many an extra walk to the circulating library, and many a curse upon the malicious concurrent who always has the fourth volume in hand. But it is as impossible to reperuse the book without feeling the contempt awakened by so pitiful a contrivance as it is for a child to regain his original respect for king Solomon, after he has seen the monarch disrobed of all his glory, and deposited in the same box with Punch and his wife. And, in fact, we feel inclined to abuse the author in such a case as the watch do Harlequin, when they find out his trick of frightening them by mimicking the report of a pistol.

Faquin, maraud, pendard, impudent, temeraire,
Vous osez nous faire peur!

In the second place, we are of opinion that the terrours of this class of novel writers are too accumulated and unremitting. The influence of fear, and here we extend our observations as well to those romances which actually ground it upon supernatural prodigy as to those which attempt a subsequent explanation, is, indeed, a faithful and legitimate key to unlock every source of fancy and of feeling. Mr. Murphy's introduction is expressed with the spirit and animation which, though often misdirected, pervade his whole work.

"I question whether there be a source of emotion in the whole mental frame so powerful or universal as *the fear arising from objects of invisible terrour*. Perhaps there is no other that has been, at some period or other of life, the predominant and indelible sensation of every mind, of every class, and under every circumstance. Love, supposed to be the most general of passions, has certainly been felt in its purity by very few, and by some not at all, even in its most indefinite and simple state.

"The same might be said, *à fortiori*, of other passions. But who is there that has never feared? Who is there that has not involuntarily remembered the gossip's tale in solitude or in darkness? Who is there that has not sometimes shivered under an influence he would scarce acknowledge to himself? I might trace this passion to a high and obvious source.

"It is enough for my purpose to assert its existence and prevalency, which will scarcely be disputed by those who remember it. It is absurd to depreciate this passion, and deride its influence. It is *not* the weak and trivial impulse of the nursery, to be forgotten and scorned by manhood. It is the aspiration of a spirit; 'it is the passion of immortals,' that dread and desire of their final habitation." Pref. p. 4 and 5.

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We grant there is much truth in this proposition, taken generally. But the finest and deepest feelings are those which are most easily exhausted. The chord which vibrates and sounds at a touch, remains in silent tension, under continued pressure. Besides, terrour, as Bob Acres says of its counterpart, courage, will come and go; and few people can afford timidity enough for the writer's purpose, who is determined on "horrifying" them through three thick volumes. The vivacity of the emotion also depends greatly upon surprise, and surprise cannot be repeatedly excited during the perusal of the same work. It is said, respecting the cruel punishment of breaking alive upon the wheel, that the sufferer's nerves are so much jarred by the first blow, that he feels comparatively little pain from those which follow. There is something of this in moral feeling; nor do we see a better remedy for it than to recommend the cessation of these experiments upon the publick, until their sensibility shall have recovered its original tone. The taste for the marvellous has been, indeed, compared to the habit of drinking ardent liquors. But it fortunately differs in having its limits. He upon whom one dram does not produce the effect, can attain the desired degree of inebriation by doubling the dose. But when we have ceased to start at one ghost, we are callous to the exhibition of a whole Pandemonium. In short, the sensation is generally as transient as it is powerful, and commonly depends upon some slight circumstances which cannot be repeated.

"The time has been, our senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and our fell of hair
Would, at a dismal treatise, rouse and stir
As life were in't. We have supped full with horrours;
And direness, now familiar to our thoughts,
Cannot once start us."

These appear to us the great disadvantages under which any author must at present struggle, who chooses supernatural terrour for his engine of moving the passions. We dare not call them insurmountable; for how shall we dare to limit the efforts of genius, or shut against its possessor any avenue to the human heart, or its passions? Mr. Murphy himself, for aught we know, may be destined to show us the prudence of this qualification. He possesses a strong and vigorous fancy, with great command of language. He has, indeed, regulated his incidents upon those of others, and, therefore, added to the imperfections which we have pointed out, the want of originality. But his feeling and conception of character are his own, and from these we judge of his powers. In truth we rose from his strange, chaotick novel romance, as from a confused and feverish dream, unrefreshed, and unamused, yet strongly impressed by many of the ideas which had been so vaguely and wildly presented to our imagination.

It remains to notice the pieces of poetry scattered through these volumes, many of which claim our attention: but we cannot stop to criticise them. There is a wild and desultory elegy, Vol. II. pp. 305—309, which, though not always strictly metrical, has passages of great pathos, as well as fancy. If the author of it be, indeed, as he describes himself, young and inexperienced, without literary friend, or counsellor, we earnestly exhort him to seek one on whose taste and judgment he can rely. He is now, like an untutored colt, wasting his best vigour in irregular efforts, without either grace or object; but there is much in these volumes which promises a career that may at some future time astonish the publick.

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FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Refusal. A Novel. By the author of the Tale of the Times; Infidel Father, &c. 12mo. 2 vols. 1l. 1s. 1810.

THE writings of Mrs. West are distinguished always, not only by their ingenuity and originality, but also by their powerful tendency to promote the best objects, morality and religion. In the present production, all these qualities are conspicuous, and, though we might recommend it strongly, and, perhaps, effectually, in a very few words, we are tempted to depart from that conciseness, with which we usually notice works of this class, for the sake of laying before our readers a few of those passages which are more particularly excellent.

With the most indispensable quality of a novel, that of exciting curiosity and interest, The Refusal is successfully endowed. It is as attractive as the idle can wish, and as instructive as the moralist can demand. The latter quality, without the former, would be of small avail; it would be like a feast of physick, to which no one would sit down, however it might be recommended for salubrity. No such effect can be apprehended here. The principal characters are interesting, and in many respects original. The subordinate personages are amusing. An important secret is intimated in the beginning, concerning which the reader never ceases to feel an interest, till it is developed, which is near the end of the tale. In drawing her principal character, that of lord Avondel, Mrs. West has ventured upon an arduous task. She has undertaken, and we think with success, to represent an able and high-minded statesman, of pure and disinterested patriotism, whose chief foible is that strong desire of general approbation, which is but too apt to insinuate itself into men who feel conscious of extraordinary powers. The best parts of lord Avondel's character, she seems to have sketched from an original, which we know, from her other writings, to have had her high admiration, the publick character of Mr. Pitt. The foibles which she has thrown in, were not to be found in that model; but they serve to render the character more dramatick, and to bring about the catastrophe. The gentle and amiable character of lady Avondel is highly interesting; and, though by her extreme diffidence and timidity, when placed in an elevated situation, she a little loses the esteem of the reader, as well as that of her husband, yet she recovers both in a natural and effectual manner, when driven, by circumstances, to act with an energy, of which she had no previous consciousness.

The great lesson inculcated by the whole narrative, is the imperfectness of the highest human motives, and the perfect operation of those supplied by religion, in the most trying situations that can be imagined. Subordinate to that is the sacredness of the conjugal tie, and the danger, as well as immorality of yielding even to mental infidelity. With the management of the events in the latter part of the story, we are, in general, highly satisfied. Perhaps, in one instance, the character of lord A. is lowered rather more than is consistent with some of the qualities described as inherent in him; but it was necessary to give a strong instance of the danger of misplaced reliance: and from that cause, so much evil may be produced, even in the strongest minds, that it is difficult to pronounce what is improbable, or at least impossible for it to effect. Mrs. West has managed the catastrophe of her tale according to her own ideas of poetical justice, in which we completely agree; nothing

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being, in our opinion, more pernicious than the common doctrine of novels, that virtue is always finally happy, and vice miserable in this world; a position which every view of real life contradicts, and which gives an importance to worldly prosperity or adversity, inconsistent with true religious principles. What Mrs. West advances on this subject is so well founded, and well expressed, that we shall do a publick service by giving additional circulation to her sentiments.

"Poetical justice is so little similar to real life, that I am apt to consider the constant attendance to the maxim, that 'though vice triumphs for a time, virtue is always victorious at the last,' which the fashion of literature now requires, to be one cause of the prevailing sentiment, that temporal prosperity is the criterion of merit: an opinion which peculiarizes the present age, though it is equally contradicted by Scripture and history; I mean, if by merit we understand virtue. Nor have we any reason to recur to past ages, as the present furnishes many striking examples in publick and private life, of the most atrocious wickedness becoming remarkable by an uninterrupted career of good fortune.

"Why then does poetical justice require us always to visit those offences with visible punishments, which the Almighty oftener spares? To be instructive, fiction must be a faithful imitation of real events, chosen with skill, and adapted to moral improvement. Surely, one reason for this vapid repetition of a flattering deception, is, that prosperity, 'the god of this world,' has taken such hold of our hearts, that we can form no conception of happiness, or even tranquillity, but as plants growing under the shade of his temple. We underrate 'that peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and we believe 'the worm which dieth not' is too feeble an instrument of torture for unrepentant sin, unless poverty and affliction envelop it in sackcloth and ashes. Even moral writers often insist on the necessity of decorating virtue with adventitious splendours, in the face of those divine precepts which teach us, that if we will be faithful soldiers of our master we must expect to be assailed by outward conflicts of sorrow as well as temptation, though, if we resist the one, and endure the other, we shall have inward repose.

"Still, I willingly admit, nothing has so great a tendency in the common course of things, to exalt a nation as universal justice, benevolence, temperance, and piety. Whenever the practice of these virtues becomes general, publick prosperity and the success of good individuals will be combined by the same course of events, but while vices of a contrary description prevail, they who would preserve their innocence must arm their minds to expect disappointments and vexations, a conflict and not a crown. But if their hearts are right with God, these evils will be infinitely counterpoised by a calm serenity of mind, arising from a victory over irregular desires, a patient dependance on unerring wisdom, a happy consciousness of acting as they ought, and such a moderate estimation of this world as renders them, at once thankful for its blessings, and unensnared by its enjoyments. And the certainty of that event which poisons all the pleasures of vice and luxury, administers ineffable consolation to those who consider the present state of things as probationary not retributive.

"It is not with a view to diminish the incentives to a life of virtue, but to place them on a steadfast basis, that I wish to discourage the habit of teaching youth, that there is an absolute connexion between goodness and success, while their future experience must show it to be uncertain and precarious. And even granting that the temporal rewards of virtue were less arbitrary, by instructing the opening mind to expect them, do we not inculcate that vice of selfishness which is so opposite to the Christian temper, and so subversive of publick spirit, on which the safety of our empire, humanly speaking, depends? The rising generation will probably be called to the most strenuous exertions, the most severe sacrifices. Let them, therefore, be taught to look for happiness in the inward consciousness of acting as they ought. Prosperity may be the portion of true worth, or it may not, just as suits the grand designs of Providence, or its own spiritual advantage; but the riches of a contented, well regulated mind are its certain portion." Vol. III. p. 400.

Some very excellent remarks on this subject appeared in a French journal, in 1807*, signed CH VO. in opposition to a M. Bonald, who had written on the morality of tragedy. A few of these, as the work is not much circulated in this country,

* "Esprit des Journaux, Juillet 1807, p. 185 et seqq."

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we shall subjoin, in confirmation of Mrs. West's sentiments.

"Je pourrais étendre et développer ici ce que j'ai avancé plus haut sur les dangers que l'on court, en cherchant à porter le peuple à la vertu, par l'observation de la *justice poétique*. Le moindre de ces dangers est qu'il ne voie dans vos instructions que des fraudes pieuses, et qu'il vous prenne pour de bonnes gens, qui veulent lui montrer le monde autrement qu'il n'est, comme s'il devait s'en rapporter à vos fictions plutôt qu'à la histoire, et à son experience. Le mal sera bien plus grand s'il vient ensuite à refléchir, et à se dire: on veut que je fasse le bien, et que j'évite le mal pour être heureux; mais si le bonheur est mon but principal, c'est à ma sagesse d'en choisir les voies. Et que sera-ce, s'il observe avec nous que le poëte devient alors une Providence bien plus juste que Dieu même, pour les êtres de sa création. Ce contraste entre la scène tragique (and it applies equally to other fictions) et celle du monde sera t'il bien propre à lui inspirer cette soumission aux décrets éternels, cette résignation aux ordres de Dieu, cette résignation silencieuse pour ses impénétrables desseins, qui sont le devoir du vrai Chrétien, comme du véritable philosophe" p. 201.

Many other arguments are accumulated, to the same effect, which fully confirm the sentiments of Mrs. W. In consequence of these principles, the conclusion of this novel, if not so pleasing to some readers as it might have been made, is solemnly and materially instructive; and the situation in which the heroine is finally left, gives not only an additional interest, but a new elevation to her character. It is in the third volume that the moral is developed, and, therefore, that the most instructive parts of the novel occur. To this, therefore, we shall confine our extracts. So much just observation of human character appears in the following passage, that we shall with pleasure copy it.

"Though free from every taint of vanity, lady Selina rejoiced at perceiving she had regained her influence over his [lord Avondel's] mind, and she hoped in the calm intercourse of friendship, which now promised to gild their declining days, to communicate gradually (for her knowledge of the human heart discouraged the expectation of sudden changes) to this idolater of honour, this man of unswerving rectitude, this consummate hero, and accomplished gentleman, that pious humility, and meek resignation, which she had learned while languishing on the bed of pain, or suffering in silence the mental tortures of undeserved reproach, heart-wounding disappointment, and contemptuous neglect. Without the means of solacing her griefs by the reflected pleasures of beneficence, restrained from justifying her fame by her own high sense of duty to her guilty mother and dissipated sister, too independent in her character to solicit from others that pecuniary assistance which, from the circumstances of her birth, she believed she had justly lost, she prayed and suffered for three and twenty years, alternately accused as an abominable branch whom society had justly cast out, as an avaricious worldling, who refused to distribute the hoards her mother had accumulated, and as a capricious, fretful being, whose only affliction was a wretched temper, fostered in moody solitude, till it became utterly irreconcilable with the habits of the world.

"No particular malevolence gave birth to these censures. Sorrow had not warped the natural gentleness of her temper; and though her limited circumstances restrained her bounty, her heart overflowed with goodwill for every living creature, and the few comforts which she enjoyed resulted from her endeavours to make others happy. Yet, thus it is that the world often treats a character of Selina's stamp, not from enmity, but garrulity. We have, generally speaking, a strong dislike to being kept in the dark, and whenever there is something mysterious in the conduct of our neighbours, we are apt uncharitably to conclude, that it arises from a disgraceful cause. Hence the success of specious characters; hence the general failure of timidity and unobtrusive worth. Lady Selina lived in what is called a sociable neighbourhood, among the rich and prosperous, with whose habits hers did not accord, and to whose festivities she could contribute no additional zest, except that of stating that they visited a right honourable. Most of them had sailed down the stream of life so smoothly as never to have experienced personal affliction, and as they possessed the philosophical quality (so often called goodnature) of bearing the sorrows of their friends and connexions with easy indifference, nothing

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but the severe visitings of bodily disease, or the failure of the bank, could have convinced them that 'man is made to mourn.' People thus circumstanced, who never voluntarily visit the house of sorrow as a preparatory school for themselves, are firmly persuaded, that every body may, if they please, be happy, and they entertain the same antipathy to the countenance of melancholy, though illuminated by the seraphick smile of resignation, as Cesar did to the lean and wrinkled Cassius; for with them unhappy people labour under a threefold ban: they do not contribute to their pleasures; they are apt to ask favours; and they remind them that prosperity is of temporary duration.

"In assigning these reasons for lady Selina's being unpopular, I wish to serve many worthy people, who, to the anguish of untold grief, find the vexation of undeserved opprobrium unexpectedly superinduced; and I would caution those who pique themselves on their penetration, to be less active in supplying the hiatus which prudence or modesty leaves unfilled. In so doing they often launch into the boundless sea of conjecture, and with no worse motive than a desire to show their own talents, shape the mist-enveloped character into a demon or a fury. And yet, perhaps, among the cares which haunt the sleepless couches of those possessed by that species of sorrow which is compelled to hide its festering wounds (and how often does delicate sorrow take that shape) none is more tormenting than the consciousness, that though concealment is their duty, reproach uses it as a covert from whence she may shoot those barbed arrows, which most severely wound a susceptible, ingenuous mind." P. 257.

The following reflections on an event in the history, are also important. They are occasioned by the narrative of a guilty person, written under extreme despondency.

"A narrative penned in such circumstances, by a hand convulsed with pain, and trembling with the prelusive horrours of meditated suicide, obliterated in many parts by tears which had flowed from eyes long since closed in death, and breathing the proud yet deep remorse of an afflicted, rather than a contrite spirit, now removed to that world where adulation cannot soothe, nor rank protect, must surely have checked the career of the most abandoned libertine, and taught him to consider the ultimate end of criminal artifices and desires. Still more must he have been awed into the subjugation of his passions, by reflecting on the subsequent miseries entailed on virtuous and highly deserving lovers. Who shall set bounds to the overflowings of ungodliness, or predict where the evils occasioned by one wicked deed will terminate? If the innocent offspring are not, as in this instance, the victims, the influence of a bad example is incalculable. It misleads inexperience; it corrupts simplicity; folly flies to it as an excuse; and it hardens frailty into depravity. How carefully should the powerful and the eminent consider their ways, especially at this period, when the sword of divine punishment is apparently suspended over our menaced country! And how strictly does it behove every private individual to act the part of the real patriot, by guarding his conduct with such religious and moral vigilance as not to add to the burden of national sin, the only invincible enemy of England. Surely, it augurs ill respecting the state of publick virtue, to see so little of that grave abhorrence of vice in the abstract, which, without infringing the claims of candour and charity to particular offenders, marks the pure morals of a high-minded people. We may laugh at folly, we may ridicule slight deviations from rectitude; but, by what strange perversion of our faculties does the most direct breach of the holy laws of God, the most determined contempt of every solemn tie, abandoned profligacy, avowed prostitution, or shameless effrontery, excite mirth instead of chilling the reflecting mind with horrour?" p. 311.

Many other passages of powerful impression in their places, we are precluded from extracting, by their intimate connexion with the story of the novel, which we purposely forbear to anticipate; and we conclude our sketch of the book by assuring our readers that, to our feelings, what it contains for amusement is good, but what it intimates or expresses for instrution, is admirable. The tone of religious and moral feeling would soon be raised among us, if such works alone were produced in this class of composition.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

MEMOIR OF HIS EXCELLENCY MIRZA AL ABOO HASSAN,

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY FROM THE KING OF PERSIA TO THE COURT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[*With a Portrait.*]

HIS excellency MIRZA ABOO AL HASSAN, who was chosen by the Persian monarch, Fatha ali Shah, to represent his majesty at the court of Great Britain, and to negotiate matters of the highest importance, is a native of Shirauz, a city which for many ages was the capital of Persia, and is still one of the most considerable in Asia. Previous to his receiving this very honourable diplomatick appointment, Mirza Aboo al Hassan held the government of Khoozistan, a southern province of the Persian empire, and the Susiana of our ancient writers. His excellency has, on various occasions, travelled in Hindoostan and Arabia; performed his devotions at Mecca; and in the course of his journey from Tehiran (the present capital of the kingdom of Persia, situated near the Caspian Sea) he passed through Georgia, Armenia, and Antolia, to Constantinople. From this city his excellency was conveyed in a British frigate to the island of Malta, where he embarked, with nine Persian attendants, on board the Formidable man of war, of ninety guns, touched at Gibraltar, and landed in England in December last.

On his arrival in London, every attention was paid by his majesty's ministers to the Persian envoy. Sir Gore Ouseley, bart. (who has since been appointed ambassadour at the court of Tehiran) was instructed to attend his excellency as mehmander (an officer of distinction, whose duty is to receive and entertain foreign princes and other illustrious personages) and the Mirza frequently expresses the satisfaction he has enjoyed from the kindness, the hospitality, and the honours which he has experienced in this country. His excellency has not availed himself of the Mussulman privilege which allows a plurality of wives. Although no man is more sensible of beauty's power (as his admiration of our English ladies sufficiently evinces) he has (we understand from good authority) but one wife, and by her but one child. The progress which he has made both in speaking and writing English, within a few months, surprises all those who have the honour of his acquaintance: and we are assured, that he also converses freely in the Turkish and Hindoostanee languages. He is now in his thirty-fourth year; in person tall and athletick, with a fine countenance, expressive eyes, beautiful teeth, and a copious beard of the deepest sable.

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FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A GENUINE LETTER,

FROM THE PERSIAN ENVOY, MIRZA ABUL HASSAN,

To the Lord, or Gentleman, without name, who lately write Letter to him, and ask very much to give Answer.

SIR, MY LORD,

WHEN you write to me, some time ago, to give my thought of what I see good and bad this country, that time I not speak English very well—now I read, I write much little better—now I give to you my think. In this country bad not too much, every thing very good—but suppose I not tell something little bad, then you say I tell all flattery —therefore I tell most bad thing.—I not like such crowd in evening party every night—In cold weather not very good—now, hot weather, much too bad.—I very much astonish, every day now much hot than before, evening parties much crowd than before.—Pretty beautiful Ladies come sweat that not very good —I always fraid some old Lady in great crowd come dead, that not very good, and spoil my happiness. —I think old Ladies after 85 years not come to evening party that much better.—Why for take so much trouble? Some other thing little bad.—Very beautiful young Lady, she got ugly fellow for husband, that not very good, very shocking.—I ask Sir Gore why for this. He says me, perhaps he very good man, not handsome no matter, perhaps got too much money, perhaps got title— I say I not like that, all very shocking.—This all bad I know—now I say good.—English People all very good people—all very happy—do what they like, say what like, write in Newspapers what like. I love English people very much, they very good, very civil to me.—I tell my King English love Persian very much.—English King best man in world—he love his people very good much.—He speak very kind to me, I love him very much.—Queen very best woman I ever saw.—Prince of Wales such a fine elegant beautiful man——I not understand English enough proper to praise him—he is too great for my language—I respect him same as my own King— I love him very much—his manner all the same as talisman and charm. —All the Princes very fine men, very handsome men, very sweet words, very affable.—I like all too much.— I think the Ladies and Gentlemen this country, most high rank, high honour, very rich (except two or three) most good, very kind to inferiour peoples.—This very good.— I go to see Chelsea—all old men sit on grass, in shade of fine tree, fine river run by—beautiful place, plenty to eat, drink, good coat, every thing very good—Sir Gore he tell me King Charles and King James. —I say, Sir Gore, they not Mussulmans, but I think God love them very much. I think God he love the King very well for keeping up that charity —then I see one small regiment of children go to dinner—one small boy he say thanks to God for eat, for drink, for clothes—other little boys they all answer Amen, then I cry a little—my heart too much pleased. —This all very good for two things —one thing God very much please —two things soldiers fight much better because see their good king take care of old wounded fathers and little children.—Then I go to Greenwich—that too good place—such a fine sight make me a little sick for joy—all old men so happy, eat dinner so well—fine house—fine beds— all very good.——This very good country—English ladies very handsome, very beautiful—I travel great deal: I go Arabia, I go Calcutta, Hyderabad, Poonah, Bombay, Georgia, Armenia, Constantinople, Malta, Gibraltar, I see best Georgian, Circassian, Turkish, Greek ladies, but

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nothing not so beautiful as English ladies——all very clever——speak French, speak English, speak Italian, play musick very well, sing very good—very glad for me if Persian ladies like them; but English ladies speak such sweet words, I think tell a little story, that not very good. One thing more I see, but I not understand that thing good or bad; last Thursday I see some fine carriages, fine horses, thousand people go to look that carriages; I ask why for, they say me, that gentlemen on boxes, they drive their own carriage. I say, why for take so much trouble. They say me, he drive very well, that very good thing. It rain very hard, some lord, some gentlemen, he get very wet; I say, why he not go inside. They tell me good coachman not mind, get wet every day, will be much ashamed if go inside, that I not understand.

Sir, my Lord—
Good night—
ABUL HASSAN.

9, *Mansfield street, May* 19, 1810.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF PRINCE EUGENE OF SAVOY.

Written by Himself.

[The following particulars respecting one of the most distinguished military characters of the 17th and 18th centuries, are extracted from a work printed last year at Weimar, from a manuscript partly dictated by the prince, and partly in his own handwriting. It is written in French; the events of each year are separately detailed; and the work forms an octavo volume of near 200 pages. As the sentiments of this great man respecting English affairs in general, and his account of the campaigns which he made in conjunction with the illustrious Marlborough, and other English officers, must be the most interesting to the British reader; it is to this part of his memoirs that particular attention will be paid in these extracts.]

[*Monthly Mag.*

THE prince having entered in 1683, at the age of 20, into the service of the emperour Leopold I. commenced his military career at the celebrated siege of Vienna. Before the expiration of that year he was appointed colonel of a regiment of dragoons; at twenty-one he was promoted to the rank of major-general; at twenty-five to that of lieutenant-general; and, before he had been ten years in the service, he became a field-marshal. For this rapid advancement he was indebted only to his extraordinary talents and success.

Passing over his early campaigns against the Turks, and against the French in Italy, where he was opposed to the celebrated Catinat, we shall commence with the events of the year 1697; when he was at the head of the imperial army, acting against the former power.

1697.—The Turks are never in a hurry. The grand signor, Kara Mustapha himself, did me the honour to arrive at Sophia with his army, in the month of July. I collected mine at Veris Marton; I called in Vaudemont and Rabutin, as it appeared to me to be the grand signor's design to make himself master of Titul, that he might be able to lay siege to Peterwaradin. I encamped on the 26th of August at Zenta. General Nelim was attacked. I arrived too late to his assistance, but nevertheless praised him, for he could not have held out any longer, overwhelmed as he was by numbers.—God be thanked, I never complained of any one, neither did I ever throw upon another the blame of a fault or misfortune. Titul was burned. The grand vizir remained on this side of the Danube, which it was necessary for the grand signor to cross before he could lay siege to Peterwaradin; but marching along the bank of the river, and concealing

ny intention by my skirmishes with e spahis, I got before him, passed e bridge, and thus saved the place. his march, I must own, was well conducted, and equivalent to a victory. I intrenched myself with great despatch, and the enemy durst not attack me. Among some prisoners that we took, there happened to be a pacha, whom I questioned in vain respecting the designs of Kara Mustapha; but four hussars, with drawn sabres, ready to cut him in pieces, extorted the confession that the enemy at first intended to make an attempt on Segedin; but that the grand signor, having afterwards changed his mind, had already begun to cross the Teisse; and that great part of the army under the command of the grand vizir was still in good intrenchments near Zenta. I was marching to attack them, when a cursed courier brought me an order from the emperour, not to give battle under any circumstances whatever.

I had already advanced too far.—By stopping where I was, I should have lost part of my army, and my honour. I put the letter in my pocket, and, at the head of six regiments of dragoons, approached so near to the Turks, as to perceive that they were all preparing to pass the Teisse. I rejoined my army with a look of satisfaction, which, I was told, was considered a good omen by the soldiers. I began the engagement by charging myself two thousand spahis, whom I forced to return to their intrenchments. A hundred pieces of cannon annoyed me greatly. I sent orders to Rabutin to advance his left wing so as to form a curve towards the right: and to Stahrenberg, who commanded the right, to do the same towards the left, with a view to take in the whole intrenchment by a semicircle. This I could not have ventured to do before Catinat, who would have interrupted me in so slow and so complicated a movement. The Turks, however, gave me no molestation. They attacked my left wing too late; but yet they would have used it roughly, had it not been for four battalions of the second line, and the artillery, which I sent very opportunely to repel their cavalry, and make a breach in the intrenchments. It was six in the evening. The Turks, assaulted, and their intrenchments forced in all points, hurried in crowds to the bridge and choked it up, so that they were obliged to throw themselves into the Teisse, where those who escaped drowning were killed. On every side was heard the cry of *aman ! aman !* which signifies *quarter !* At ten, the slaughter still continued. I could take no more than 4,000 prisoners, for 20,000 were left dead on the field, and 10,000 were drowned. I did not lose a thousand men. Those alone who first betook themselves to flight at the commencement of the battle, rejoined the corps which had remained on the opposite side of the river. It was the 11th of September. I sent Vaudemont with the account of this affair to Vienna. I then went and took two forts and two castles in Bosnia, burned Seraglio, and returned to Hungary into winter quarters.

I set out for Vienna, where I expected to be received a hundred times better than I had ever yet been. Leopold gave me the coldest of audiences; more dry than ever; he listened to me without saying a word. I instantly perceived that somebody or other had been at work during my absence, and that while I was ridding myself of the Turks, some good Christians at Vienna had been trying to get rid of me. I went away from the audience with a feeling of indignation, which grew still stronger when Schlick, in great consternation, came and demanded my sword. I delivered it into his trembling hand with a look of the profoundest disdain, which served to increase his dismay. It was reported

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that I said: "Take it, yet reeking with the blood of enemies; I have no wish to resume it, except for the benefit of his majesty's service." One half of this sentence would be a gasconade, and the other a mean resignation. My rage was silent. I was put under arrest in my hotel. Here I was soon informed that Gaspard Kinsky, and some others, wished me to be brought to trial for disobedience and rashness, and that I was to be tried by a court-martial, by which I should probably be sentenced to die. This report was soon circulated through the whole city. The people assembled about my house. Deputies from the body of citizens offered to guard me and to prevent my being taken away, in case of any attempt to put the abovementioned design in execution. I entreated them not to violate their duty as loyal subjects, nor to disturb the publick tranquillity. I thanked them for their zeal, by which I was moved even to tears. The city of Vienna is small. This assemblage of the people was known at court in a few minutes. Either from fear or repentance, the emperour sent me my sword, with the request that I would still continue to command his army in Hungary. I replied that I would, on condition that I should have a *carte blanche*, and be no longer exposed to the malice of his generals and ministers. The poor emperour durst not publickly give me these full powers, though he did privately, in a note signed with his own hand; and with this I thought proper to be content.

This anecdote of Leopold, whom I pity for not having felt that a more signal reparation was due to me, fully demonstrates the falsehood of a saying, which has been ascribed to me: that, of the three emperours whom I have served, the first was my father, the second my brother, and the third my master. A pretty sort of a father truly, to cause me to lose my head for having saved his empire!

1699.—This year I began my fine library, and conceived a taste for gardens and palaces.

I purchased, from time to time, some beautiful paintings and drawings that were not known. I was not rich enough to form a gallery, and was not fond of engravings, because other persons may possess the same. I never liked copies of any kind, and those talents which run away with valuable time. A few wind instruments, martial airs, hunting-tunes, flourishes of trumpets, or pleasing airs of the comick opera, relieved me, during dinner, from the necessity of speaking or listening to tiresome persons.

1700.—After the peace of Carlowitz, France was so polite as to send us M. Villars as her ambassadour. He was received with great distinction by all those with whom he had been acquainted in Hungary, where he had gained great reputation as a volunteer, and by the whole city, who thought him extremely amiable. But intrigues were carried on at his court against ours, without his knowledge. He was highly astonished at the coldness with which he was all at once treated. Notwithstanding the friendship of the king of the Romans for me, I could not prevail upon him to relax in this respect. "Of what use," said I to him, and to the courtiers and generals who followed his example, "is this personal antipathy, which M. Villars does not deserve? I shall see him, and continue on friendly terms with him, till we begin to fire upon one another again." Prince Louis, of Baden, acted in the same manner, though we were not the better liked for it. We all three parted very good friends. We missed his company much; for when Louis XIV. had, at length, completed all his machinations, and thrown off the mask, he departed. Previous to this we had the following conversation: "It is not my fault," said he, "if, without knowing how to suppress your rebellion in Hungary, you are

determined to make war upon us. I had rather your highness would do like those gentlemen who have turned their backs upon me here, as they will do elsewhere, if I command an army." This was truly an expression *à la Villars*. "You hope that the Turks will interfere, because the abbé Joachim has predicted that the empress would be delivered of twins, one of whom should sit on the throne of Constantinople." "I am not angry with you, M. de Villars," replied I, "for in your correspondence, which, to be sure, is somewhat tinctured with levity, after the manner of your nation, you have transmitted to your court a portrait of me drawn by the hand of friendship. Others complain of certain inadvertencies, and the court of having read in one of your despatches: 'We shall see if the Christ in Leopold's chapel will speak to him as he did to Ferdinand II.' Private individuals never forgive a satire: judge then of the effect which a severe thing, said against a sovereign, must produce upon him." "It is only by great reserve in conversation," said he, "that I have supported myself in this country. I am angry with your Austrians, who, among the tales which they invent concerning me, assert that I conspired with Ragotzi against the person of the emperour." "I can tell you," answered I, "what gave rise to this stupid idea. People recollected an expression in a letter intercepted while you were a volunteer in our service: 'I am an Austrian with the army, but a Frenchman at Vienna.' This means a great deal, said the fools. No conspiracies have ever been formed against our emperours; they have never been assassinated. We have no Clements or Ravaillacs. The people are not enthusiasts, as with you, but for that very reason, they do not pass from one sentiment to another.—Crimes, indeed, are very rare in Austria. Last year some persons wanted to persuade Leopold that a design had been formed to kill him because a ball went through his hat while hunting. "Seek the man, said he, with his Spanish air; 'he is awkward one way or other; he is dying of fear or of hunger; give him a thousand ducats."

1704. The only time to tell Leopold plain truths was when he was frightened. Where is the mistress or friend to whom they can be told with impunity! and much less a great sovereign, spoiled by slaves who accompany him every day to church, but not his generals to war. In urgent cases, I requested an extraordinary audience of him, as if I had been the ambassadour of a foreign power,* and this occurred but very seldom.

What I obtained was the power of negotiating quite alone, and I gained over to our side queen Anne and Marlborough. I went to meet him at Heilbronn, to concert measures with him and prince Louis of Baden, whom I had not seen for a considerable time. I took upon myself the defence of the lines of Behel; and left them to follow Tallard, who was endeavouring to join the elector of Bavaria. If I am not fortunate enough to prevent their junction, thought I, the worst that can befal me is to fight both together, which will save me the trouble of engaging them separately. Tallard and Marsin had two other sorts of presumption than Villeroy, and more wit. The presumption of the one was founded "*sur sa Spire*,"† that of the other on the divine protection, which, by the cabals of the pious, had certainly proved as beneficial

* The prince had been the preceding year appointed president of war.

† The translator has here inserted the words of the original, which he frankly acknowledges he does not understand.

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to him as the patronage of the court. Tallard was as short-sighted morally as he was physically. Marsin was more clear-sighted, possessed more talents, but, luckily, no prudence.

Had they exercised patience, without fighting me, they would have obliged me to abandon Bavaria, for I had no place in that country where I could form my magazines, except Nordlingen; but these gentlemen were in a great hurry, and the elector was furious at the plunder which I had suffered Marlborough to make, and who, in consequence, became my firm friend. We sincerely loved and esteemed each other. He was, indeed, a great statesman and warriour.

They had eighty thousand men, and so had we. Why did the French separate from the Bavarians? Why did they encamp so far from the rivulet which would have embarrassed us in the attack? Why did they place twenty seven battalions and twelve squadrons in Blenheim? Why did they scatter so many troops in other villages? Marlborough was more fortunate than I in his passage of the rivulet, and his fine attack. A little ascent occasioned my being half an hour later. My infantry behaved very well, but my cavalry very ill. I had a horse killed under me. Marlborough was checked, but not repulsed. I succeeded in rallying the regiments, which were shy at first, and led them four times to the charge. Marlborough, with his infantry and artillery, and sometimes with his cavalry, cleared away that of the enemy, and took Blenheim. We were beaten for a moment by the *gendarmerie;* but at length we threw them into the Danube. I was under the greatest obligations to Marlborough for his changes of disposition according to circumstances. A Bavarian dragoon took aim at me. One of my Danes fortunately anticipated him. We lost 9,000 men; but 12,800 French killed, and 20,800 taken prisoners, prevented them, this time, from singing their usual *Te Deum* for their defeats, which they never acknowledge.

The poor elector, with his corps, joined Villeroy, who had marched to favour his retreat. They mournfully embraced. "I have sacrificed my dominions for the king," said the first, "and I am ready to sacrifice my life for him." The duke and prince (for Marlborough was now created a prince of the empire) Louis of Baden, and I, went to amuse ourselves at Stuttgard. The second took Landau, the first Trarbach, while I narrowly missed the two Brisachs: the one because the governour of Fribourg mistook his way, and the other from the false delicacy of the lieutenant colonel, whom I had directed to enter as a courier with the others, and who being unable to endure a caning from an overseer of the works of the place, ordered him to be fired upon. This was, indeed, insisting very unseasonably on a point of honour, and the only occasion on which a man might, without disgrace, receive a thrashing. Had we succeeded, he would rather have been envied than reproached for it. I proceeded to Ingolstadt, which was on the point of surrendering, but was prevented by the valour of a French regiment, composed of brave deserters in the Bavarian service. They disregarded alike my promises and my threats: but astonishing them by the generous offer of sending them home under an escort, that nothing might happen to them, they evacuated Ingolstadt; and with the exception of Munich, all Bavaria was ours, thanks to the treaty which I concluded with the electress. The conditions were hard: she refused them: but by means of father Schuhmacher, a good Jesuit, her confessor, I prevailed on her to sign them, and set out for Vienna.

1708.—On the 31st of March I was at Dresden, and obtained a promise of king Augustus to send me a

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body of his troops. I then went to Hanover, and received the same promise from the elector. I proceeded to the Hague, where with all my heart I embraced Marlborough, who had come thither on the same business. We both pressed Heinsius and Fagel for assistance; assuring them, that to prevent the enemy from laying siege to the strong places, we would gain a battle as speedily as possible. I appeased, as well as I could, those gentlemen, who were dissatisfied, because the emperour had not made peace with the Hungarian rebels, nor appropriated to his own use the revenues of Naples, the Milanese, and Bavaria. I went next to Dusseldorf, to pacify the elector Palatine, who was likewise angry with the emperour Joseph I. respecting the Upper Pallatinate. I returned to Hanover with Marlborough, to press the elector; went to Leipsick to urge king Augustus, whom I found there, once more; and after proceeding to Vienna to give an account of my successful negotiations, I was immediately sent off again to Frankfurt, to confer with the electors of Mentz and Hanover, and Rechteren, the Dutch minister. I circulated a report that this journey was undertaken for the sake of my health, and that the physicians had ordered me to use the waters of Schlangenbad. I said to all these petty allies: "It is your interest; a great emperour would live at your expense, if you did not exist, and would perhaps be better off on that account. If you do not protect yourselves by defending him, beware lest another Louvois lay waste the empire with fire and sword."

I have always taken for the foundation of my politicks, the interest of the persons with whom I had to do, and have detested court flatterers, who say: "These princes are personally attached to your majesty." It is thus they strengthen the self-love of sovereigns, who, besides, like to be told, "every thing is going on well, in the best manner, or is likely to be retrieved."

Villars was not duped by the prescriptions of the faculty for the cure of diseases with which I was not afflicted. He wrote to a prisoner whom he sent back to me: "If you belong to the army which prince Eugene is going to command, assure him of my respect. I understand that he is going to the baths on the 20th of June; but if I recollect right, he was not formerly so attentive to his health. We shall soon see what sort of baths he means to take." I assembled my army of Austrians and German allies at Coblentz, where I had a long conference with the elector of Treves. The French had one hundred thousand men in the low countries. Marlborough had but sixty thousand. I received orders to march to his support. I directed my troops to proceed by forced marches, while I went post myself, fearful lest a battle should be fought without me. Cadogan came to compliment me to Maestricht. He told me that the French had surprised Ghent, Bruges, and Plaskendall, and that my presence was wanted. I passed through Brussels, where my interview with my mother, after a separation of twenty five years, was very affecting, but very short; and found Marlborough in camp at Asch, between Brussels and Alost; and learning that the enemy had their left on the other side of the Dendre, I asked Marlborough, on my arrival, "if it was not his intention to give battle." "I think I ought," replied he immediately, "and I find with pleasure, but without astonishment, that we have both made the reflection, that without this, our communication with Brussels would be cut off: but I would have waited for your troops." "I would not advise you to wait," replied I, "for the French would have time to retreat."

Vendome wanted to dispute the passage of the Dendre. He told the

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duke of Burgundy, that evil advisers persuaded him to march to Ghent. "When you perceive in prince Eugene a desire to avoid an engagement, he knows how to force you to one." This expression I saw in the vindication of his conduct, which he printed on his return to Paris.

Cadogan went to Oudenarde, and in a few hours threw a bridge across the Scheldt. "It is still time," said Vendome to the duke of Burgundy, "to discontinue your march, and to attack, with the troops which we have here, that part of the allied army which has passed the river." The latter hesitated, lost time, would have turned back, sent twenty squadrons to dispute the passage, recalled them, and said: "Let us march to Ghent." "It is too late," said Vendome, "you cannot now; in half an hour, perhaps, you will have the enemy upon you." "Why then did you stop me?" rejoined the duke of Burgundy. "To begin the attack immediately," replied he, "Cadogan yonder, is already master of the village of Hurne, and of six battalions. Let us form at least in the best manner we can." Rantzau commenced the attack. He overthrew a column of cavalry, and would have been routed in his turn, had it not been for the electoral prince of Hanover,* who had his horse killed under him. Grimaldi too soon, and injudiciously, ordered a charge. "What are you doing?" cried Vendome, coming up at full gallop, "you are wrong." "It is by the duke of Burgundy's orders," replied he. The latter, vexed at being contradicted, thought only how to cross the other. Vendome was giving orders to charge the left. "What are you doing?" said the duke of Burgundy. "I forbid it; there is an impassable ravine and morass." Let any one judge of the indignation of Vendome, who had passed over the spot but a moment before. Had it not been for this misunderstanding, we should, perhaps, have been defeated; for our cavalry was engaged a full half hour before the infantry could join it. For the same reason, I directed the village of Hurne to be abandoned, that I might send the battalions by which it was occupied, to support the squadrons on the left wing. But the duke of Argyle arrived with all possible expedition, at the head of the English infantry; and then came the Dutch, though much more slowly. "Now," said I to Marlborough, "we are in a condition to fight."—It was six in the evening of the 11th of July; we had yet three hours of day-light. I was on the right at the head of the Prussians. Some battalions turned their backs after having been attacked with unequalled fury. They rallied, retrieved their fault, and we recovered the ground they had lost. The battle then become general along the whole line. The spectacle was magnificent. It was one sheet of fire. That of our artillery made a powerful impression; that of the French, being very injudiciously posted, in consequence of the uncertainty which prevailed in the army on account of the disunion of its commanders, produced very little effect. With us it was quite the contrary. We loved and esteemed one another, not excepting the Dutch marshal Ouverkerke, venerable for his age and services, my old friend and Marlborough's, who obeyed and fought to admiration.

The following circumstance may serve to prove our harmony. Matters were going wrong on the right, where I commanded. Marlborough, who perceived it, sent me a reenforcement of eighteen battalions, without which, I should scarcely have been able to keep my ground. I then advanced, and drove in the first line; but at the head of the se-

* Afterwards George II.

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cond, I found Vendome on foot, with a pike in his hand, encouraging the troops. He made so vigorous a resistance, that I should not have accomplished my purpose, had it not been for Natzmer, at the head of the king of Prussia's *gendarmes*, who broke through the line, and enabled me to obtain complete success.

Marlborough purchased his more dearly on the right, where he attacked in front, while Ouverkerke dislodged the enemy from the hedges and villages. Nassau, Fries, and Oxenstiern, drove the infantry beyond the defiles, but they were roughly handled by the king's household troops, who came to its assistance. I rendered the same service to the duke. I sent Tilly, who making a considerable circuit, took the brave household troops, which had nearly snatched the victory from us, in the rear: but this decided the business. The darkness of the night prevented our pursuit, and enabled me to execute a scheme for increasing the number of our prisoners.— I sent out drummers in different directions, with orders to beat the retreat, after the French manner, and posted my French refugee officers, with directions to shout on all sides: *A moi Picardie ! A moi Champagne ! A moi Piemont !* The French soldiers ran to these posts, and I picked up a pretty round number. We took in all about seven thousand. The duke of Burgundy, and his evil counsellors, had long before withdrawn. Vendome collected the relicks of the army, and took charge of the rear.

As the firing had recommenced while it was still dark, Marlborough waited for daylight to attack the enemy before he reached Ghent.— His detachment found him but too soon. Vendome had posted his grenadiers to the right and left of the high road, and they put our cavalry, which pursued them, to the rout. Vendome, by this, saved the remnant of his army, which entered Ghent in the utmost confusion, with the dukes of Burgundy and Berry, and the count of Toulouse. His presence pacified and cheered the soldiers.

They all held a council of war at the inn called the Golden Apple.— The opinion of the princes and their courtiers was, as usual, detestable.— Vendome grew warm, expressed his indignation at having been crossed by them, and declared, that as he was determined not to be served in the same manner again, he should order the army to encamp behind the canal from Bruges to Lövendeghem. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, as I had done the elector of Bavaria in 1704, and the duke of Orleans in 1706.

ON THE VOLCANOS OF JORULLO. BY ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT.*

THE grand catastrophe in which this volcanick mountain issued from the earth, and by which the face of a considerable extent of ground was totally altered, was, perhaps, one of the most extensive physical changes, that the history of our globe exhibits. Geology points out spots in the ocean, where, within the last two thousand years, volcanick islets have arisen above the surface of the sea, as near as the Azores, in the Archipelago, and on the south of Iceland: but it records no instance of a mountain of scoriæ and ashes, 517 met. [563 yards] above the old level of the neighbouring plains, suddenly formed in the centre of a

* Extracted from his Essay on New Spain. Journal de Physique, vol. LXIX. p. 149.

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thousand small burning cones, thirty six leagues from the seashore, and forty two leagues from any other volcano. This phenomenon remained unknown to the mineralogists and natural philosophers of Europe, though it took place but fifty years ago, and within six days journey of the capital of Mexico.

Descending from the central flat towards the coasts of the Pacifick ocean, a vast plain extends from the hills of Aguasarco to the villages of Toipa, and Patatlan, equally celebrated for their fine cotton plantations. Between the picachos del Mortero and the cerras de las Cuevas and de Cuiche, this plain is only from 750 to 800 met. [820 to 880 yards] above the level of the sea. Basaltick hills rise in the midst of a country, in which porphyry with base of greenstone predominates. Their summits are crowned with oaks always in verdure, and the foliage of laurels and olives intermingled with dwarf fan palms. This beautiful vegetation forms a singular contrast with the arid plain, which has been laid waste by volcanick fire.

To the middle of the eighteenth century, fields of sugar canes and indigo extended between two rivulets, called Cuitimba and San Pedro. They were skirted by basaltick mountains, the structure of which seems to indicate, that all the country, in remote periods, has several times experienced the violent action of volcanos. These fields, irrigated by art, belonged to the estate of San Pedro de Jorullo (Xorullo, or Juvriso) one of the largest and most valuable in the country. In the month of June, 1759, fearful rumbling noises were accompanied with frequent shocks of an earthquake, which succeeded each other at intervals for fifty or sixty days, and threw the inhabitants of the estate into the greatest consternation. From the beginning of the month of September, every thing seemed perfectly quiet, when, in the night of the 28th of that month, a terrible subterranean noise was heard anew. The frightened Indians fled to the mountains of Aguasarco. A space of three or four square miles, known by the name of Malpays, rose in the shape of a bladder. The boundaries of this rising are still distinguishable in the ruptured strata. The Malpays towards the edge is only 12 met. [16 yards] above the former level of the plain, called las playas de Jorullo; but the convexity of the ground increases progressively toward the centre, till it reaches the height of 160 met. [175 yards.]

They who witnessed this grand catastrophe from the top of Aguasarco assert, that they saw flames issue out of the ground for the space of more than half a league square; that fragments of redhot rocks were thrown to a prodigious height; and that through a thick cloud of ashes, illumined by the volcanick fire, and resembling a stormy sea, the softened crust of the earth was seen to swell up. The rivers of Cuitimba and San Pedro then precipitated themselves in the burning crevices. The decomposition of the water contributed to reanimate the flames, which were perceptible at the city of Pascuoro, though standing on a very wide plain 1400 met. [1530 yards] above the level of the playas de Jorullo. Eruptions of mud, particularly of the strata of clay, including decomposed nodules of basaltes with concentrick layers, seem to prove, that subterranean waters had no small part in this extraordinary revolution. Thousands of small cones, only two or three yards high, which the Indians call ovens, issued from the raised dome of the Malpays. Though the heat of these volcanick ovens has diminished greatly within these fifteen years, according to the testimony of the Indians, I found the thermometer rise to 95° [if centig. 203° F.] in the crevices that emitted an aqueous vapour. Each

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little cone is a chimney, from which a thick smoke rises to the height of ten or fifteen met. [11 or 16 yards.] In several, a subterranean noise is heard like that of some fluid boiling at no great depth.

Amid these ovens, in a fissure, the direction of which is from N. N. E. to S. S. W. six large hummocks rise 400 or 500 met. [440 or 550 yards] above the old level of the plain. This is the phenomenon of Monte Novo at Naples repeated several times in a row of volcanick hills. The loftiest of these huge hummocks, which reminded me of the country of Auvergne, is the large volcano of Jorullo. It is constantly burning, and has thrown out, on the north side, an immense quantity of scorified and basaltick lava, including fragments of primitive rocks. These grand eruptions of the central volcano continued till February, 1760. In the succeeding years they became gradually less frequent. The Indians, alarmed by the horrible noise of the new volcano, at first deserted the villages for seven or eight leagues round the plain of Jorullo. In a few months they became familiar with the alarming sight, returned to their huts, and went down to the mountains of Aguasarco and Santa Ines, to admire the sheaves of fire thrown out by an infinite number of large and small volcanick openings. The ashes then covered the houses of Queretoro, more than 48 leagues [120 miles] in a right line from the place of the explosion. Though the subterranean fire appears to be in no great activity* at present, and the Malpays and the great volcano begin to be covered with vegetables, we found the air so heated by the little ovens, that in the shade, and at a considerable distance from the ground, the thermometer rose to 43° [109·4° F.] This fact evinces, that there is no exaggeration in the report of some of the old Indians, who say, that the plains of Jorullo were uninhabitable for several years, and even to a considerable distance from the ground raised up, on account of the excessive heat.

Near the cerro of Santa Ines the traveller is still shown the rivers of Cuitimba and San Pedro, the limpid waters of which formerly refreshed the sugar canes on the estate of Don Andrew Pimantel. These springs were lost in the night of the 29th of September, 1759: but 2000 met. [near 2200 yards] to the westward, in the soil that has been elevated, two rivulets are seen to break out of the clayey dome of the furnaces, exhibiting themselves as therinal waters, in which the thermometer rises to 52·7° [126·86°F.] The Indians still give these the names of San Pedro and Cuitimba, because in several parts of the Malpays large bodies of water are supposed to be heard running from east to west, from the mountains of Santa Ines to the estate of the Presentation. Near this estate is a brook, that emits sulphuretted hidrogen gas. It is more than 7 met. [near 8 yards] wide, and is the most copious hidrosulphurous spring I ever saw.

In the opinion of the natives, these extraordinary changes I have described, the crust of earth raised and cracked by volcanick fire, the mountains of scoriæ and ashes heaped up, are the works of monks; the greatest, no doubt, they ever produced in either hemisphere. Our Indian host, at the hut we inhabited in the plain of Jorullo, told us, that some missionary capuchins preached at the

* In the bottom of the crater we found the heat of the air 47° [116·6°F.] and in some places 58° and 60° [136·4° and 140°.] We had to pass over cracks exhaling sulphurous vapours, in which the thermometer rose to 85° [185°.] From these cracks, and the heaps of scoriæ that cover considerable hollows, the descent into the crater is not without danger.

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estate of San Pedro, and, not meeting a favourable reception, uttered the most horrible and complicated imprecations against this plain, then so beautiful and fertile. They prophesied, that the estate should first be swallowed up by flames issuing out of the bowels of the earth; and that the air should afterward be cooled to such a degree, that the neighbouring mountains should remain for ever covered with ice and snow. The first of these maledictions having been so fatally verified, the common people foresee, in the gradual cooling of the volcano, the presage of a perpetual winter. I have thought it right to mention this vulgar tradition, worthy a place in the epic poem of the jesuit Landivar, because it exhibits a striking feature of the manners and prejudices of these remote countries. It shows the active industry of a class of men, who, too frequently abusing the credulity of the people, and pretending to possess the power of suspending the immutable laws of nature, know how to avail themselves of every event for establishing their empire by the fear of physical evil.

The situation of the new volcano of Jorullo leads to a very curious geological observation. It has already been observed in the 3d chapter, that there is, in New Spain, a line of great heights, or a narrow zone included between the latitudes of 18° 59′ and 19° 12′, in which are all the summits of Anahuack that rise above the region of perpetual snow. These summits are either volcanos still actually burning; or mountains, the form of which, as well as the nature of their rocks, renders it extremely probable, that they formerly contained subterranean fire. Setting out from the coast of the gulf of Mexico, and proceeding westward, we find the peak of Oribaza, the two volcanos of la Puebla, the Nevado de Toluca, the peak of Tancitaro, and the volcano of Colima. These great heights, instead of forming the ridge of the cordillera of Anahuack, and following its direction, which is from S. E. to N. W. are, on the contrary, in a line perpendicular to the axis of the great chain of mountains. It is certainly worthy remark, that in the year 1759 the new volcano of Jorullo was formed in the continuation of this line, and on the same parallel as the ancient Mexican volcanos.

A view of my plan of the environs of Jorullo will show, that the six large hummocks have risen out of the earth on a vein, that crosses the plain from the cerro of las Cuevas to the pichaco del Montero. The new mouths of Vesuvius, too, are found ranged along a fissure. Do not these analogies give us reason to suppose, that there exists in this part of Mexico, at a great depth within the earth, a fissure stretching from east to west through a space of 137 leagues [343 miles] and through which the volcanick fire has made its way at different times, bursting the outer crust of porphyritick rocks, from the coasts of the gulf of Mexico to the South Sea? Is this fissure prolonged to that little groupe of islands, called by Colluet, the Archipelago of Regigedo, and round which, in the same parallel with the Mexican volcanos, pummice stone has been seen floating? Naturalists who distinguish the facts offered by descriptive mineralogy from theoretical reveries concerning the primitive state of our planet, will pardon me for having consigned these observations to the general map of New Spain, contained in the Mexican Atlas.

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Some curious Particulars concerning the Discovery, peculiar Properties, &c. of certain Vegetable productions.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

THE sensitive plant is well known by the peculiar property which it has of giving indications of sensibility, nay almost of life, when touched by any substance. M. M. Dufay and Duhamel, two ingenious Frenchmen, have bestowed particular attention on the phenomena of this plant, and have enriched the memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences, for 1736, with the curious result of the experiments they made upon the subject. Their experiments drew the following lines from the pen of Voltaire :—

Le sage Dufay parmi ses plants divers;
Végétaux rassemblés des bouts de l'univers,
Me dira-t-il, pourquoi la tendre Sensitive
Se flétrit sous nos mains, honteuse et fugitive ?

A princess, who was acquainted with the peculiar property of this simple, persuaded her maids of honour, while taking the air with them in a garden where the sensitive plant was very abundant, that it would only recede from the touch of such as had forfeited their virginity. "In proof of what I say," she added, "you will perceive that when I, who am a married woman, touch it, the plant will shrink." The result of course verified the prediction, and much astonished the ladies. But their surprise was increased, when one among them, a reputed virgin, having laid her finger on the leaf, caused it to draw back. We doubt much whether the other damsels followed up the experiment.

ORIENTAL SENSITIVE PLANT.

In the East Indies grows another species of sensitive plant, which not only inclines its leaves when touched by any foreign substance, but turns its stock in conformity to the course of the sun, in the same manner as the sunflower. A philosopher of Malabar, like a second Aristotle, ran mad because he could not explain the origin of this plant's singular properties.

THE MOVING PLANT.

Nature, ever admirable in her productions, possesses treasures in all countries. There has long been cultivated in our botanical gardens, a perfect vegetable prodigy, called "the Moving Plant." Some superstitious persons have attributed extraordinary virtues and qualities to the moving plant. June 15, a plant of this species was fifteen inches in height: its motions which are truly singular, did not commence until the middle of May, in the same year. These motions proceed from an internal impetus, whereas those of the sensitive plant are the result of external impulsion. The operations of this singular plant, are impeded by a tolerably strong blast of wind, which has the effect of instantaneously suspending its movements and agitations. The moving plant has its leaves divided into three parts. The extremity of the leaf is broad, and from the different positions which it assumes during the day, it is evident that the course of the sun has a strong influence upon it. Its most remarkable movements are collateral, but they do not always exactly accord with the motion of the great planet.

QUINQUINA.

The following is a brief history of this plant. A considerable time previous to the arrival of the Europeans, chance made the Indians acquainted with the febrifuge virtues of Quinquina. They long withheld the secret from the knowledge of the Spaniards, whom they detested; and it was not until the year 1640

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that any of the article was brought to Europe. Although as a remedy in feverish cases, quinquina is now accounted infallible; a considerable period elapsed before it obtained any repute. The vice-queen being attacked by a violent fever, the corregidor of Loxa sent her some of the drug, which she took, and was speedily cured; after which she distributed it among her friends; who denominated it "The Countess's Powder." About the year 1649, the procurator-general of the Jesuits in America visited Europe, and on his arrival at Rome, prevailed upon the members of his order to give publicity to this specifick, of which he had provided himself with a large stock. Every Jesuit now cured fevers as it were by the power of magick. The quinquina, accordingly, received a new name, and was thenceforward called "The Powder of the Fathers," or, "Jesuit's Bark." Some physicians, who were wholly unacquainted with the peculiar virtues of the remedy, ridiculed and decried the use of it, and, indeed, the high price at which the Jesuits sold it tended not a little to impede its dissemination. It was at this period, that Italy was deluged with pamphlets under the titles of "The Funeral of Quinquina," "The Resurrection of Quinquina," &c. &c.—In 1679, however, one Talbot, an Englishman, by dint of vaunting the utility of this specifick, and exaggerating its admirable properties, succeeded in once more bringing it it into vogue. In the following year, a comedy in three acts was brought out at the ancient Italian theatre, entitled, "The English Nostrum, or Harlequin Prince of Quinquina." A new secret was now founded upon this famous drug, which Lewis XIV. purchased at an enormously high price. At the present day, however, every apothecary's apprentice is acquainted with the uses of Jesuit's bark.

CHINESE PRODUCTION,

Alternately Plant and Animal.

Hias-Taa-Tomchom, is the name of the most extraordinary plant that has hitherto been discovered in China. The appellation implies, that during the summer the plant is a vegetable, but that at the approach of winter it becomes a worm; and, indeed, on closely inspecting it, nothing can be conceived to present a more lively representation of a small reptile than it does. The colour is a dirty yellow, its length about nine inches, and the head, body, eyes, legs, and both sides of the trunk appear to be most accurately formed. This plant grows in Tibet, and is very rare. Its medicinal virtues are nearly the same as those of ginseng, with this difference, that, like the latter, the frequent use of it does not engender hemorrhage; it fortifies the stomach, and is a grand restorative of debilitated constitutions. The manner in which the Chinese administer it is this: they take five drams of the plant, root and all, with which they stuff the craw of a duck, and roast the latter by a slow fire. When the bird is dressed, the drug is taken out, its virtue being transfused into the flesh of the duck, which is to be eaten morning and evening, for the space of ten days. This remedy is never employed except at the court of Pekin, on account of the great rarity of the plant.

EUROPEAN PRODUCTIONS

Not inferiour to the Chinese: or Animals the Offspring of Plants, and vice versa.

This Chinese Hias-Taa-Tomchom may be thought sufficiently wonderful; but the wonder it excites will be abated by our ascribing the notion of a change so extraordinary to the inaccurate observation and unphilosophical speculations of the oriental naturalists. Well, then, it is but justice to those sages to inquire what have been the opinions or con-

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jectures of our better instructed westerns, on a like subject.

Linneus, in his Dissertation, *Mundum invisibilem breviter delineatura*, 1767, announced to the world, that the mealy dust, produced by the puff-balls [lycoperdons] agaricks, and other champignons, was the true seed of those plants; but that if this seed was placed in lukewarm water during several days, minute worms, visible by the microscope, would issue from them, which speedily congregated into a small mass, in which they remained without further motion, and from which, at length, grew champignons of the very same species as that which had furnished the seed.

In 1768, Mr. Wilkes, in England, published accounts of another experiment made on the mealy dust of mushrooms. Having taken off the inferiour pellicle of the meadow mushroom, which is eaten, he placed a quantity of it in water, which became of a reddish colour. A drop of this water, examined by the microscope, appeared to contain a great quantity of seeds of those champignons, in the form of reddish globules, each of which had a black speck. Three days afterwards these globules assumed a very lively, spontaneous motion, and Mr. Wilkes conceived that he saw several of these animalcules, being assembled together and united, shoot out a kind of roots; from whence he concludes that there are many similarities between the mushrooms and zoophites, or animal plants.

We cannot help wishing that this experiment had been completed; and that these roots had been traced to their entire conversion into mushrooms of the several species submitted to this process. Certainly, the observations of Mr. Wilkes support those of Linneus. Spontaneous motion is not ascribed to the Chinese article; but under the hands of our European naturalists, we should long ago have had dissections of the worm; and have watched its return to its plant state, as we now do the transformations of caterpillars, moths, &c. from the state of grubs and worms, to that of flying insects.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A NOVEL, BY MRS. GLASSE.

THIS dish is of a miscellaneous kind, something between a Yorkshire *Pie* and *Salmagundi*. Take two young lovers, *tender* and *soft*, that have been bred in an old castle; let the one be a philosopher of the new school without morals, and the other a girl of infinite sensibility without a grain of discretion or common sense. *Stuff* them with the *minced meat* of stale sentiment, and *season* them with box lobby repartees, and bon mots from modern comedies and farces. Then you may put them in the *stewing-pan* of persecution, and keep them a long time in the *hot water* of distress. Instead of sour crout and elder vinegar, mix them up with a couple of crusty fathers and mothers, and a tough aunt or two: if you put a parson, or a justice of peace, into this olio, be sure to *pepper* them well. To improve the richness of the flavour, mix a good deal of French or German cabbage, and you may throw in a few mushrooms of poetry. When ready to be served up, put the whole, like *maintenon cutlets*, in hot-pressed wire-wove or *foolscap paper*. This dish will appear to most advantage upon the table if garnished, like, a twelfth cake, with devices, in paste, of a setting sun, a rising moon, a few cooing doves, a cascade, a troop of banditti, a grotto, and a ghost. Although the cook sometimes forgets to put in both the *sage* of sound ob-

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servation, and the *salt* of genuine wit, this dish is the ton at Bath, Ramsgate, Margate, and all other watering-places. Like flummery or trifle, it will keep only a few days, though the cook may take great pains to set it off with the *puff paste* of advertisements.

N. B. This is the receipt, according to which many novels in the last fifty years have been cooked up; and it has been found to succeed much better than spinning jennies, or the famous mill to grind verses.

ACCOUNT OF THE FEJEE ISLANDS.

[*From the Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser.*]

ON the 7th of October, 1809, which was shortly after the arrival at the Fejees of the Favourite, capt. Campbell, Mr. Thomas Smith, his second officer, was unexpectedly made prisoner by the natives, with seven others of the ship's company, and remained nine days in captivity; during which interval he experienced and witnessed horrours, from his narrative of which the following account is accurately deduced.

It begins with stating, that on the 7th of October he went from Sandalwood Bay round to the Bay of Highlea, with three boats, in quest of Sandal-wood, one of which, the ship's long-boat, he commanded; another, a whale-boat, was under the command of a Mr. Lockerby, formerly chief officer of the American ship, Jenny; and the third, under Mr. Graham, who fortunately returned laden to the vessel in time to escape the calamities that fell upon the former two. At Highlea he heard that Bullandam, the chief of the district of Buya, was expected with a force to make war upon the island of Taffere or Taffeia, and that it was the intention of the Highleans to aid his enterprise. The next morning the two boats prepared to return to the vessel, but were cut off by Bullandam's fleet of canoes, 140 in number, orderly advancing in a semicircle; and finding it impossible to pass them, it was considered as advisable to bear up to the fleet, hoping by such display of confidence to preserve the lives of the crews. When within hail they were ordered to advance; but the whaleboat was prevented by a large canoe bearing down and running aboard, cutting her in two. Mr. Lockerby and the crew were picked up and made prisoners, and Mr. Smith and the long boat's people were made prisoners likewise. The captors were about to despatch some of the people with their spears and clubs, but were prevented by the chief commanding the canoe, until the superiour chief should be consulted. When presented to Bullandam, he proposed to employ them in his intended assault against Taffere, in which he proposed to himself much assistance from their muskets; and seemed much disappointed when informed that the powder was spoilt, and the guns useless. He had no wish, however, to commit any personal injury on his prisoners; but, on the contrary, showed some attention to Mr. Smith, whom he respected as an officer, and generally invited to accompany him when he went on shore, always endeavouring to sooth his apprehensions, and quiet his solicitude of returning with his companions to the ship, by an assurance that as soon as the island of Taffere was subjugated, and its inhabitants destroyed, he would employ all his subjects in procuring wood for the vessel, to which they should be returned in safety.

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On the 11th of October, the junction of forces being thoroughly arranged, an immense fleet of canoes sailed from Highlea for the expedition, and having a fresh head-wind, the canoes were set to windward by poles, at the rate of three knots an hour. At night the formidable armament came to, round the north-east part of the island; and Bullandam took Mr. Smith on shore, to pass the night with him; his night guard consisting of ten men armed with spears and arrows.

Early in the morning of the 12th the whole of the army returned to their canoes, which, on a signal from Bullandam, set forward in complete order; and in about three in the afternoon the fleet anchored abreast of a village in Taffere, the van coming to close action with a fleet belonging to the island.

The attack was made with arrows at a distance; and as the canoes of Taffere maintained their position, they soon closed, when a desperate and stubborn conflict with spears commenced. The islanders, however, at length gave way to numbers very far superiour, and, to escape an otherwise certain destiny, all leaped into the water, and swam towards the shore, from which a division of Bullandam's fleet was endeavouring to cut them off. The canoes were taken possession of, with only one captive, an unfortunate boy, who being presented to the relentless chief, was ordered to be slaughtered, as it was his determination that not a single life should be spared. This ruthless sentence was immediately executed with a club, three blows from which the youthful sufferer endured, and then expired. The body was afterwards given into the charge of an attendant, to be roasted for the chief and his principal associates. The horrours that immediately succeeded the defeat, the most sensible imagination can but faintly represent. A massacre was determined on; and as the men had escaped the fury of their conquerors by flight, the women and children became the chief object of search; on which mission a canoe was despatched, and unhappily the fatal discovery was very soon made. On a signal from the shore, numbers landed, and a hut was set fire to, probably as a signal for the work of destruction to commence. Within a cluster of mangroves the devoted wretches had taken sanctuary. Many might undoubtedly have secured themselves by accompanying the flight of their vanquished husbands and relatives, could they have consented to a separation from their helpless children, who were no less devoted than themselves. A dreadful yell was the forerunner of the assault. The ferocious monsters rushed upon them with their clubs, and without regard to sex or infancy, promiscuously butchered all. Some who still had life and motion were treated as dead bodies, which were mostly dragged to the beach by one of their limbs, and through the water into the canoes. Their groans were disregarded, and their unheeded, protracted sufferings were still more hurtful to the feelings of humanity than even the general massacre itself had been. Among the slaughtered were some few men whose age, perhaps, had prevented their flight; but, in fact, so sudden and so dreadful was the consternation that succeeded the defeat of the unhappy natives of Taffere, as no doubt to paralyse the minds of the wretched creatures, when prompt consideration could alone be serviceable to their deplorable condition. The conquerors appeared to anticipate, with inordinate delight, the festival with which this sad event had gratified their horrible expectation. Forty-two bodies were extended on one platform in Bullandam's canoe; and one of these, a young female, appearing most to attract his attention, he desired that his second in command would have it laid by for themselves.

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The Tafferians being wholly defeated and dispersed, the island was taken possession of by Bullandam's forces, which were very numerous. This principal chief invited Mr. Smith on shore, as he seemed inclined to show him favour; and Mr. Smith declares it to be one of the most beautiful places he had ever seen. The houses, in number about a hundred, ranged on the declivity of a hill, interspersed with cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and other trees, and each house defended with a wall of piled stone. The buildings were, however, all set fire to by Bullandam's order; and Mr. Smith becoming solicitous for his release, was informed by the chief, that as soon as all the victims were devoured, he should be set at liberty with his companions. The dead bodies were got into the canoes, and the whole fleet left Taffere on their return to the main island, where many others joined in the horrible festivity, which was conducted with rude peals of acclamation. Mr. Smith was, on this occasion, also taken on shore by the great chief, and here had again to experience a detestable spectacle. The bodies had been dismembered of their limbs, which were suspended on the boughs of trees in readiness for cookery; and afterwards part of a human leg was offered to Mr. Smith, who had never broke his fast for five days. The offer he rejected with abhorrence; and upon his captors appearing astonished at the refusal, he gave them to understand, that if he ate of human flesh he would instantly die. They were satisfied with this excuse, and continued their abominable festivity the whole night.

On the 15th, the chief in the canoe that captured Mr. Smith's boat, applied to Bullandam for the prisoners, and the long boat, in order to return them to their ship, declaring his intention to demand three whale teeth and twelve hatchets for their ransom; but this proposal was not then attended to. Twenty or thirty men then arrived at the place of rendezvous, each bringing a basket of human flesh half roasted; which mode, Mr. Smith learnt, they took to preserve it. The day of deliverance at length approached from a captivity the most afflicting, from a diversity of causes, that man could be exposed to; and after enduring it nine days, and totally fasting, he was at length turned over to the charge of the chief of Niri, with orders to demand the ransom for himself, and six of his companions. But previous to quitting the voracious party, a new incident of cruelty occurred.—One of the unfortunate inhabitants of Taffere had swum from his distressed island to the main, but was perceived as soon as he gained the shore, and was in consequence pursued by a multitude, armed with bows and arrows, spears and clubs. The pursuit terminated with the life of the wretched fugitive, whose body presented a new source of exultation and cannibal festivity.

On the 16th, Mr. Smith was restored to his overjoyed shipmates, with all his companions except two, one of whom was Mr. Lockerby, who were afterwards indebted for their rescue to a determined perseverance in the captain, his officers, and people, which was highly creditable and meritorious. Mr. Smith, Mr. Lockerby, and all the others, had been repeatedly on the very point of asassination, to which these people seem to possess no kind of repugnance whatsoever; but on the contrary, it appears their chief object of delight. Their determined obstinacy in effecting every thing they attempt, can alone be equalled by the extraordinary precision of their arrangements, which are planned methodically, and executed with an energy and calmness that surprise even a European; with strength of body they possess a thorough contempt of danger, and a heedlessness of pain. Their present

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conqueror, Bullandam, has already become terrible, and bids fair to possess himself of the sole sovereignty of the islands. But though implacable and sanguinary in his resentments, yet we are assured that in his disposition, strong traces of kindness were perceivable towards all except the enemies of his arms.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG the numerous superstitious absurdities which, at no very remote period, prevailed, even among the learned, but which reason and good sense have now happily banished, none was more ridiculous than that of the scrofula, or king's evil, being cured by the royal touch. Whether our monarchs themselves believed they possessed this miraculous power of healing, or whether they spread this deception to dupe the people into a belief of their divine right, they universally laid claim to it, from Edward the confessor, down to the last of the race of Stuart. It does not appear that any of the house of Brunswick have asserted this royal function; at least, it has never been publickly announced, as was formerly the practice; but were his present majesty to resume it, such faith is yet put in the assertion of a king, that *all the courtiers*, and the great body of the ignorant multitude, would not hesitate to believe its infallibility. The last sovereign who appears to have exercised this miraculous gift, was queen Anne. In the Royal Gazette of March 12, 1712, appears the following publick notice:

"It being her majesty's royal intention to touch publickly for the evil the 17th of this instant, March, and so to continue for some time, it is her majesty's command, that tickets be delivered the day before, at Whitehall, and that all persons bring a certificate, signed by the minister and church-wardens of their respective parishes, that they never received the royal touch."

Wiseman, serjeant-surgeon to Charles II. gives, in a most reputable work on surgery, a treatise on the king's evil, in which he speaks of the royal touch in the following terms: "I have myself been a frequent eye-witness of many hundreds of cures performed by his majesty's touch alone, without the assistance of chirurgery, and those, many of them, such as had tired out the endeavours of able chirurgeons before they came thither. It were endless to relate what I myself have seen, and what I have received acknowledgments of by letter, not only from the several parts of this nation, but also from Ireland, Scotland, Jersey, and Germany." It was the office of Mr. Wiseman, as serjeant-surgeon, to select such afflicted objects as were proper to be presented for the royal touch. In the history of the disease, when describing its various states and appearance, he says: "Those which we present to his majesty are chiefly such as have this sort of tumour about the *musculus mastoideus*, or neck, with whatever circumstances they are accompanied; nor are we difficult in admitting the thick-chapped upper lips, and eyes afflicted with a *lippitudo*. In other cases we give our judgments more warily." Serjeant-surgeon Wiseman says, elsewhere: "In case of the king's touch, the resolution doth often happen where our endeavours have signified nothing; yea, the very *gummata;* insomuch that I am cautious in predicting concerning them, although they appear never so bad, until fourteen days be over."

Scepticks deny their belief to mi-

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racles, from their not being duly attested; but is it possible to desire a more satisfactory testimony of these miraculous cures, than that of a man of science and respectability, under whose immediate inspection they were performed, and who has "himself been a frequent eye-witness of many hundreds of cures performed by his majesty's touch alone."

The honourable Daine Barrington, in his observations on the more ancient statutes, inserts what he heard from an old man, a witness in a cause, with regard to this miraculous power of healing. The following are judge Barrington's words.

"He had, by his evidence, fixed the time of a fact, by queen Anne's having been at Oxford, and touched him, whilst a child, for the evil. When he had finished his evidence, I had an opportunity of asking him, whether he was really cured? Upon which he observed, with a significant smile, 'that he believed himself never to have had a complaint that deserved to be considered as the evil; but that his parents were poor, and *had no objection to the bit of gold.*'

"It seems to me, that this piece of gold which was given to those who were touched, accounts for the great resort, on this occasion, and the supposed afterwards miraculous cures."

Gemelli, the famous traveller, gives an account of 1600 persons offering themselves to be cured of the evil by Louis XIV. on Easter Sunday, in the year 1686. Gemelli himself was present at the ceremony, and says, the words used were: "*Le Roy te touche, Dieu te guerisse.*" Every Frenchman received fifteen sous, and every foreigner thirty. To some of the supposed patients the king said: *Etes-vous malade aussi?*

This power of healing by the kings of France, occasioned great resort to Francis I. while prisoner at Madrid, by the Spaniards, who had not such faith in the efficacy of their own king's touch.

It appears, by a proclamation of James I. March 25, 1617, that the kings of England would not permit any resort to them for these miraculous cures in the summer-time. By another proclamation, of the 18th of June, 1626, it is ordered that no one shall apply for this purpose, who does not bring a proper certificate that he has never been touched before; and the same, it has already been seen, were the terms on which queen Anne granted her *royal touch.* This regulation, undoubtedly, must have arisen from some supposed patients who had attempted to receive the bit of gold more than once.

In a prayer-book printed in the year 1708, is a form of the church-service for the occasion of the royal touch. After the Lord's prayer, it is stated: "Then shall the infirm persons, one by one, be presented to the queen; and while the queen is laying her hands upon them, and is putting the gold about their necks, the chaplain that officiates, turning himself to her majesty, shall say these words following: 'God give a blessing to this work! and grant that these sick persons on whom the queen lays her hands may recover, through Jesus Christ our Lord!' —After some other prayers, the chaplain, standing with his face towards them that come to be healed, shall say: 'The Almighty God, who is a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in him, to whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey, be evermore your defence; and make you know and feel that there is none other name under heaven given to man, and through whom you may receive health and salvation, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ! Amen."

Yours, &c.

J. BANNANTINE.

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FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

A NEW play, in five acts, entitled THE DOUBTFUL SON, was presented to the publick July 4, at this theatre, of which the Dramatis Personæ, and the fable, are as follow:

Alfonso (Marquis of Lerida) Mr. C. Kemble.
Leon (his reputed son) Mr. Abbott.
Malvogli (a Portuguese) Mr. Sowerby.
Borrachio . . Mr. Farley.
Fabuletto . . Mr. Bannister.
Vasquez . . . Mr. Menage.
Notary . . . Mr. Carr.
Victoria of Lerida Mrs. Glover.
Rosaviva . . . Miss H. Kelly.
Floribel . . . Mrs. Gibbs.

Alfonso, a Spanish marquis, suspects that his wife's son, Leon, is not his own. His suspicions are just, but are perverted by Malvogli, a Portuguese artful adventurer, who has wound himself into his confidence and is in a fair way, both of disinheriting the young man and depriving him of Rosaviva, his mistress, the marquis's ward. Things are in this train, and all is agitation and perplexity to the family, and expectation to the adventurer, when a mysterious unknown makes his appearance, alarms the plotter, and gives hope to the servants of the house, who detest and suspect him. This stranger, Borrachio, knows so much of the man, that it is necessary for the latter to bribe him with a promise of half the dowry he is to receive with the marquis's ward, and to promise it too by a certain time in the evening after the contraction of their marriage. The wedding ceremony approaches; the marquis, in order to wreak his revenge on his wife, summons her to witness it; but previously, while they are alone, discloses to her his knowledge of her son's father. The lady acknowledges her concealment of the truth, but alleges that her son is, nevertheless, legitimate, a circumstance which she was compelled, by a harsh father, to conceal, at the time when her first husband died, and she was married to the marquis. Her husband instantly relents; but finds it difficult to believe the insinuations of the family against his favourite, who is charged by the marchioness with having known the whole truth and artfully hindering her from disclosing it. At this juncture he enters to meet his bride; is charged with his villany; and stoutly denies it; when he is interrupted by Borrachio, who, by a contrivance of Fabuletto, had not received the promised message, and coming to threaten in consequence, falls into a snare himself. This man, it appears, is the brother adventurer of Malvogli. He had been cheated of their mutual plunder, and afterwards stabbed by him and left for dead, but finds him out at this critical moment, just in time to blast his hopes, share his punishment, and restore the peace of the abused family.

Our readers will perceive that the plot has something of the manner of the German drama about it. But, in many respects, it more than once reminded us of something better, viz. a certain play written by the prince of French comick poets: we mean Moliere's Tartuffe. However, there is a degree of probability in the plot, which, though bordering on the romantick, laid fast hold of the audience, and rivetted their attention to the very end of the last act. This, we must acknowledge, is so uncommon at present with dramatick writers, that we cannot refrain from begging Mr. Dimond to accept our mite of approbation, and though there are, occasionally, some true German touches in the language, as for instance, "Earthquakes, fatal to his native Lisbon, pursue and overwhelm him"—yet upon the

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whole, the language and the skilful management of the business of the scene, are above the dramatick level of these latter days, and The Doubtful Son is justly entitled to praise.

Let us hear what Mr. Dimond himself says of it, who has published his production under the title of

THE DOUBTFUL SON, or Secrets of a Palace. A Play in Five Acts, as acted at the Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market, with *general** applause. By William Dimond, Esq. Wyatt, London, 1810. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

PREFACE.

A very old Spanish romance, perused by me in childhood, the title of which I have long since forgotten, though the incidents have still lingered upon recollection, afforded a ground work to the present drama.

During a period of severe indisposition, when occupation and pleasure were equally removed from my pursuit, I lessened the weight of some heavy hours, by retracing the half-faded impressions of an earlier age, and arranging them into a dramatick shape.

As I have never written *intentionally*, for the publick, and *am*, altogether, *careless of a literary reputation*, my play, as soon as finished, was cast aside as an object of no further regard, and without any idea to its future performance upon the stage. Accident, some time afterwards, placed in my hand a French comedy by Beaumarchais, in which I discovered the identical circumstances I had adopted from romance, to have been already appropriated with success to a dramatick purpose.

The approbation of a Parisian *Parterre*, has frequently been found but an equivocal guide to the taste and temper of English audiences.—However, I was induced by this discovery to reconsider my own drama with a more favourable attention.—Upon a comparison of the two plays with each other, I inclined to an opinion, that Beaumarchais had managed the opening of his plot with more adroitness than I had employed. Under this impression, I cancelled the greater portion of the two first acts in my own drama, and introduced as much as possible, both of the action and expression of the French author in their room.

The character of Borrachio is of my original invention, and the entire agency of my three latter acts is also a creation of my fancy, with only one trivial reference either to Spanish or French design.—I have modelled the progress of the plot according to classical rules, and the unities of time and place have been strictly preserved.

The popularity which the "Doubtful Son" has obtained in representation, leaves me no motive for regret that I suffered him to be drawn from my port-folio on the stage. Each theatrical critick, whose opinion possesses any esteem in society, has individually published his commendation of the play. I should therefore offer but an ill requital to the world for so particular a fit of its good-nature towards me, were I, in my single person, to affect any diffidence regarding the merits of the piece. *Sincerely speaking*, I BELIEVE IT TO BE A GOOD PLAY;† *but this declaration springs from my wish to*

* It is advertised in the newspapers by the bookseller, no doubt in compliment to the weather: "With *excessive* applause!"

† If we mistake not, a dramatick writer, in the beginning of the 17th century, or certainly at the latter end of the 16th, entitled his production: "*If this is not a Good Play, the Devil's in't.*"—The quaintness of the title, perhaps, prevented Mr. Dimond from quoting it altogether, though it should seem, to use the language of Mr. D. that the author, like him, "was rendered vain, before he had been told that vanity was a fault."

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be ingenuous, and not from my vanity. The knowledge that I have succeeded, and the belief that I have deserved success, communicate no throb of exultation to my heart; while, on the contrary, had my drama been proved the vilest of the vile, and hooted by indignant auditors from off the stage, I should have abated no single particle from my stock of self-esteem. The *Family of Blockheads* is too numerous and too creditably established in society, to render an acknowledgment of their relationship a disgrace to any man.

I still write, because the effort of composition occasionally amuses my mind; and I continue to publish, because the world appears to receive my works with partiality. But, if I know my own heart, the feverish pride of *authorship*—its insatiate appetency for applause—its agonizing sensitiveness under reproof—*now* influences no portion of my feelings.

Once, perhaps, I felt differently.—I became an author at *fifteen*, and the eagerness of hopes and wishes is inseparable from the dawn of youth. I listened to flattery when I could not distinguish its tones from the voice of truth; and *I was rendered vain before I had been told that vanity was a fault.* A few fleeting years may not have added much to my experience, but they have stolen away nearly all my enthusiasm, and I have long since learned to estimate the usual objects of this world's ambition, even as their hollowness and insincerity deserve. The pride of *literary* distinction appears to me, beyond all others, vain and futile. What is that fame, of which the poet's heart creates its visionary mistress? A fugitive, uncertain phantom, that tempts but still eludes his living embrace, never to be yielded as a bride, till Fate has chilled his human fires, and the consciousness of his spirit has withdrawn to other worlds. Peace is the only real good; and national monuments, shaded by the laurel and the bay, yield no dearer resting-place to him who fain would sleep for ever, than a turf-grave clasped by osiers.

If I were to offer an *individual* tribute to the merits of each performer whose name appears affixed to my *Dramatis Personæ*, I should swell a preface into a volume. Within my own recollection of the stage, no new play has been sustained by a happier combination of talent. Perhaps I ought to particularize Mr. Sowerby, from the circumstance of his being introduced by me upon this occasion to a London audience, as a fresh candidate for its favour, and, consequently, less generally known and appreciated by the town. His performance of *Malvogli, one of the most difficult and intricate characters of the modern stage*, in my opinion, has indicated a strong *original genius* under the guidance of an *excellent judgment*, from the future development of which, the most *valuable results* may be expected.

WILLIAM DIMOND.

Temple, July 13, 1810.

We have always objected to heap fulsome incense on the performers, and, therefore, dissent strongly from this latter paragraph; and we put it to the unprejudiced judgment of our readers, whether this young man, who imitates, with no sparing imitation, both Elliston and Kemble, should be held forth to the publick as an *original genius*, with an *excellent judgment*. We do, at the same time, confess, that he exhibited proof of abilities and just discrimination; but let him take the advice of Garrick, in a conversation held by that buskin'd chief with a friend of ours, and then, in time, but only in time and by assiduity, he may attain powers to give those *valuable results* Mr. D. expects. We again repeat, that gross flattery, even to old players, is bad enough, heaven knows; but to young ones it must inevitably

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prove their destruction. They can only gain the height of that, or any other profession, by incessant toil, perseverance and attention. This may, perhaps, enable them to succed, but flattery—out upon it:

——"He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flattery of his tongue." *Shakspeare.*

The sentiments in this play, although they are numerous, are well expressed, and were delivered with energy;—they reflect credit on Mr. Dimond; and we regret our limits prevent us from farther quotation; but we hope the last, on the value of domestick union, will make that impression upon its hearers which the author's good intentions seem to wish.

"Thus we achieve the dearest period of human wishes—a family united within itself—whose happiness is founded upon mutual confidence, and cemented by reciprocal esteem."

This piece, possessing neither prologue nor epilogue, was received with unanimous applause; some beautiful new scenes graced its *entrée*.

Mr. Dimond's play is not an every day production, and, though the performers acquitted themselves with great credit, yet we should like to see it transplanted to the soil of Covent-Garden; where, aided by the first rate talents of John Kemble, Cooke, and Mrs. Siddons, *The Doubtful Son* would, with more effect,

——"blossom,
And bear his blushing honours thick upon him."

EXPERIMENTS ON RICE PASTE.

FROM experiments lately made in France, it now appears that the rice paste, of which the Chinese make the goblets, cups, and other vessels, sometimes brought to Europe, is an artificial product whose constituent parts are at present unknown. M. Kratzenstein, of Copenhagen, it is thought, has at length determined the real nature of this substance, having given the following description of a cup made of the same:—"The substance is a fusible glass of the colour of clear jelly, which has been pressed into a mould formed of two pieces, while the paste was still soft. It is ornamented with figures and handles in relief. The sharp edge, produced by the meeting of the two pieces of the mould, is visible all round. The substance is so hard that it scratches glass. It is more difficult to cut than marble. A broken part offers a dull appearance, like dried, boiled starch, and its colour and transparency bear a strong resemblance to alabaster.

Some trials which have been made, have shown that a substance analogous to rice paste, may be prepared by melting 8 parts of oxyde of lead with 7 parts of feldspar, 4 parts of common white glass, and one part of borax; or, which is equally proper, by taking 8 parts of the oxyde of lead, 6 parts of feldspar, 3 parts of flint, and 3 parts of borax, potash, or soda.

As to the stone called *Yu*, which resembles this composition, it is only known by means of the missionaries at Pekin; and as it is so highly prized on account of its beauty, its hardness, and the sound it gives when struck, it is astonishing it is not known in Europe. The missionaries wish to have it believed that *yu* is a natural stone, but the sonorousness of its substance gives reason to suppose that it is an artificial kind of glass. Although several sounding stones are known, as clinkstone, or porphyry slate, and the quartz christals from Prieborn, the

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sounds they give are by no means comparable to that of *yu*, neither can musical instruments be formed from them as from that. But that there are other sonorous stones in China, is evident from a Chinese king in the collection of M. Binte, at Paris, which, being analysed, was found to be bituminous black marble.

POETRY.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

[*By Edward Coxe, Esq.*]

MADAME CRAB, like an alderman's lady, grown fine,
Thus addressed her fat daughter—"to day with us dine,
Cousin LOBSTER, who mourns for the loss of his mother,
And CRAY-FISH in black too, his little half brother;
I expect PERIWINKLE, and COCKLE, and MUSCLE,
And OYSTER, who wags not, though all 's in a bustle;
And the PRAWNS, and their *miniature*, that *tiny* imp,
Whom we, that are *great folks*, denominate SHRIMP:
Then hold up your head, child, and turn out your toes,
And don't waddle sideways before such smart beaux!"

The pert saucy daughter this answer returned—
"*By example much more than by precept is learned;*
So, if you would have me the graces display
In my walking and dancing, first show me the way;
For, believe me, I'm not quite so silly an elf,
As to mind what you *say*, while you *waddle yourself!*"

A SONG AND A LAUGH.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.

Tune—Nontongpaw—By Dibdin.

There lived in York, an age ago,
A man, whose name was Pimlico:
He loved three sisters passing well,
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, supremely fair,
Showed Pimlico their tenderest care;
For each was elegantly bred,
And all were much inclined to wed,
And all made Pimlico their choice,
And praised him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
Like ass in doubt 'tween loads of hay,
At last resolved to gain his ease,
And choose his wife *by eating cheese.*
He wrote his card, he sealed it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup;
Desired that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
He was resolved to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleased at his conceit;
Each dressed herself *most beauteous neat;*
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses under twenty;
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
Were sweet as lillies of the valley.
To those the gay divided Pim
Come elegantly smart and trim;
When every smiling maiden, certain,
Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
To show her saving, ate the paring;
And Bet, to show her generous mind,
Cut, and then threw away the rind,
While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
Like a clean maiden, scraped the cheese.
This done, young Pimlico replied,
"Sally I now declare my bride,
And she shall be my wedded wife,
For worse or better, for my life."
"With Nan I can't my welfare put,
For she has proved a dirty slut;
And Betsey, who has pared the rind,
Would give my fortune to the wind.
Sally the happy medium chose,
And I with Sally will repose;
She's prudent, cleanly; and the man,
Who fixes on a nuptial plan,
Can never err, if he will choose,
A wife by cheese—before he vows."

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SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR DECEMBER, 1810.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

An Authentick Narrative of four Years' Residence at Tongataboo, one of the Friendly Islands, in the South Sea. By ————, who went thither in the Duff, under captain Wilson, in 1796. With an Appendix, by an eminent Writer. 8vo. pp. 234. London. 1810.

IN our account of the mission to the South Sea islands,* it is mentioned that one of the missionaries renounced his office; accommodated himself to the manners of the natives; and remained in Tongataboo after the brethren effected their escape. The history of this man's adventures is now made publick, and the narratives of Stade's captivity among the Tupinambas and Drury's in Madagascar, are scarcely more interesting.

The name of the adventurer is suppressed. It would be improper to repeat it here, lest it might expose him to uncivil curiosity, and, therefore, we shall call him by his baptismal name of George. He had been a bricklayer, and was in his twenty-fifth year when he was landed, with nine other brethren, in Tongataboo. Connelly and Ambler, two Europeans [runaways, as it afterward appeared, from Botany Bay] whom they found upon the island, were their negotiators with the dugonagaboola or chief. Moomooe, who held that office, was in the last stage of debility and disease. He went on board the ship, and the exertion so exhausted him, that he was obliged to rest at the gangway. Having reached the deck, he would not appear before the captain till he had been shaved; a circumstance which the journalist seems to consider as a proof of great decency. This chief readily promised to take the missionaries under his protection. The *abbee*, or estate, however, which he offered them, was not deemed an eligible situation. The chiefs usually resided in a different part of the island; they drew after them the greater part of the inhabitants; and the missionaries supposed the more they mingled with the people, the greater would be their usefulness. There was yet a weightier objection to the place of abode. If they accepted it, they placed themselves under the protection of Moomooe, a man evidently near his end. That event would leave them without a protector; their property would become an object of desire and contention among the chiefs; and their lives, not improbably, endangered. For these reasons they preferred settling

* See Select Reviews, Vol. III. p. 27.

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under the protection of his eldest son Toogahowe, a middle aged man. Stout, sullen, and morose, his voice, when in anger, bellowed like the roaring of a lion. This chief soon succeeded to his father; but the missionaries finding that while they remained together, the temptation of conversing in their own language impeded their progress in that of the country, resolved to separate into small parties. George chose to live entirely with the natives, and took up his abode with one of the principal lords, by name Mulkaamair.

Such was their situation when the Duff left them. They watched her in the distance; then, looking round upon the island, exclaimed: "This is the ground where our bodies will moulder; this we must look upon as our country and our grave." Reflections of this kind made no very lasting impression upon George. A funeral sermon, it seems, had frightened him into methodism, about a year before he embarked in the mission. On the voyage, his fervour was not likely to abate, stimulated as it was by the sympathy of all around him. But when he went to live among men, to whom his routine of prayer was unintelligible, he found it far more easy to sympathize with them, than to make them comprehend, and participate in a devotion which he now rather affected than felt. The brethren had been informed, before the ship departed, that he cohabited with one of the native women, and they saw that some parts of his conduct corresponded with the information; but he denied the charge, and both they and capt. Wilson thought it better to leave him on the island, than to take him to Europe. The ship had not sailed many days before his falling off was fully discovered. Its first manifestation was putting on the dress of the natives. In this, however, the missionaries would have done right to follow his example. It consists, among the better ranks, of a piece of cloth, several yards in length, wrapped round the body, and fastened below the breast by a peculiar kind of knot, for which, if it were accurately described, a sailor's vocabulary might probably furnish the fit name. From thence it hangs loose below the knees, and being closely girdled, is sufficiently long for the upper part to be thrown over the shoulder. This, however, is a costly dress, and what is called the *jiggee* is more generally used. It is made of the leaves of the *gee* plant, which are very broad and strong. These are finely shredded, and being thickly entwined in a belt, and fastened round the waist, they hang down to the mid thigh like a full fringe. The women commonly wear it in their festive dances, with the addition of a few strings of flowers. A similar dress is described by Le Moyne de Morgues as in use among some of the old Floridan tribes. The inferiour classes most frequently wear nothing but a belt, about six inches broad, crossed and fastened round the waist.

The jesuits always adopted the fashion of the people among whom they were stationed, unless they were invested with authority which enabled them to appear in their own habit, as a superiour race. The Tupinamban missionaries were, however, shocked at the appearance of their brother in the native garb, and regarded, as empty excuses, the warmth of the climate, the custom of the people, and the folly of wearing European clothes, in a country, where, when worn out, it was impossible to replace them. Thus far George had reason on his side; but his companion, when he shook his head in grief at the metamorphosis, was right in foreseeing that this was but the prelude to farther conformity. Mulkaamair, his protector, advised him to take a wife, and offered him a relation of his own, a handsome girl, about eighteen. The young women of Tongataboo, pride them-

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selves upon their virginity; a feeling belonging to a more advanced state of society than that of these islanders, and probably retained among them from the first peoplers, or the subsequent race of conquerors.—Their hair remains uncut till marriage, as a token and ornament of maidenhood. It is then shorn, and by a peculiarity of language, which ought to imply a better system of morals than accompanies it, husband and wife are designated by the common word of *oanna*. The daughters of the chiefs are always under the care of women, who may be called duennas. From their birth, they are never suffered to be without one or two of these attendants; and, after marriage, a similar guard is provided by the husband. This, however, seems to be more an attendance of ceremony than of precaution; or if intended for precaution, it is of little avail, for the sense of honour preserves the maiden from incontinence. The wife has no sense of duty to preserve her, and all feeling of affection is precluded or destroyed by the practice of polygamy, and the frequency of divorce.

The young women are not allowed to choose for themselves. The father, or his representative, always chooses for them; and an instance of refusal on their part, has never been known. George's bride was brought to him, modestly dressed in her best apparel, at the head of a number of women, one of whom took her by the hand and seated her by his side. This was all the ceremony. Mulkaamair entertained a large company in honour of the marriage, and they danced and sung till a late hour. The news soon reached the two brothers who dwelt nearest, and they, in their own words, "dealt with him on this mournful occasion according as they were enabled." He received them coldly, yet, he says, not without much inward alarm at the enormity of his conduct. They continued to admonish him, and as he would not consent to abandon his wife, as he called her, they judged it best to marry him according to the English form. It was a remnant of grace in George; and if he felt it as an indissoluble engagement, that was all the good which was to be expected from it. But the brethren, instead of impressing this upon him, endeavoured to explain it to the woman, and terrified her so much by the austerity of their manner, that she burst into tears, and refused to go through a solemnity which must necessarily have appeared to her as a piece of foreign conjuring, the cause of which she could not divine, and the consequences of which, from the manner of the officiating priests, she might well apprehend to be something dreadful. She was, therefore, sent back to her father. This separation did not continue long. George began to consider, that to all lawful purposes in Tongataboo, she was his wife already. Mulkaamair, at his request, sent for her again, and gave them a habitation near his own, and here they lived, for some time, in great comfort. He daily advanced in his knowledge of the language, and determined to pass the remainder of his days upon the island.

The mode of life which he had enjoyed with Mulkaamair, before he began an establishment of his own, was, indeed, sufficiently tempting. The habitation of this chieftain was fifty feet in length, and of an oval form. One large and lofty post was fixed in the centre, and an oval ring of lesser ones, at equal distances, planted round it. Layers were fixed upon these, from which rafters extended to the pillar in the middle; thus uniting the whole edifice. The outer roof was rather of basket work than thatch; the inner, warm and beautiful matting. Screens of matting, made from the cocoa tree, were fastened to the outer post in rainy weather, at other times the whole seems to have been open.

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The floor was matted, and this matting was not less useful than beautiful. Its texture was so close that it was impenetrable to insects. One of Mulkaamair's wives, for he had, generally, from four to eight, usually slept with him in this apartment, in a space separated from the rest by an enclosure of matting. The rest were lodged with the children, in small, contiguous dwellings. About seven they usually retired to their matting; but instead of going immediately to sleep, such conversation then took place till ten or eleven, between the chief and his numerous household, that George considered this time as the most social of the whole day. He listened to them for hours, and was often, he says, improved as well as surprised by the shrewdness of their remarks, and the good sense of their reasonings.

At break of day they rose, and proceeded to the ceremonies of breakfast, which is a very serious business in Tongataboo. The whole company seat themselves crosslegged in a circle, the chief in the place of honour, and his tackhangers, or ministers, on each side of him, to superintend the preparation of the kava. They give the word of command (for the movements of a regiment at parade are not conducted with more regularity) and the person who is to mix it, splits the root into small pieces, with a flat piece of wood or of whalebone, which they procure from the fish that are sometimes cast upon their coast. The pieces are then handed to the young people who have clean teeth, fit for chewing it. Even in this beastly mode of cookery, which is almost universal among savages, there is every where some fashion of delicacy. The northern Indians, of whom Hearne has given so excellent an account, are especially nice about the state of the masticators' teeth; here the young alone are permitted to operate; among some of the Paraguay tribes it is the exclusive office of old women, they being considered as purified from all uncleanness by age. Each person has a leaf by him, on which he spits his portion. A large bowl is then handed round into which the whole is emptied. It is then placed opposite the chief, two young men being seated on each side to drive away the flies with fans of plantain leaves. The superintendant informs the tackhangers that all the kava is chewed, and they give orders to mix it. Cocoanut shells filled with water are brought, which one of the flyflappers pours in, while the other continues to keep off the insects, till the tackhanger bids him stop. The pulp is then squeezed by handfuls, that these orderers of the feast may judge the strength of the liquor as it falls into the dish. It is then passed three or four times through a strainer made of the inner bark of a tree, and notice is given that the kava is clean. The company, meantime, are employed in manufacturing their own dishes, which are made of plantain leaves, so skilfully platted as to hold water. The serving men rise from the circle and carry their dishes to the great bowl, and as the superintendant fills it, he calls out, whose is this kava? The person whose name is pronounced, claps his hands, and the cup bearer presents it to him with the greatest decorum. If it be to any of Duatonga's family, who are considered sacred, he must sit down crosslegged before he delivers it. Hebe herself could not officiate with more grace, or dexterity. Baked yams are now brought in leaf baskets, from an outhouse, built for the purpose; they eat them after the drinking is finished, and the whole meal, with all its preparations, lasts, sometimes, from break of day till noon. The kava is certainly an intoxicating liquor; yet according to this account, no time is allowed for fermentation. It should

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seem, therefore, to owe its powers of exhilirating to some deleterious property.

After this breakfast, which may vie with Homer's dinners in length, they lie down and sleep for two or three hours. The business of the higher ranks is then how to be idle through the day. They wrestle and they box. Cooke's sailors tried their skill with some of these islanders "for love," and, in every instance, the savage was the conqueror. It would be a worthy mission for one of "the fancy" to make a voyage to Tongataboo, for the purpose of examining the state of the science among them, and bringing back a professor to be matched against the champion of England. Bathing is a favourite resource. They go out at high water, when the sea rolls with great force upon their flat shore, swim some way out, then ride in upon the swell. A bystander, ignorant of their skill and power in this element, would think they must be dashed lifeless upon the beach. One hand is stretched out like a prow; the other steers them behind. Suddenly they turn on one side, dart back through the next wave, swim out, and again float in, till satisfied with the sport, they shoot through the returning billow, and land with perfect ease. They have a water game played by two parties. Two posts are fixed about a hundred yards distant from each other, in a depth of about four feet. A large stone is placed between them, and the struggle is, which party can first drag the stone to their own post. Another sport, peculiar to these islanders, is the royal diversion of rat catching, in which the chiefs are particularly skilful. The kernel of the cocoanut toasted and chewed, is first strowed as a bait; the sportsmen take their stand with bows and arrows, and squeak so naturally, that the rats come out at the call. The chiefs, like pigeon shooters in England, let fly alternately, and he who kills the most, in the same number of shots, wins the game. George could never partake in the water games; but he soon became an excellent shot at the rats.

When the day is wholly devoted to idleness, which, in their intervals of peace, is not uncommon, the chief sends round the district and collects forty or fifty youths of both sexes, to dance with his attendants. Their dances are performed by the light of torches, formed of the old bark of the cocoa tree. The costume of the women is after the fashion of our stage dancers; their necks and shoulders are encircled with wreaths of flowers, and other flowers, peculiarly white and fragrant, are interwoven with their dark hair. They dance in companies of eighty or a hundred, performing their complicated evolutions with a promptness and regularity not to be exceeded. It would have been curious if the quondam missionary had explained some of the names of their dances, that we might have seen whether they vied in elegance with My Garter's Loose, Moll in the Wad, The Devil among the Tailors, and other such amiable titles, which are called for in the first circles of fashionable life. They keep up the dance till midnight, sometimes till morning, one set relieving another. It is their ceremony of joy, and they conclude with it, their ceremonies of mourning. As the women grow eager with the sport, they throw off the scanty coverings in which they began the performance. The decency of the narrator prevents him from bringing any farther charge against them; but it is sufficiently known to what excesses of licentiousness these amusements are the forerunners and incentives.

Soon after his marriage, George purchased the *abbee*, or estate, of Omataanee, containing about fifteen acres, for a spade, an axe, a small canoe, and a couple of knives. There were several habitations upon it;

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the tenants of which, in consequence of the ill treatment which some of their countrymen had experienced from the Botany Bay men, were afraid to remain under a European chief, till his promises and persuasions won them to continue. Society is not advanced in Tongataboo to that stage of barbarism where the labourers are slaves of the soil. Their situation, however, is far from that of freemen; for though the labour which they bestow upon the estate on which they dwell and cultivate for their own subsistence, and that of their lord, is an unobjectionable mode of paying rent, the inferiour chiefs, under whom they hold, send them twice or thrice a week to work for the dugonagaboola; and this *fadongyeer*, as it is called, is felt as a great burthen. George obtained an exemption from it for his property, and, in consequence, many requested to become his tenants. He went on purchasing land till at last his *abbee* comprised fifty acres, which were soon in the highest state of cultivation. He made a plantation round it of bread fruit, plantains, and cocoas; a gravel walk from his house to the high road, about two hundred yards in length, and planted on both sides with sugar canes. It is a proof not less of European talents, than of the easiness of their agriculture, that his whole farm was soon like a garden; and that in the hungry season, as it is called, he had enough for his own household, made liberal presents to his neighbours, and yet fruits were left to drop from the trees. He even improved upon the natives in their own arts. Their mode of planting the sugar cane is to cut it in two or three pieces, and plant them upright; the top decays, and it shoots out stems only at the lower knots; he laid them lengthways in furrows, and obtained suckers from every joint.—A principle of honesty hardly to have been expected in the natives, was found among them: for though they stole European articles unblushingly, they would not plunder a plantation. George's farm was robbed but once, and that by a man of the lowest order. Some of the natives apprehended him, and convicted him with great dexterity, by fitting the fruit to the branches from which it had been broken. They would have put him to death if George would have permitted it; and they would not be satisfied till they had tied him up and flogged him.

His household sometimes consisted of not less than thirty persons. He kept open house, or rather open table, after the manner of the island, like a Bedoween chief. Any stranger who passed by when he was sitting at his door, or at the entrance of his *abbee*, would sit down beside him without invitation, and partake his meal. In the scarce season, numbers resorted to him for yams and fruits, and the custom was, never to refuse while they lasted. The advantages of a decent conduct, even among savages, were strikingly manifested by the different fate of this renegade missionary, and of the two convicts, Ambler and Morgan. These fellows, to obtain the respect of the natives, gave out that one was a duke and the other a prince; but that the missionaries were men of the lowest class, and servants to them in their own country. This stupid falsehood was soon discovered; the natives readily remarked, that if they had been the men of consequence which they pretended to be, property would have been left with them, as it was with the brethren. Their insolence and brutality soon made them odious. Ambler was killed for his insolence to one of the chiefs, and his endeavours to excite disturbances. Morgan was put to death for brutally viplating a chief's daughter in one of the Vavou islands. George, meantime, conducting himself peaceably and industriously, became a chief of some consequence himself. He accommodated himself, indeed, to the

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vices of the natives as well as to their manners, and never seems to have been troubled with any inconvenient principle of morality; but according to the standard of morals at Tongataboo, he was a moral man. He took as many wives as he pleased, without offending any person; and while sitting under the shade of his own cocoas and bread trees, receiving presents from Malkaamair, the second person in the island, and sending others to him in return, though with little compunction of the tabernacle, he had no occasion to regret the days when he carried the hod and the trowel.

This state of prosperity continued between two and three years, when a conspiracy broke out, which destroyed his establishment, and laid waste one of the most fertile, and best regulated islands of Polynesia. A chief called Loogolala, was the author of this conspiracy, of which the object was to murder Dugonagaboola, and make George's friend, Mulkaamair, supreme chief in his stead. The time chosen for putting the project in execution was the performance of a religious ceremony, which has escaped the notice of the other missionaries. There was a chief in the island called Duatonga, the head of a family who were thought, originally, to have come from the sky. He was acknowledged by all the neighbouring islands as their mediator, to converse with the gods, and procure them plenty, and *Tongataboo* derived its name from his residence there, signifying the *sacred isle*. Dugonagaboola himself did not receive so much homage as this religious chief. His own estate was ample, but contributions were brought him from all the other districts sufficient to support him in splendour; and whenever he appeared, all persons, of whatever age or sex, instantly uncovered to the waist, sate down, crossed their arms and legs, and remained in that posture of reverence till he had passed by. His father had been the Dugonagaboola, so that the monarchy and priesthood seem to have been united in the same person; but dying when Duatonga was too young to succeed him, the sovereignty was wrested from his widow, and no attempt was made to recover it when the son grew up. His own patrimony and his spiritual authority contented him. From this personage, it might have been thought the missionaries would be in most danger; he appears, however, never to have molested them. A trifling circumstance taught him to despise them soon after their arrival, and this, perhaps, preserved them from any more dangerous feeling. The Duff had taken out an assortment of cuckoo clocks, which soon became objects of universal wonder. The general opinion was that a spirit spoke in them, and would detect them if they stole any thing from the ship or the missionaries. Toogahowe stood in such awe of it, that he would not have one in his house. His father, Moomooe, regarded it differently, and when he found himself dangerously ill, requested that some of the brethren would come and sing psalms for him, and bring a cuckoo clock, to assist in healing him. The high priest, however, knowing, perhaps, the mysteries of his own profession, was exceedingly delighted with these clocks, desired to have one, and as soon as he got it home, took it to pieces to examine the inside. To put it together again was beyond his skill, and unluckily it was beyond the skill of the missionaries too. None of them had been instructed in this branch of mechanism, and the discovery of their ignorance excited the contempt of the natives.

The chiefs of Tongataboo, and of all the neighbouring islands, assembled once a year in the dwelling of Duatonga, to offer the first fruits of their fields to him, as the minister and representative of the god who caused fertility. Arrayed in various

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dresses, which denoted the districts over which they preside, they approached him with a slow, solemn pace, and uttering a monotonous song, presented to him the first fruits on their knees; then past off in the same order, and with the same solemnity. The ceremony was generally followed by a dance, and often concluded with a rude imitation of war, in which they fought with branches of the cocoa tree—a Polynesian tournament. The Dugonagaboola, as well as the inferiour chiefs, attended upon this occasion, and this was the time chosen by Loogolala, for the execution of his conspiracy. He communicated the design to a number of daring men, sufficient to fill two large canoes. They appeared at the ceremony, and after its conclusion, embarked as if to return to their own part of the island; but they waited off the coast till it was evening, then relanded, stationed a watch at every road leading to Dugonagaboola's residence, and proceeded in search of him. They found all his attendants asleep; but as it was dark, they could not see which was the chief, and were afraid to strike any one, lest they should kill the wrong person, and thus give the alarm. Unhappily for him, it is the peculiar privilege of the sovereign to anoint his head with oil, strongly scented with a fragrant wood, which is brought from the Feejee Islands. By this he was discovered, and they murdered him. Having made sure of their object, they began to massacre his attendants; some of them, however, effected their escape, and the conspirators reembarked.

The friends of the slain chief took up the body of Loogolala's father, and exposed it upon a tree, as the greatest indignity that could be offered to his family, and then flocked to Mulkaamair, that he might lead them on to vengeance. To their great astonishment he joined Loogolala, till they formed a formidable party, and the fate of the island was to be decided by war. Mulkaamair commanded his own forces, and George followed him to battle. He might have staid behind, but he was attached to his benefactor; and, moreover, had some curiosity to see their mode of fighting, which he expected would be but child's play. The preparations were, however, something formidable; conch shells were sounded for the alarm, and multitudes flocked to the summons. They had blackened their faces, and discoloured their bodies, that they might appear terrible; and their hair was cut close, except a bunch which was tied close on the crown of the head, like a crest, perhaps for the double purpose of securing it from the grasp of an enemy, and forming some defence. George was impatient for the battle, and pressed forward; his party was superiour in numbers; they made sure of victory, and in their confidence, neglected the best means of securing it. They took up their quarters carelessly for the night, and George, who was with the advanced division, lay down to sleep among them. The measures of the enemy were more wisely taken. Just before daybreak they stole in upon the camp, hoping to surprise Mulkaamair, and terminate the war by putting to death the man for whose aggrandisement it had been so wantonly provoked. For this purpose they crept in a single file, each man laying hold of the girdle of the one before him, and treading silently in his steps. A considerable number had, in this manner, past the advanced guard before they were discovered. The alarm was given, George started up, and saw a large, straggling body coming to attack them. He ran forward as if to see a spectacle; one who knew him, pulled him back, telling him he did not know his danger, to which, in fact, he seems to have been insensible, not from courage, but from an unaccountable thoughtlessness, altoge-

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ther different from it. The son of Mulkaamair was before him engaged in fight with a strong adversary. He had manufactured an English scythe into a tremendous sword, and with this he struck off the head of his enemy at a single blow, then stuck the point into it, and ran back to display the bloody trophy. George's first thought had been to assist him; but the enemy were pressing on, and seeing the effect of their weapons, his courage suddenly deserted him. They were armed with bows, clubs, spears, and the boggebogge, a sort of wooden battledore, like the *macana* of the Brazilian tribes, having the sides of its head sharpened to an edge, and the middle thick and heavy. Of all these instruments George instantly conceived a most respectful opinion. His own party were losing ground. He forced his way through them, so as to be foremost in the retreat, and ran a full quarter of a mile before he looked behind him, nor did he halt till he fell into a hole and sprained his leg. This did not stop him. He continued to limp away with all imaginable velocity, and remained in such wholesome fear of the boggebogge, that he never again ventured within its reach. He had once seen a man knocked down with one, which laid open his head, and scattered part of his brains on the ground. His enemies supposed him to be dead, and left him. His friends, however, took him up, bound up his head, and in a short time, he walked on with them:

> "The times have been,
> That when the brains were out, the man would die,"

and notwithstanding this instance to the contrary, George thought it was very likely to prove so still, in his own case; and ever after he acknowledges that he took care to run away in time.

Mulkaamair met with the righteous reward of his ambition. He was carried, as appears to be the custom, on a *fatta;* that is, a rude palanquin formed of two rails tied together, and covered with matting. The enemy came up to him. About eighteen or twenty of his household fought bravely in his defence, till they were all overpowered and slain. Among them were two of his wives. He himself was made prisoner, and immediately put to death. Some of the missionaries had been compelled to accompany the army of the loyalists, or Aheefonians as they are called, their main strength lying in the district of Aheefo. For a little while every trifling advantage was imputed to their presence, and they came in for their share of the warmest acknowledgements in common with the god Tallaeitoobo and his compeers. Even their dog was caressed, and regaled with food, as a tutelary being. But as the brethren took no active part, and were too simple-hearted to keep up, by any artifices, a delusion so advantageous to themselves, this superstition soon gave way to contempt and indignation, and it was fortunate for them that they were permitted to steal away. Three of their number resided in a different part, with a well inclined man, who had been left on the island by an American ship. The conquerors came to their place of abode in the heat of pursuit, and a savage, to whom they had formerly refused something which he asked, instigated his comrades to murder them. They were much to be regretted. One of them [Bowel] who had been a shopkeeper, was a man of considerable talents, and having made great progress in the language, was forming a grammar of it. Their garden was flourishing. They had introduced the pineapple, and the cotton tree, which was beginning to bear, when they and all their labours were thus destroyed.

Loogolala arrived with another division of his party, in time to save the wreck of Mulkaamair's army, and the fortune of the war was

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changed. They slept in their canoes that night, and on the following morning routed their opponents. The beaten party took refuge in a large *fiatooka*, the burying place of Dugonagaboola, hoping that its sanctity would protect them. The conquerors attempted to pull up the fence; but as those within could see them, while they themselves were unseen, they made a successful defence. The assailants judged it best, therefore, to set fire to the thatch; but this would have been a crime; and with a strange inconsistency of superstition (akin to that of the old, wild Irish, who left their right arms unchristened) they applied to George, as one who might commit sacrilege with impunity. Amid all the lamentations for his backslidings, no expression of regret escapes the re-regenerated sinner for this day's work. He threw a firebrand upon the thatch—instead of feeling that every place, in which the helpless and innocent take refuge, ought to be truly sacred. It was soon in a blaze, and all who rushed from the flames were massacred; only a few young women were spared. The dead bodies were roasted and eaten. The fiercest savages of America are not more merciless than these islanders. Women and children were massacred, in some places, without sparing one, and this in a war preceded by no hostile or factious feelings, between people of the same nation or tribe, united but a few days before under one government, and now only disputing for the choice of a chief, under whom they were to be united again!

A district called Mafanga, was considered as a country of refuge for all who fled there; and happily for those who escaped to it, no species of casuistry was discovered, by which the conquerors could violate it by proxy. Loogolala, now completely victorious, took the refugees from this asylum, but did them no injury. The surrounding islands submitted, and he made excursions among them to take possession and enjoy his new dignity, while the principal island recovered from its devastation, and accumulated provisions for his return. George accompanied him on these excursions. He had now completely accustomed himself to the native habits of life, and among others, to their frequent practice of bathing, a diversion which they generally took thrice a day. But upon these occasions, George was exposed to the scoffs of his companions for appearing naked when he was undressed; and it was thought indecent not to be tatooed. They called him *ouchedair*, the mystery of which name he has left unexplained; but it operated upon him strangely; his eyes were opened to his nakedness; it offended his sense of honour and delicacy; and he resolved to be tatooed. The pain was so great that he could not go through the operation, for George was no hero. At length, however, shame prevailed, and the work was renewed by an experienced hand. It was performed every third day, the swelling and inflammation which followed, not subsiding sooner. When it was completed he was in a condition to appear full-dressed, without his clothes, and his European skin displayed the blue stain to such advantage, that he became as much an object of envy to the nation as he had ever been of scorn.

The book was not written by George, but taken down in shorthand from his conversation, and then composed by a member of the established church. It wants, therefore, the fulness, originality, and raciness of auto-biography; but it would probably not have appeared at all, had it not been for the clergyman's assistance, and the publick are certainly much indebted to him. Parts of the history have been slurred over, which, if George had indited in the true spirit of one confessing his sins, would have been more

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clearly detailed. Thus it appears, that, when the war broke out, he had no wife, which, as he had several a few months before, implies a tolerable proficiency in the vices of Tongataboo. He had been betrothed to a niece of Mulkaamair; she was now marriageable, and he went to live with her at her father's habitation. He was, however, sickened of savage life, by the horrours which he had witnessed, and still more by the dangers which he had escaped; and missing an opportunity of going in the same ship with the surviving brethren, he felt it, he says, as a just punishment of his dereliction of duty, and he was scarcely able to bear the thought of spending his future days among such a race. He had yet to behold new horrours. The people of Aheefo rebelled against the usurper—George landed with Loogolala's men to suppress them; and the sights which he discovered in the district which they had wasted were, indeed, sufficient to shock an Englishman who had not yet devested himself of all sense of humanity. Human bodies, laid transversely upon each other, were piled up in large stacks, as trophies of victory. This, however, was done in the taste of ordinary barbarism. The politest of the orientalists, the Persians, whom French writers have complimented with the title of the Parisians of the east, erect monuments with skulls. But a little way from one of these human stacks, he came upon a spectacle which, he says, almost froze his blood. A mother and her child had been murdered, and these accursed savages had amused themselves with placing the dead infant at the dead breast, and leaving them to stiffen in that attitude. The philosophists who have declaimed in favour of the savage state, could have found no admirers, if the publick had not been as ignorant as themselves. Old travellers, and the primitive historians of America, were not in the ordinary course of reading, and the facts of monstrous inhumanity which they witnessed, were boldly disbelieved as matters of gross and palpable falsehood. But Hearne and Collins, and the missionaries, have supplied us with new facts, which, because of their novelty, will be generally known, and these contemptible sophisms cannot again be repeated in our generation.

Loogolala revenged himself by taking every opportunity of landing on Tongataboo to "*tootang;*" that is, to massacre in secret, to plunder, cut down the plantains and cocoa trees, and commit every kind of devastation. The island before this war broke out had been like a garden, and the people were, by these means, reduced to a state of starving. This evil extended to all the adjoining islands, the ruling party crowded there, and devoured all before them. George was made superintendant over one of these islands, because it was supposed that the feeling of hospitality would be strong enough to prevent the younger chiefs, as well as the other natives, from plundering what was under his care. But hunger is too strong to be restrained by any laws. George's field of plantains was robbed, and the traces on each side of the hut in which he lay to guard it, plainly showed, that if he had heard the robbers and sallied out, men had been stationed there to transfix him. They were obliged to eat the root of the plantain with the improvidence of famine, and to drink the unripe milk of the cocoa. Numbers died for want, and George leaving his island, went to Loogolala for food.

The brother of this chief appointed him superintendant of his district. This brother profited by the example of ambition which Loogolala had shown; began to fancy himself equally entitled to sovereign power; and resolved to revolt against him, and take possession of the Vavou islands, for which, accordingly, he set off with a party of followers.

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George was now in great perplexity. There was no rule of principle or duty to direct him, if he had had virtue to follow it. All he had to do, was to take measures for his own preservation; and this was no easy task, when his immediate lord had revolted, and left him in charge of his district. As the safest side he abandoned his trust, went to Loogolala, and put himself under his protection. He soon acquired his confidence; took an active part in his concerns; and in consequence of the reputation which he had acquired as a farmer, was sent by him to one of the Vavou islands, with a number of men to bring it into a state of cultivation, and thus contribute to remedy the general scarcity. The prospect of having an island of his own delighted him, and he set off for his little dominion in high spirits, anticipating, he says, the happiness of being freed from the many inconveniencies of dependence.

About midnight, they reached the Vavou islands. The moon was up, and as they were about to land, they saw a man getting out of his canoe, as if returned from fishing. George, who was hungry, jumped upon the beach, and called to him to give him some fish. Fluently as he spoke the language, it was still easily distinguishable that he was a foreigner, and the man, instead of answering his demand, told him there was a ship of his country, which had been there for three days. As soon as he was convinced that this intelligence was true, he became exceedingly agitated, and all his thoughts were bent upon effecting his escape. His agitation was increased, when on the following morning, while he was urging the chief of the canoe which had brought him there, to proceed to the ship, promising to get him iron tools from his countrymen, another canoe arrived belonging to the Hoorn islands; and the men who had been twice at Vavou, informed him, that Loogolala's brother was master there, and had vowed vengeance upon him for leaving the district of which he had made him superintendant. The men yielded at length to his persuasions, and put off in secret to the ship; just as they were approaching her, she got under weigh. The wind blew only a light breeze. She was some time in getting round, and the canoe gained upon her. George was steering, but when he drew near, the natives refused to let him stand at the helm any longer, lest he should run the canoe against the ship. He called out, how do you do, countrymen? His dress and his tattooed skin belied his tongue, and the sailors only laughed at him, supposing him to be a native who had picked up this English phrase. They therefore, held on, and this opportunity of escape was likely to be lost for ever. He attempted to tell them who he was, but he had so long been disused to his mother tongue, that he intermingled it with Tongataboo words, so as to confirm the sailors in their opinion, and increase their laughter. He jumped overboard to swim to the ship. The chief of a canoe which was near him, told him to get in, and he would take him to the vessel. No sooner, however, was he in the canoe, than this wretch turned with him toward the shore. He cried out loudly, in his broken language, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, in utter despair.

Happily, his cries and his gestures caught the attention of the captain: —"That must certainly be a European," he said, and ordered out a boat manned with eight men. The islanders seeing this, pushed for the shore, scoffing him, and saying, he must visit Loogolala's brother before he left them. A sailor at the head of the boat beckoned to him to leap into the water—he watched his opportunity, sprang over, and dived, that they might not strike him with their paddles.

The ship proved to be an East

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Indiaman, which had carried out a reenforcement of missionaries, under William Wilson, formerly chief officer of the Duff, and George found on board two of his former associates, renegadoes like himself, Smith the one, was acting as purser, the other was Broomhall the metaphysician, the only person on board who had the kindness to clothe this poor runaway from his own wardrobe. They stopt at the Hoorn islands, and while they were bartering for provisions, George met an acquaintance who gave him intimation of a design to cut off the whole boat's crew, which but for this warning would probably have succeeded. During the voyage, he was in a wild state of mind, sick of savage life, and yet too long accustomed to its privileges to look with any complacency to the restraints of society, and day-labour with the trowel; and when they came in sight of Tinian, he wished to be put ashore, that he might end his days in solitude. The wish, however, was not strong enough to make him ask to be left there. They reached China, where Broomhall remained, and George applied himself so earnestly to learn the duties of a sailor, that he got employed in an American vessel, and made his way to England by way of the United States. For a time, he felt an insuperable reluctance to regular labour, and a settled life. After which, however, a female relation persuaded him to go to the town where his first religious sentiments were received, in hope that the society of his old friends might rekindle in his heart the almost extinguished sense of religion. The experiment succeeded. He followed his former occupation, and as he tells us, was "induced by his pious friends to attend the long neglected means of grace."

There is a passage in the beginning of the book, which might weaken our opinion of its veracity, if the narrative were not in all other parts probable, consistent, and confirmed by the missionary accounts, wherever it can be compared with them. Describing a whale which rose near the ship, he says the scales seemed very hard, like slates upon the roof of a house. The editor ought to have known that the skin of the whale is smooth. A needless confusion is occasioned by calling the high priest sometimes Duatonga, (which is probably his title) sometimes Tuttafache—in one place [page 185] the two names are so used, that they appear to belong to different people. Farther information might not improbably be obtained from George, by judicious queries concerning the state of property, the sacred family, &c. Perhaps the editor may think these hints worthy of attention, and in a second edition, increase the value of a work for which we readily acknowledge ourselves obliged to him.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL. D Part the First—Russia, Tartary, and Turkey. 4to. pp. 788. London, 1810.—To be republished by E. Bronson, Philadelphia.

IT is above two years since we expressed our anxiety for the appearance of this work; and we have now to congratulate our readers and ourselves on its publication. But what is still more satisfactory, and what, after so many instances of disappointment, we could scarcely venture to expect, almost all that we anticipated from the adventurous spirit and the known abilities of Dr. Clarke, has been fulfilled; and we

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have, at last, the great pleasure of seeing before us a book of travels, by a person, we will not say combining all the requisites of a traveller, or answering, in every particular, to what our fancy might picture as most desirable in this character, but certainly uniting more of the qualifications essential to his difficult calling, than any one whose labours have come under our notice; and, above all (and it is here chiefly that we would fix our commendation) proceeding, in the compilation of his journal, and the digestion of his narrative, upon far sounder views of the nature of his duties, than any of those whom we have hitherto dealt with. As it is but too probable that our praise will not be harmless to Dr. Clarke, and that some of the numerous little enemies who infest us will fall foul of him (as it is indeed of the nature of such animals to crawl from one adjoining body to another) we are anxious, in the outset, to state the limits of our praise, in justice to him, as well as to ourselves. We know that there is a certain description of persons over whose opinions we have an absolute, though rather a singular kind of controul,—persons whom we can make say any thing we please; as we are quite sure that they will take the very opposite course to ours,—and choose their own sentiments of all men and all things, by the exact rule of contraries to ours. Were a general and unqualified praise of Dr. Clarke, therefore, to appear in our pages, it is extremely probable he might be mistaken for a *jacobin* (as these acute personages are wont to term it)—or perhaps persecuted as a *baptist*—or, peradventure, described as favourable to *French principles*—or as a *Socinian*, or a *Semipelagian*—or any other terms equally appropriate and significant.

We think it necessary to premise, therefore, that there is not a word about English politicks in Dr. Clarke's work; and that we praise it, in the first place, because it contains precisely that which we have so often asserted, that almost all travels might contain, though it is not to be found in one in a hundred;—it gives us a plain report of what the author did, saw, and heard, and a fair transcript of the impressions which his observations made upon him. This, any man can give, who can travel at all, though its value, no doubt, will be materially affected by his talents and accomplishments, and according as he is acute or dull, learned or ignorant. Then we have, in the next place, to commend Dr. Clarke, not merely for the good sense which he has shown, in being plain and simple; in telling ordinary things in an ordinary manner; in avoiding declamation and trifling of all descriptions; in putting down what is useful to his reader, whether it happens to display his own powers or not; but also for the judgment which he has shown, in selecting, for the most part, the most interesting particulars of a very extensive store, and for the learning which he has displayed in observing and in commenting upon his facts. We do not, perhaps, find in his journal, either the traces of a very profound erudition, or of any uncommon political sagacity, or of extensive general information. The pages are not studded with pieces of poetry "suggested by the occasion," or interleaved with exquisite drawings. But the author has made a long and laborious progress through countries little visited, or much misrepresented by other travellers. He has had the enterprise to encounter both hardships and dangers in the pursuit of useful and interesting knowledge; he has plainly and sensibly related his adventures;—he has observed carefully, and often wisely; his learning on some subjects, as botany and antiquities, is minute and copious. On all the topicks which interest a traveller, his

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information is sufficiently general and extensive for ordinary purposes; and we accordingly meet, in his volume, with a great body of matter extremely valuable for rectifying the errours of other writers; for increasing our knowledge of countries scarcely civilized, but yet aspiring to the first rank among European nations; and for introducing us to an acquaintance with tribes scarcely at all described by preceding travellers. We, therefore, heartily thank Dr. Clarke for his work; and cheerfully proceed to the task of making our readers more particularly acquainted with its merits and its contents.

Dr. Clarke, we understand, performed, together with his friend, Mr. Cripps, a very extensive tour in the north of Europe, in the year 1799. Having travelled through part of Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, they went into Lapland; and, after reaching a very high latitude in that wild and dreary region, they returned by the much more interesting and accessible, though not better known, provinces of Norway, to Stockholm, where they passed the greater part of the following winter. We are induced to mention this part of their tour, although no particular allusion is made to it in the work now before us, for the purpose of expressing our regret, that the narrative does not begin somewhat earlier. We should not have been displeased to have the whole history of this interesting journey from its outset: but, at any rate, the information which Dr. Clarke could have given respecting the northern parts of Sweden, so seldom described, and even the Lapland provinces, though these are less worthy of attention; and, above all, the light which he might have thrown on the present state of Norway, of all the parts of Scandinavia the most interesting and the least known, excite in us no small regret at the total omission of this part of his journals. It is pretty generally known, that our author's tour led him over the track now pointed out; and, that he is qualified to do the subject justice, we can assert from the execution of the present work. We venture to hope, that he may yet attend to our present solicitations.

From Stockholm our travellers proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where they passed a part of the winter, in a manner more uncomfortable than those can easily imagine, who have only heard, at a distance, of the capricious, tyrannical, and, indeed, frantick conduct of the emperour Paul. It has been for some time past customary, in this happy and prejudiced country, to regard all the evils arising from despotism as insignificant, compared with the abuses of liberty; or, at any rate, to imagine, that, compared with the tyranny of the multitude, there is little harm in the misrule of a single monarch—excepting always the French emperour, who is rather considered, and we do not say very unjustly, as a sort of demon, than a common, fleshly despot. Indeed, it is difficult for Englishmen to form a notion of things so foreign to their experience; and hence, the grievous mistake is more easily pardoned, which we are so frequently forced to hear repeated, that a single tyrant is better than many; that he cannot much annoy the peace of individuals; and that, upon the whole, there are worse evils than an absolute monarchy. A few days' residence in Petersburgh, or indeed in any part of Russia, during the reign of our great, and then much admired ally, to whom the lords of the treasury were in this country inditing folio poems, as the saviour of Europe, would probably have brought such thoughtless persons to a right sense of what Englishmen enjoy, in possessing a trial by jury, a tolerably independent parliament, and a press substantially free; and in wearing,

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as the result of those blessings, the manly character which keeps the worst of ministers in awe, and makes the sovereign himself tremble at the frowns of his people. Such a being as is portrayed in the following extracts, could not grow up in our court. He must have been stifled, by our very forms and ceremonies, long before he could become known by his excesses; or if, by any miracle, he should attain a sort of maturity, he would infallibly be forsaken by every one of the ministerial instruments through whom alone our monarchs are known to us, and crushed to atoms by his very first contact with the people.

"In the mean time, every day brought with it some new example of the sovereign's absurdities and tyranny, which seemed to originate in absolute insanity. The sledge of count Razumoffski was, by the emperour's order, broken into small pieces, while he stood by and directed the work. The horses had been found with it in the streets, without their driver. It happened to be of a blue colour; and the count's servants wore red liveries: upon which an *ukase* was immediately published, prohibiting, throughout the empire of all the Russias, the use of blue colour in ornamenting sledges, and red liveries. In consequence of this wise decree, our ambassadour, and many others, were compelled to alter their equipage.

"Coming down the street, called the *Perspective*, he perceived a nobleman, who was taking his walk, and had stopped to look at some workmen who were planting trees by the emperour's order. 'What are you doing?' said he. 'Merely seeing the men work,' replied the nobleman. 'Oh, is that your employment? Take off his pelisse, and give him a spade? There, now work yourself!'

"But the instances were few in which the gloom, spread over a great metropolis, by the madness and malevolence of a suspicious tyrant, was enlivened even by his ribaldry." "If any family received visiters in an evening; if four people were seen walking together; if any one spoke too loud, or whistled, or sang, or looked too inquisitive, and examined any publick building with too much attention; they were in imminent danger. If they stood still in the streets, or frequented any particular walk more than another, or walked too fast or too slow, they were liable to be reprimanded and insulted by the police officers. Mungo Park was hardly exposed to greater severity of exaction and of villany among the Moors in Africa, than Englishmen experienced at that time in Russia, and particularly in Petersburgh. They were compelled to wear a dress regulated by the police: and as every officer had a different notion of the mode of observing these regulations, they were constantly liable to be interrupted in the streets and publick places, and treated with impertinence. The dress consisted of a cocked hat, or, for want of one, a round hat pinned up with three corners; a long cue; a single-breasted coat and waistcoat; knee-buckles instead of strings; and buckles in the shoes. Orders were given to arrest any person seen in pantaloons. A servant was taken out of his sledge, and caned in the streets, for having too thick a neckcloth; and if it had been too thin, he would have met a similar punishment. After every precaution, the dress, when put on, never satisfied; either the hat was not straight on the head, the hair too short, or the coat was not cut square enough. A lady at court wore her hair rather lower in her neck than was consistent with the decree, and she was ordered into close confinement, to be fed on bread and water. A gentleman's hair fell a little over his forehead, while dancing at a ball; a police officer attacked him with rudeness and with abuse; and told him, if he did not instantly cut his hair, he would find a soldier who could shave his head!" "To such excessive cruelty did his rage carry him against the author of an epigram, in which his reign had been contrasted with his mother's, that he ordered his tongue to be cut out; and sent him to one of those remote islands, in the Aleoutan tract, on the northwest coast of America, which are inhabited by savages." p. 5. 10.

After enduring the miseries of this capital for some months, our travellers were advised, by the English minister, lord Whitworth, who apprehended even greater extremities, to remove towards Moscow; and they took this occasion of making the extensive and interesting tour, which forms the subject of the present publication. The volume now before us, contains the first part of it, beginning at their departure from St. Petersburgh, and ending with

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their arrival at Constantinople. The continuation of their route, scarcely less important, through Greece, the Islands, and Egypt, will occupy, we presume, another book.

They quitted St. Petersburgh in the beginning of April, and travelled on sledges, by rapid journies, towards Moscow, by the common route of Novogorod. This part of the journey is sufficiently well known by the details of former travellers; and we, therefore, pass it hastily over, although the author, in describing it, has given some interesting particulars relating to the country and its inhabitants, to which we shall recur hereafter, when we come to his further remarks on the same subject. The true Russian capital, where we must go to see the people as they are, that is, in the most civilized state of which Russians are susceptible, is Moscow; and, often and well as it has been described before, Dr. Clarke's is, in our mind, the most picturesque and lively representation that we have seen of that singular scene.

"We arrived at the season of the year in which this city is most interesting to strangers. Moscow is in every thing extraordinary; as well in disappointing expectation as in surpassing it; in causing wonder and derision, pleasure and regret. Let me conduct the reader back with me again to the gate by which we entered, and thence through the streets. Numerous spires, glittering with gold, amidst burnished domes and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain, for several versts before you reach this gate. Having passed, you look about, and wonder what is become of the city, or where you are; and are ready to ask, once more: How far is it to Moscow? They will tell you: 'This is Moscow!' and you behold nothing but a wide and scattered suburb; huts, gardens, pigsties, brick walls, churches, dunghills, palaces, timber-yards, warehouses, and a refuse, as it were, of materials sufficient to stock an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages. One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow: and under this impression, the eye is presented with deputies from all countries, holding congress: timber huts from regions beyond the ARCTICK; plastered palaces from SWEDEN and DENMARK, not whitewashed since their arrival; painted walls from the TYROL; mosques from CONSTANTINOPLE; Tartar temples from BUCHARIA; pagodas, pavilions, and virandas, from CHINA; cabarets from SPAIN; dungeons, prisons, and publick offices, from FRANCE; architectural ruins from ROME; terraces and trellisses from NAPLES; and warehouses from WAPPING.

"Having heard accounts of its immense population, you wander through deserted streets. Passing suddenly towards the quarter where the shops are situated, you might walk upon the heads of thousands. The daily throng is there so immense, that, unable to force a passage through it, or assign any motive that might convene such a multitude, you ask the cause; and are told, that it is always the same. Nor is the costume less various than the aspect of the buildings; Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Muscovites, English, French, Italians, Poles, Germans, all parade in the habits of their respective countries.

"We were in a Russian inn; a complete epitome of the city itself. The next room to ours was filled by ambassadours from Persia. In a chamber beyond the Persians, lodged a party of Kirgisians; a people yet unknown, and any one of whom might be exhibited in a cage, as some newly discovered species. They had bald heads, covered by conical, embroidered caps, and wore sheep's hides. Beyond the Kirgisians lodged a *nidus* of Bucharians, wild as the asses of Numidia. All these were ambassadours from their different districts, extremely jealous of each other, who had been to Petersburgh, to treat of commerce, peace, and war. The doors of all our chambers opened into one gloomy passage, so that sometimes we all encountered, and formed a curious masquerade. The Kirgisians and Bucharians were best at arm's length; but the worthy old Persian, whose name was *Orazai*, often exchanged visits with us. He brought us presents, according to the custom of his country; and he was much pleased with an English pocket knife we had given him, with which he said he should shave his head. At his devotions, he stood silent for an hour together, on two small carpets, barefooted, with his face towards Mecca; holding, as he said, intellectual converse with Mahomet."

"Ambassadours of other more oriental hordes drove into the court yard of the

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inn, from Petersburgh. The emperour had presented each of them with a barouche. Never was any thing more ludicrous than their appearance. Out of respect to the sovereign, they had maintained a painful struggle to preserve their seat, sitting cross-legged, like Turks. The snow having melted, they had been jolted in this manner over the trunks of trees, which form a timber causeway between Petersburgh and Moscow; so that, when taken from their fine new carriages, they could hardly crawl, and made the most pitiable grimaces imaginable. A few days after coming to Moscow, they ordered all the carriages to be sold, for whatever sum any person would offer." P. 47, 48, 49, and 51.

Dr. Clarke, according to his custom of introducing his general remarks, and indeed his facts, without any peculiar regard to arrangement, presents us with a variety of very interesting particulars relative to the Russians, in the part of his narrative that refers to Moscow. We do not at all object to this manner of writing. It results naturally from the form of a narrative which Dr. Clarke's travels have assumed; and certainly no part of his progress offers a more appropriate occasion for pausing to dilate on the manners and character of the country, than that which conducted him through the great Muscovite capital. His account of one peculiarity in the talents of the Russians, their power of imitation, is singularly interesting. Much as this has been alluded to before, we have never yet seen it so fully illustrated. We make no apology to our readers for the following very curious extract.

"In whatever country we seek original genius, we must go to Russia for a talent of imitation. It is the acmé of Russian intellect; the principle of all their operations. They have nothing of their own; but it is not their fault if they have not every thing which others invent. Their surprising powers of imitation exceed all that has been hitherto known. The meanest Russian slave has been found adequate to the accomplishment of the most intricate and most delicate works of mechanism; to copy, with his single hand, what has demanded the joint labours of the best workmen in France or England. Though untutored, they are the best actors in the world." "If they were instructed in the art of painting, they would become the finest portrait painters in the world. In proof of this, I saw one example. It was a miniature portrait of the emperour, executed by a poor slave, who had only once seen him, during a visit he made to Moscow. In all that concerned resemblance and minuteness of representation, it was the most astonishing work which, perhaps, ever appeared. The effect produced was like that of beholding the original through a diminishing lens. The Birmingham trinket manufactory, in which imitations of jewelry and precious metals are wrought with so much cheapness, is surpassed in Moscow; because the workmanship is equally good, and the things themselves are cheaper. But the great source of wonder is in the manner of their execution. At Birmingham, they are the workmanship of many persons; in Moscow, of one only; yet the difference between divided and undivided labour in this branch of trade, occasions none in the price of the articles. I saw, in Moscow, imitations of the Maltese and Venetian gold chains, which would deceive any person, unless he were himself a goldsmith. This is not the case with their cutlery, in which a multiplication of labour is so requisite. They fail, therefore, in hard ware; not because they are incapable of imitating the works they import, but because they cannot afford to sell them for the same price. Where a patent, as in the instance of Bramah's locks, has kept up the price of an article in England beyond the level it would otherwise find, the Russians have imitated such works with the greatest perfection, and sold the copy at a lower rate than the original, though equally valuable. This extraordinary talent for imitation has been shown also in the fine arts. A picture by Dietrici, in the style of Polemberg, was borrowed by one of the Russian nobility, from his friend. The nobleman who owned the picture had impressed his seal upon the back of it; and had inscribed verses and mottoes of his own composition. With so many marks, he thought his picture safe any where. But a copy so perfect was finished, both as to the painting and all the circumstances of colour in the canvas, the seal, and the inscriptions, that, when put into the frame of the original, and returned to its owner, the fraud was not discovered. This circumstance was afterwards made known by the confession

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of the artist employed; and there are now residing in Petersburgh and Moscow, foreign artists of the highest respectability and talents, who attest its truth. One of them, signior Camporesi, assured me, that walking in the suburbs of Moscow, he entered a miserable hut, belonging to a cobler; where, at the further end, in a place contrived to hold pans and kettles, and to dress victuals, he observed a ragged peasant at work. It was a painter in enamel, copying very beautiful pictures which were placed before him. The same person, he added, might have been found the next day drunk in a cellar, or howling beneath the cudgel of his task-master." P. 67. 70.

The nature of a journey to Siberia is exceedingly misunderstood in this country, and by the world in general. Such a decree of banishment presents to our minds the picture of every thing that is deplorable in the lot of humanity; separation from home, and friends, and beloved pursuits; transportation to a bleak, dismal, and savage region; the exchange of comforts and luxuries, for all that is most comfortless and wretched. When viewed a little nearer, this picture has no such frightful aspect; and a man must both see what the Russian leaves, and have a detailed account of what he is doomed to in his new residence, to estimate fairly the extent of the sacrifice which the caprice of his tyrant may, at any moment, and without any reason, compel him to undergo. Now, our author represents the Russians as by no means strongly attached to their native soil, and as knit to their families and friends by ties not much stronger. The life which they love to lead, is so brutal and sensual, in every respect, that its gratifications may be obtained in one part of the world as easily as another, and in all situations with equal facility, and in equal perfection. But, so numerous are the emigrants to Siberia, that the capital of the country has assumed a very superiour appearance; and, in reading the description of it, which our author presents us with, we are certainly disposed to mistake it for the representation of one of the most flourishing and civilized Russian cities. From the number and rank of the exiles, Tobolski has become a large and populous city, enriched with shops; full of what, in Russia, must be deemed good society; adorned with theatres, with private assemblies, and with places of publick resort. We there meet with booksellers, maquerades, French hotels. The wines of France, and the malt liquors of England, may be had there, as at Petersburgh or Moscow. The gayety of the place is extolled by all who have, either as soldiers or exiles, been forced to visit it. Provisions are so cheap, that about fifty years ago, Dr. Gmelin found it possible for a person to live on ten roubles [about two pounds] a year. He describes it as the "very temple of Bacchus and Indolence." "Les gens les plus considerables," says he "se rendoient visite et se donnoient des divertissemens. Quant au peuple il etoit comme fou; ce n'etoit jour et nuit que promenades, cris, tumultes, batteries. Il etoit difficile d'aller dans les rues, tant il y avoit d'hommes, de femmes, de bêtes, et de traineaux." It is no wonder, that an officer of considerable rank in the Russian service should have told our author, that he would rather have half his pay, and live at Tobolski, than the whole of it, and reside at St. Petersburgh; and that many of the exiles, after being ordered home, have anxiously sought to return thither. These particulars may correct our notions of the horrours attending a sentence of expulsion to Siberia; but, let it at the same time be remembered, that the desert has only been cultivated, and made to smile, by the wanton excess to which the Russian despots have carried their power; and that the phenomenon of a city tolerably populous and civilized, in the heart of Siberia, 1500 miles from Petersburgh, is as monstrous and unnatural a thing,

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as the parent from whence it sprang. The tyranny which reigns at Petersburgh itself; the boundless tyranny which outraged nature, by planting that city in the marshes of the Neva, and which profanes it still more, by stunting the shoots of human happiness there, and in every other quarter of that enslaved empire.

As we are led to the general subject of Russia and its inhabitants, we may as well take this opportunity of noticing the very interesting, and even original view, which Dr. Clarke gives of their character and manners. No traveller, certainly, who had seen that people, could describe them as refined, or, in any light, entitled to our esteem or respect; and, accordingly, no one has ever praised them for the virtues or the graces of national character. But, at the same time, we think Dr. Clarke is the first who has given us a full view of their barbarism, and placed in its real light the debased and groveling character of the whole people. As the subject is interesting, and, indeed, of great importance in a political view, we shall collect in one statement, the different facts and observations which his work contains respecting it.

We have already extracted his account of the imitative talents of the Russians. To this may be added, the feats performed by them in learning languages, and in musick. Without the smallest talent for either poetry, eloquence, or any other species of original composition, they learn, with astonishing and enviable facility, all manner of tongues, and speak them with the ease and the purity of natives. So, without any genius for musick, and with scarcely such a thing as an original composer to be found in the whole empire, they are perfect mocking birds; and the Russian slaves can play the most complicated and difficult pieces, and often after a fashion quite peculiar to themselves. For it is well known, that there are bands in Russia, in which each slave performs but one note. These particulars (which our author has omitted) as well as the anecdotes of their dexterity in painting, apply chiefly to the lower classes of the community. We are now to take a view of the nobles.

The character under which they may be best described, is that of overgrown children. Thus a nobleman delights in filling his palace with every costly article of furniture, and, above all, with pictures which look gaudy and glittering; but he is never satisfied without a perpetual change of them; he must be always having something new to look at.—"As the nobles," says our author, "have rarely any money at command, their traffick in the fine arts, as in other things, is carried on by exchange. This sort of barter is, of all things, that in which they take the greatest delight. They purchase a picture for a carriage, or an embroidered suit of clothes, just as they pay their physician with a snuff box. In every thing, the same infantine disposition is displayed; and, like children, they are tired of their toys almost in the moment they have acquired them. In their choice of pictures, they are pleased only with gay and splendid colouring, highly finished, in gaudy frames: '*quelque chose d'éclatant!*' to use an expression constantly in their mouths. The works of Vander Werf, Watteau, Jordaens, Berchem, and Gerhard Douw, bear the highest prices; but if productions by any of the Bolognese masters, are shown to them, they are rejected. Nothing of the *sombre* cast, however sublime, has any value in their estimation. The works of the Caracci, Zampieri, or even Michael Angelo, would not meet admirers." p. 87.—In illustration of this, Dr. Clarke relates an anecdote of a fine head, by Correggio, which fell some time ago into the hands of a Russian. He kept it

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for some time, and then exchanged it with a miniature painter for some wretched daubs. "It had too much shade," he said, "the lights were too pale; it had altogether the air of a head from the guillotine." But it is not with their taste merely, that we have to do. The following picture is more general. It is a *whole length* of the Russian nobleman's character and habits (if we may so speak) and, however disgusting, must be contemplated by those English readers who would know what sort of a nation it was, that, about three little years since, we all looked to as the deliverers of Europe, and the grand barrier against French oppression, against the inroads of the "*modern Vandals*," as we were wont pleasantly to term the enemies of the Muscovites, because they were also our own.

"Some of the nobles are much richer than the richest of our English peers; and a vast number, as may be supposed, are very poor. To this poverty, and to these riches, are equally joined the most abject meanness, and the most detestable profligacy. In sensuality, they are without limits of law, conscience, or honour. In their amusement, always children; in their resentment, women. The toys of infants, the baubles of French fops, constitute the highest object of their wishes. Novelty delights the human race; but no part of it seek for novelty so eagerly as the Russian nobles. Novelty in their debaucheries; novelty in gluttony; novelty in cruelty; novelty in whatever they pursue. This is not the case with the lower class, who preserve their habits unaltered, from one generation to another. But there are characteristicks in which the Russian prince and the Russian peasant are the same. They are all equally barbarous. Visit a Russian, of whatever rank, at his country seat, and you will find him lounging about, uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, half naked, eating raw turnips, and drinking *quass*. The raw turnip is handed about in slices, in the first houses, upon a silver salver, with brandy, as a whet before dinner. Their hair is, universally, in a state not to be described; and their bodies are only devested of vermin when they frequent the bath. Upon those occasions, their shirts and pelisses are held over a hot stove, and the heat occasions the vermin to fall off. It is a fact too notorious to admit dispute, that from the emperour to the meanest slave, throughout the vast empire of all the Russias, including all its princes, nobles, priests, and peasants, there exists not a single individual in a thousand, whose body is destitute of vermin. An English gentleman of Moscow, residing as a banker in the city, assured me, that, passing on horseback through the streets, he has often seen women of the highest quality, sitting in the windows of their palaces, devesting each other of vermin. Another trait, in addition to what I have said before, of their resemblance to the Neapolitans.

"The true manners of the people are not seen in Petersburgh, nor even in Moscow, by entering the houses of nobility only. Some of them, and generally those to whom letters of recommendation are obtained, have travelled, and introduce refinements, which their friends and companions readily imitate. The real Russian rises at an early hour, and breakfasts on a dram, with black bread. His dinner, at noon, consists of the coarsest and most greasy viands, the scorbutick effects of which are counteracted by salted cucumbers, sour cabbage, the juice of his *vaccinium*, and his nectar, *quass*. Sleep, which renders him unmindful of his abject servitude and barbarous life, he particularly indulges; sleeping always after eating, and going early to his bed. The principal articles of diet are the same every where; grease and brandy. A stranger, dining with their most refined and most accomplished princes, may in vain expect to see his knife and fork changed. If he sends them away, they are returned without even being wiped. If he looks behind him, he will see a servant spit in the plate he is to receive, and wipe it with a dirty napkin, to remove the dust. If he ventures (which he should avoid, if he is hungry) to inspect the soup in his plate, with too inquisitive an eye, he will, doubtless, discover living victims in distress, which a Russian, if he saw, would swallow with indifference. It is not known to all, that Potemkin used to take vermin from his head, and kill them on the bottom of his plate at table! and beauteous princesses of Moscow do not scruple to follow his example. But vermin, unknown to an Englishman, and which it is not permitted even to name, attack the stranger who incautiously approaches too near the persons of their nobility, and visit him from their sophas and chairs. If at table he re-

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gards his neighbour, he sees him picking his teeth with his fork, and then plunging it into a plate of meat which is brought round to all. The horrours of a Russian kitchen are inconceivable; and there is not a bed in the whole empire, which an English traveller, aware of its condition, would venture to approach."—"There is, in fact, no degree of meanness to which a Russian nobleman will not condescend. To enumerate the things of which we were eyewitnesses, would only weary and disgust the reader. I will end with one.

"A hat had been stolen from our apartments. The servants positively asserted, that some young noblemen, who had been more lavish of their friendship and company than we desired, had gained access to the chambers in our absence, and had carried off the hat, with some other movables, even of less value. The fact was inconceivable, and we gave no credit to it. A few days after, being upon an excursion to the convent of the New Jerusalem, forty five versts north of Moscow, a party of the nobles, to whom our intention was made known the preceding evening at the *Club de Noblesse*, overtook us on horseback. One of them, mounted on an English racer, and habited like a Newmarket jockey, rode up to the side of the carriage; but his horse being somewhat unruly, he lost his seat, and a gust of wind carried off his cap. My companion immediately descended, and ran to recover it for its owner; but what was his astonishment, to perceive his own name, and the name of his hatter, on the lining! It was no other than the identical hat which one of the party had stolen from our lodgings, now become a cap, and which, under its altered shape, might not have been recognised, but for the accident here mentioned."—p. 90—96.

The account given by our author, of the barbarous hospitality practised by the Russian grandees, agrees with the relations of other travellers; but furnishes additional particulars to explain those of which we were already in possession, and to show us how justly the appellation of *barbarous* has been applied to it. The Russian noble considers his dignity and honour as altogether implicated in the number of his guests, satellites and retainers. Should any one of those who are accustomed to frequent his table, leave it for another, or, as Dr. Clarke properly terms it, should he "forsake his post at dinner, and swell the train of any other person," the offence is neither forgotten nor forgiven. He is persecuted, for a length of time, by every means which cunning and cruelty can devise, exactly as if he had done a serious injury to his former patron; and, in the end, he is sure to repent of his change. When a traveller arrives at Moscow, the nobles contend eagerly and bitterly for him; and, as he cannot belong to each table, his preference gives rise to endless jealousies and heartburnings. Even during the reign of Paul, when it was dangerous to associate with an Englishman, the nobles of Moscow would receive him gladly, at any risk, and sometimes close their outer gates upon his equipage, to conceal from the police the kind of hospitality which was going on within. The principle of all this being state and show, and the exhibition of the master's superiority and vanity, it is needless to add, that no kind of refinement and delicacy is shown in the manner of entertaining the guests. They are to receive so much meat and drink from the bounty of the host; that is the view of the thing, and the whole entertainment corresponds with it. The guests of various ranks sit down, according to their degree, to an immense banquet, surrounded by numberless servants; but the dishes and wines have their places as well as the company, and correspond with the quality of those who are to devour them. They who sit near the master of the house have no kind of concern with either the guests or the dishes at the other parts of the table; and you could not more seriously discompose him, than by sending for a portion of the more distant fare. Thus, the unfortunate persons at the bottom of the table, are compelled to rest satisfied either with the coarsest food set before them, or the leavings of the others, or often with an empty dish; and, in like manner, the wine diminishes in quality as you recede from

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the top of the table, until it at last degenerates into simple *quass*. Our author sometimes attempted to break through this barbarous custom (so descriptive of the nature of the hospitality in question, and of the state of society) by filling the glasses of those below him with the wine allotted to himself; but the offer was generally refused, through fear of offending the higher powers; and he soon discovered, that it was an encroachment which the most liberal host could not endure. A pleasant story, related by him, in order to illustrate the regard paid to rank, paints, at the same time, the singularity which we have been describing.

"A droll accident befel two English gentlemen of considerable property, who were travelling for amusement in Russia. They were at Nicholaef; and, being invited by the chief admiral to dinner, were placed as usual, at the head of the table; where they were addressed by the well-known title of *Milords Anglois*. Tired of this ill-placed distinction, they assured the admiral they were not lords. 'Then pray,' said their host, 'what rank do you possess?' The lowest Russian, admitted to an admiral's table, possesses a certain degree of rank; all who are in the service of the crown are noble by their profession; and they cannot comprehend the title of a mere *gentleman*, without some specifick title annexed. The Englishmen replied, however, that they had no other rank than that of English gentlemen. '*But your titles? You must have some title!*' No, said they, we have no title but that of English gentlemen. A general silence, and many sagacious looks followed this last declaration. On the following day they presented themselves again at the hour of dinner, and were taking their station as before. To their surprise, they found that each person present, one after the other, placed himself above them. One was a general; another a lieutenant; a third an ensign; a fourth a police officer; a fifth, an army surgeon; a sixth a secretary; and so on. All this was very well; they consoled themselves with a prospect of a snug party at the bottom of the table, where they would be the further removed from ceremony; but lo! when the dishes came round, a first was empty; a second contained the sauce without the meat; a third, the rejected offals of the whole company; and, at length, they were compelled to make a scanty meal upon the slice of black bread before them, and a little dirty broth from the humble tureen, behind whose compassionate veil they were happy to hide their confusion; at the same time being more amused than mortified at an adventure into which they now saw they brought themselves by their unassuming frankness. Had either of them said, as was really the case, that they were in the service of his Britannick majesty's militia, or members of the Associated Volunteers of London, they would never have encountered so unfavourable a reception." p. 635, 636.

We have now contemplated the nobles, or we may say, in general, the upper classes of society. The rest of the community (with the trifling exception of a few merchants in the seaports, who are for the most part foreigners) consist of the peasantry, who continue in the state of bondsmen, in which the lower orders in all the rest of Europe once were. To paint the situation and habits of those persons, it is almost sufficient to say, that they are slaves in the possession of the barbarous nobles, whom we have already described. They are attached to the soil, and transferred with it, like cattle; and although many laws are passed for their protection, and severe examples are not unfrequently made of masters who treat them cruelly, it is in vain to expect any thing but abuse, where a man's power is absolute over his fellow; or any thing but debasement in the character, and wretchedness in the condition, of one who is dependent upon the will of a master. A copious extract from Mr. Heber's journal (who travelled over much of the same ground with our author a few years after him, and has allowed him to enrich his notes with much valuable matter) contains a variety of interesting facts respecting the state of the Russian bondsmen. We shall only extract the following account of their payments to the mesne lords.

"We observed a striking difference

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between the peasants of the crown and those of individuals. The former are almost all in comparatively easy circumstances. Their *abrock*, or rent, is fixed at five roubles a year, all charges included; and as they are sure that it will never be raised, they are more industrious. The peasants belonging to the nobles have their *abrock* regulated by their means of getting money; at an average, throughout the empire, of eight or ten roubles. It then becomes, not a rent for land, but a downright tax on their industry. Each male peasant is obliged, by law, to labour three days in each week for his proprietor. This law takes effect on his arriving at the age of fifteen. If the proprietor chooses to employ him the other days, he may; as, for example, in a manufactory; but he then finds him in food and clothing. Mutual advantage, however, generally relaxes this law; and, excepting such as are selected for domestick servants, or, as above, are employed in manufactories, the slave pays a certain *abrock*, or rent, to be allowed to work all the week on his own account. The master is bound to furnish him with a house, and a certain portion of land. The allotment of land is, generally, settled by the *starosta* [elder of the village] and a meeting of the peasants themselves. In the same manner, when a master wants an increase of rent, he sends to the starosta, who convenes the peasants; and, by that assembly, it is decided what proportion each individual must pay. If a slave exercises any trade which brings him in more money than agricultural labour, he pays a higher *abrock*. If, by journeys to Petersburgh, or other cities, he can still earn more, his master permits his absence, but his *abrock* is raised. The smallest earnings are subject to this oppression. The peasants employed as drivers at the post-houses, pay an *abrock* out of the *drink-money* they receive, for being permitted to drive; as, otherwise, the master might employ them in other less profitable labour on his own account. The aged and infirm are provided with food and raiment, and lodging, at their owner's expense. Such as prefer casual charity to the miserable pittance they receive from their master, are frequently furnished with passports, and allowed to seek their fortune; but they sometimes pay an *abrock* even for this permission to beg. The number of beggars in Petersburgh, is very small; as when one is found, he is immediately sent back to his owner. In Moscow, and other towns, they are numerous; though I think less so than in London. They beg with great modesty, in a low and humble tone of voice, frequently crossing themselves, and are much less clamorous and importunate than a London beggar.

"The master has the power of correcting his slaves, by blows or confinement; but if he is guilty of any great cruelty, he is amenable to the laws; which are, we are told, executed in this point with impartiality. In one of the towers of the Khitaigorod, at Moscow, there was a countess Soltikof confined for many years with a most unrelenting severity, which she merited, for cruelty to her slaves. Instances of barbarity are, however, by no means rare. At Kostroma, the sister of Mr. Kotchetof, the governour, gave me an instance of a nobleman who had nailed (if I understood her right) his servant to a cross. The master was sent to a monastery, and the business hushed up. Domestick servants, and those employed in manufactories, as they are more exposed to cruelty, so they sometimes revenge themselves in a terrible manner. A Mr. Hetrof, brother to Mrs. Schepotef, who had a great distillery, disappeared suddenly, and was pretty easily guessed to have been thrown into a boiling copper by his slaves. We heard another instance, though not from equally good authority, of a lady, now in Moscow, who had been poisoned three several times by her servants."—

"A slave can on no pretence be sold out of Russia, nor in Russia, to any but a person born noble, or, if not noble, having the rank of lieutenant-colonel. This rank is not confined to the military; it may be obtained by them in civil situations. [Professor Pallas had the rank of brigadier.] This law is, however, eluded, as *roturiers* [plebeians] frequently purchase slaves for hire, by making use of the name of some privileged person; and all nobles have the privilege of letting out their slaves."—p. 165. 167.

Dr. Clarke's observations seem to have exceeded those of Mr. Heber, in regard to the condition of the Russian villeins. He describes them as wholly at the mercy of their masters in practice and effect; as liable to pay whatever tribute he imposes; and as paying whatever they earn beyond their own most scanty subsistence. The laws for their protection, are next to a dead letter, according to him; and the only refuge of the slave is escaping from his master's neighbourhood. We believe Mr. Heber attended rather

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more to the law and the theory, Dr. Clarke, to the state of the facts; that the former was induced to take the little that is favourable in his statement from the accounts of the Russian nobles themselves, whose testimony Dr. Clarke, and with much justice, positively objects to, and proves, by various instances, can, in no degree, be relied on. In truth, the account, even of Mr. Heber, gives but a sad picture of those unfortunate peasants; and it signifies little, whether we take their situation from him, or his friend, Dr. Clarke. However, we must add a few of the remarks made by the latter on this subject, after premising, that we consider them as rather colouring the picture too highly. After relating a boastful conversation held by a Russian prince, upon the ease and happiness which his slaves enjoyed, whom he described (in exactly the sort of language used by the West Indian slave-drivers, and now happily so triumphantly exploded in this enlightened and humane country) "as having relief in sickness, refuge in calamity, and a comfortable asylum in their old age," and whose situation his highness was pleased (again borrowing a topick from our West Indians) to contrast with that of English peasants, our author adds:

"I had seen the peasants of this man, according to his own pathetick discourse, 'in sickness, in calamity, and in old age;' and it was well known to every person present, that their 'relief and refuge' was in death, and their 'asylum' the grave. Another nobleman assured me, that the greatest punishment he inflicted upon his slaves (for he professed to have banished all corporeal chastisement) was to give them their liberty, and then turn them from his door. Upon further inquiry, I discovered, that the slaves of this very man fled from their fetters, even if there was a certainty of death before their eyes, rather than remain beneath his tyranny. Great, indeed, must be the degree of oppression, which a Russian will not endure, who, from his cradle, crouches to his oppressor, and receives the rod without a murmur. Other nations speak of their indolence, which is remarkable; as no people are naturally more lively, or more disposed to employment. We may assign a cause for their inactivity: it is necessity. Can there exist incitement to labour, when it is certain, that a tyrant will bereave industry of all its fruits? The only property a Russian nobleman allows his peasant to possess, is the food he cannot, or will not, eat himself: the bark of trees, chaff, and other refuse; quass, water, and fish oil. If the slave has sufficient ingenuity to gain money without his knowledge, it becomes a dangerous possession; and, when once discovered, falls instantly into the hands of his lord. A peasant in the village of *Celo Molody*, near Moscow, who had been fortunate enough to scrape together a little wealth, wished to marry his daughter to a tradesman of the city; and for that purpose, that she should be free, he offered fifteen thousand roubles for her liberty; a most unusual price of freedom, and a much greater sum than persons of his class, situated as he was, will be found to possess. The tyrant took the ransom; and then told the father, that both the girl and the money belonged to him; and, therefore, she must still continue among the number of his slaves. What a picture do these facts afford of the state of Russia! It is thus we behold the subjects of a vast empire, stripped of all they possess, and existing in the most abject servitude; victims of tyranny and torture; of sorrow and poverty; of sickness and famine. Traversing the provinces south of Moscow, the land is as the garden of Eden; a fine soil, covered with corn, and apparently smiling in plenty. Enter the cottage of the poor labourer, surrounded by all these riches, and you find him dying of hunger, or pining from bad food, and in want of the common necessaries of life. Extensive pastures, covered with cattle, afford no milk to him. In autumn, the harvest yields no bread for his children. The lord claims all the produce. At the end of summer, every road in the southern province is filled with caravans, bearing corn and all sorts of provisions; every produce of labour and the land, to supply the lords of Moscow and Petersburgh; and the markets, of these two capitals, which, like whirlpools, swallow all that comes within their vortex with never-ending voracity. Can there be a more affecting sight, than a Russian family, having got

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in an abundant harvest, in want of the common stores to supply and support them, through the rigours of their long and inclement winter? Let us hasten from its contemplation!" P. 169—171.

Perhaps, when we have thus surveyed the condition of the different orders of the Russian empire, and when we add to the estimate, the grand consideration of the utter want of political liberty, the comparatively slender degree of intercourse which any part of the state can enjoy with foreign nations, and the darkness in which the court itself sits, when compared with the cabinets of other countries, we shall not err widely in our conclusions as to the probable conduct of Russia, considered as a whole, or as a European power, and the kind of demeanour which we have a right to expect from her towards her neighbours, whether in negotiation, or in war. Her resources are another matter; though much of what we have stated, applies to them also, and serves to diminish, even more than the events of later times have taught us to do, the vague, ill founded, and at all periods, most inexcusable estimates, which some years ago prevailed on this subject. But, at present, we are only viewing the character of this empire as an ally and an enemy; and considering what sort of conduct is likely to result from such a composition as we have been occupied in contemplating. The conclusion is, in fact, already before us. We have seen what the nobles are, and what the people. The probability certainly is, that even the monarch and his family, but at any rate his chief counsellors, should be taken from the first of those classes; his armies must necessarily be raised from the other. We may easily conjecture, then, what is to be expected from a court so constituted, sending forth such troops. But, granting that a foreigner should reign (as has, during a remarkable period of Russian history, already happened) the influence of the instruments to be employed, both in directing and executing, both at home and abroad, must sensibly affect even the plans and operations of the most enlightened and refined prince whom our fancy can place at the head of affairs. The favourites, the family connexions, the ministers, the secretaries, the generals, the inferiour officers, the envoys, the governours of provinces, the subalterns, civil and military; the judges, the priests, the soldiers and sailors; these cannot all be foreigners, and enlightened and refined, to second and chime in with the views of the sovereign: and, in the management of a large empire, the monarch, be he ever so absolute, nay, be he ever so active and able, be he as active as Buonaparte or Frederick, or Catherine or Joseph II. be he as able as all four combined, and as despotick as the superstition and servitude of his people can make him; unless he could perform a miracle every five minutes of his reign, would find it quite impossible to conduct his affairs uninterrupted, nay, unswayed, at each step, by the nature of the people he is ruling over, and the instruments through whom he must rule them. Their character and habits must, to a certain degree, give the law to his measures; fix the limits of his orders; and prescribe the manner of executing them. His publick conduct, his demeanour as a sovereign, must, in a great measure, take its tone and colour from the aspect and features of his people. In a word, we shall in vain expect to meet with any such monster in politicks as a European monarch of the eighteenth century, sustaining that character at the head of an empire peopled by Calmuks, or, at best, by the villeins of the dark ages, and their feudal lords.

The outward show of civility may,

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for a while, deceive us. Fringed here and there with a shred of finer stuff, the great rough mass may, at times, dazzle and mislead us. A cursory and a distant observation of the parts only wherein all states may be made to resemble each other, will certainly lead us away from the radical difference which, for centuries, cannot be got over; and thus they who only, in this superficial manner, viewed the empire of Catherine II. thought they beheld a civilized and European state; a deception which that skilful, ambitious and profligate personage, spared no pains to encourage; and was greatly assisted in keeping up, by the passive line of foreign policy, which, towards all but her Polish and Turkish neighbours, that is, to all her European neighbours, she so anxiously and so prudently followed. But, as soon as her conduct, the conduct which she could not avoid pursuing, and which was pointed out by the construction of her empire, was more nearly scrutinized, we could discover how widely different from a European dynasty was the empire of the Czars, even under so enlightened and accomplished a chief. We could perceive those traits of barbarism necessarily inherent in the whole conduct of Russian affairs; and which, the more those should be extended and intermingled with the concerns of European politicks, were sure to break out with greater effect; and which, in the sequel, have marked each step, that the feeble successours of Catherine have so foolishly made from the politick state of rest, so conducive to her power, and to the reputation of her empire.

But the proofs which later events have adduced of the barbarism of Russia, and its unfitness to support a great and useful part in European affairs, were, in truth, not wanting to convince us on this point. It was enough to look with some attention at the history of that uncivilized country, even during the most brilliant period of Catherine's reign; and we must say, that we feel some satisfaction at the ample illustrations which this matter has received from the work now before us. All that we have been now stating (which is only a repetition of what we have, on former occasions, preached to our countrymen, with the usual success of those unpleasant and troublesome persons who speak the truth against the wishes of their hearers) receives the strongest confirmation from the pictures with which Dr. Clarke's work abounds, of the conduct of the Russian government towards its distant provinces, and of the conduct of both government and people towards the neighbouring countries with which they had intercourse. We return him our thanks for the boldness with which he has spoken out on this subject, for daring to call things by their right names; for opposing the feelings, originating in gross ignorance, we verily believe, which prompt the people in this country still to hanker after Russian alliances; for denouncing that nation as perfectly barbarous; nay, for venturing to hold up its conduct towards its neighbours as infinitely worse than even the worst passages in the history of modern France, her treatment of Switzerland and Spain. When we express such feelings, and hasten to let our readers judge a little more nearly of their foundation, we lay our account with being, as usual, misrepresented, and accused of being the apologists of France. This charge is, nowadays, so regular; it is so invariably found in the mouths of the base and feeble creatures who have nothing else to offer, in defence of corruption and imbecility than hackneyed abuse of the enemies of misrule; that we care very little how often or how seldom we hear the sound of it. It is exactly like the charge of jacobitism and popery a century ago, which used to be hawked and bandied about so

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freely, that Swift, in a fine vein of ridicule, makes it one argument to prove Partridge's death, that it was asserted by a friend of the protestant succession, and only denied by Partridge himself, whose leaning towards the pretender had, for many years, been more than suspected. We must, therefore, proceed without even listening to such silly noises, knowing full well, that they mean merely nothing; except, indeed, that the persons who make them are very angry, but have nothing to say, and can do nothing; that they are somewhat like dogs of a tender age, who bark more than they bite; or, like certain unmusical instruments, of manifest use in exciting strife and tumult, which make a louder noise the emptier they are.

The page in the annals of Catherine, which we are now about to survey, is neither that in which Oczakow, nor Ismael, nor Warsaw, stand enrolled. It is not the record of her domestick oppressions, her family murders, the cruelties done in her state prisons, the debaucheries that polluted her court, nor the tragedies which were enacted in her places of exile. These things might, perhaps, depend on herself, more than on her people; and we wish to take our illustrations from cases where the character of the country was unequivocally concerned. We turn, therefore, to that passage of Russian story, so little known in the rest of Europe, but so elegantly descriptive of both Catherine and her people; the conquest, and the subsequent treatment of the Crimea. It is upon this damned spot that we must now gaze for a moment; a spot which all the perfumes of Astrachan will not sweeten, nor the waters of the Wolga wash away.

Our author travelled all over the Crimea, and resided, for a length of time, in various parts of it. He enjoyed the benefit of constant and instructive intercourse with all the persons best qualified to give him information of its recent history and present state. They were chiefly officers in the service of Russia, and professor Pallas, one of the greatest landed proprietors in the peninsula, and devoted to the sovereign from whom his wealth was derived. Our author conversed also with the natives; and more than all this, he saw, with his own eyes, much of what he relates. If his narrative and his descriptions stand in some points unsupported, it is only because there are no other authors of any note who touch those parts of the subject. With the single exception of Mr. Eton, who endeavours something in palliation of the enormities in question, we know of nothing that has ever been written, inconsistent with Dr. Clarke's account; and we shall, by and by, have occasion to show how little credit is due to that strenuous, and, we fear, not altogether disinterested apologist of Russia, if, indeed, the publication of Mr. Thornton's work on Turkey has left any doubt upon the subject. With such authority, and from such quarters, proceed the statements which we are now to give, in our author's own words. We take the passages almost at random, from the portion of his book which relates to the Crimea, beginning with a few particulars relating more immediately to the hostilities and the conquest of that once happy and peaceful country.

"The havock made in all the towns of the Crimea, during the various revolutions, and frequent change of inhabitants the country has sustained, has confused or annihilated almost every valuable document, for the illustration of its former history. But, of all the people who have hitherto scourged this devoted land, none have proved so injurious to the interests of literature as the Russians. I dare not mention the high authority on which the traits of their national character were delivered to me, at the time I am conducting this part of my journal. It is sufficient to say, one who best knew them, affirmed, that there was no characteristick of a Russian more striking, than that of wantonly destroying whatever is prized by enlightened nations. In Kertchy, after levelling

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to the earth five hundred houses, they left about thirty poor shops, in the midst of the ruins, whose owners it is their daily practice to defraud. False in all their publick engagements, as well as in their private treaties, they issued an ukase, inviting Greek merchants to settle in the town; but no sooner had these deluded people fixed there with their families, than the soldiers pulled down the houses about their ears; using, at the same time, other intimidating measures, to compel them to higher duties, than any even of the Russians themselves have paid, to whom no exemptions had been accorded. Thus insulted and plundered, the oppressed Greeks demanded permission to leave the peninsula; which was positively refused."

"To describe what Baktcheserai was, it would be necessary to convey ideas at least adequate to the present appearance of its ruins: and this is very difficult. The savage and wanton barbarity of the Russians found in the magnificence of this capital wherewith to exercise, in its full scope, their favourite passion for destruction. The city was divided into several departments, of which the Greek colony alone occupied one entire and extensive valley. This they entirely demolished, not leaving one stone upon another. The palace of the Khan, in the centre of the town, was that in which he usually resided; but he had a favourite and more pleasing retirement in a magnificent edifice, most delightfully situated beneath a mountain, upon the sloping side of a beautiful vale. This they so completely erased, that without a guide to the spot, no one can discover even where it stood. Of the rest of the city not above one third now remains. Were I to detail half the cruelties, the extortions, the rapine and barbarity, practised by the Russians upon the devoted inhabitants of the Crimea, and their deluded Khan, the relation would exceed belief. I have the authority of one of their commanders, whom I dare not name, for asserting, that when the *Mullas*, or Tartar priests, ascended the minarets at mid-day, to proclaim the noon, according to their usual custom, the Russian soldiers amused themselves by firing muskets at them; and in one of these instances, a priest was killed. The repugnancy with which every English reader will peruse an account of such enormities, may lead him to doubt the veracity of the representation; although given as it was received from an eyewitness of the act." P. 433—4, and 466—7.

We forbear to pursue the exact thread of this passage, and recount, in Dr. Clarke's words, the history of the Khan's treatment, as we have not room for it, and the subject is not so unknown as he seems to think. Potemkin was the author of the measure; but he acted with the entire concurrence of his imperial mistress. By the treaty with Turkey, Shahin Gherar, of the family of Khans, who had been detained at Petersburgh as a hostage, was placed on the throne of the Crimea. Intriguers were placed about his person, who urged him to every act that could alienate the affections of his subjects. By their instigation, he introduced foreign usages, drained his treasury, and imposed the most odious taxes. All this the Russian envoys dilated upon to the nobles; and thus succeeded in creating a revolt, which forced the Khan to fly. He was then induced to ask assistance from Russia. An army was marched to restore him; and every one was put to death, whose influence could become formidable, under pretence of having assisted in the rebellion. Vast numbers were compelled to leave the country; and the unhappy prince was forced to *order* his nobles to be stoned to death, in presence of the Russian army, for having rebelled at the instigation of the Russian embassy. Ruined in the estimation of his country, the Khan was speedily required, by his powerful ally, to resign his crown, to leave the peninsula, and to sign a declaration, that his whole family were rightfully deposed. He refused; and was told, that he should be allowed an establishment at Petersburgh, with a court, pension, and titles, and the entire control of his own person and household. Our readers will, doubtless, recollect, here, the treaties of Bassein, Oude, and Madras, by which, after nearly the same course of events, the Peishwah, and the nabobs of Oude and the Carnatick, were so generously, and with such

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a nice regard to the law of nations, as well as their own convenience, permitted, in return for their sovereign authority, to enjoy the undisturbed regulation of their seraglios. But the topick is *invidious*, and we hasten from it. The Khan persisted in refusing those tempting offers; and was dragged, by force, to a miserable hamlet, on the river Oka, seven hundred miles from Petersburgh, where he was kept a close prisoner, and not even permitted to visit that capital. Sunk in despondency and wretchedness, he begged to be given up to the Turks, that he might be freed from misery, by death. The Russians, at last, took compassion on their victim, and exposed him on the Turkish frontier, where he was seized, sent in irons to Rhodes, and beheaded. Mr. Eton, in the crusade, which he preached against the Crescent, under the name of a "*Survey of the Turkish empire*," says "the Khan *retired* to Kaluga" [p. 323.]; as if, says Dr. Clarke, the liberty of *retiring* was ever known in Russia; and, in order to express the closing scene of the prince's career, which we have just been faintly sketching, the same correct and impartial writer tells us, that the Khan "*quitted* Russia, and *retired* to Constantinople." [p. 308.] He terms the right of the Russians to the Crimea "*sacred;*" and, in a fervour of enthusiasm, exclaims, "the mouth is unholy which dares to arraign it." This zealous author, however, admits [p. 327.] the expulsion of 75,000 Christians, by the Russians, almost all of whom perished in the deserts of Nagay! We shall now show in what manner, a conquest thus made has since been treated.

"If it be now asked, what the Russians have done with regard to the Crimea, after the depravity, the cruelty, and the murders by which it was obtained, and on that account, became so favourite an acquisition in their eyes, the answer is given in few words. They have laid waste the country; cut down the trees; pulled down the houses; overthrown the sacred edifices of the natives, with all their publick buildings; destroyed the publick aqueducts; robbed the inhabitants; insulted the Tartars in their acts of publick worship; torn up from the tombs, the bodies of their ancestors, casting their relicks upon dunghills, and feeding swine out of their coffins; annihilated all the monuments of antiquity; breaking up alike the sepulchres of saints and [illegible]ans, and scattering their ashes in the air. "*Auferre, rapere, trucidare, falsis nominibus, imperium: atque ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem apellant!*"—

"There was something very emphatick in the speech of a poor Tartar, who, one day, lamenting in his garden, the havock made among his fruit trees, by a severe frost, said: 'We never used to experience such hard weather; but since the Russians came, they seem to have brought their winter along with them.'" P. 471, 472.

Nor is this mere declamation and general description. The following extract gives the evidence collected by the author himself. Indeed, it contains the testimony of his senses.

"Fifty families are, at present, the whole population of the once magnificent town of Caffa; and, in some instances, a single house is found to contain more than one family. The melancholy devastation committed by the Russians, while it draws tears down the cheeks of the Tartars, and extorts many a sigh from the Anatolian Turks, who resort to Caffa, for commercial purposes, cannot fail to excite the indignation of every enlightened people. At Caffa, during the time we remained, the soldiers were allowed to overthrow the beautiful mosques, or to convert them into magazines, to pull down the minarets, tear up the publick fountains, and to destroy all the publick aquaducts, for the sake of a small quantity of lead, which they were thereby enabled to obtain. Such is the true nature of Russian protection; such the sort of alliance which Russians endeavour to form with every nation weak enough to submit to their power, or to become their dupe. While these works of destruction were going on, the officers were amusing themselves in beholding the mischief. Tall and stately minarets, whose lofty spires added such grace and dignity to the town, were daily levelled with the

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ground; which, besides their connexion with religious establishments, for whose maintenance, the integrity of the Russian empire had been pledged, were of no other value to the destroyers, than to supply a few soldiers with bullets, or their officers with a dram. I was in a Turkish coffeehouse at Caffa, when the principal minaret, one of the ancient and characteristick monuments of the country, to which the Russians had been some days employed in fixing blocks and ropes, came down with such violence, that its fall shook every house in the place. The Turks, seated on divans, were all smoking; and, when that is the case, an earthquake will scarcely rouse them: nevertheless, at this flagrant act of impiety and dishonour, they rose, breathing out deep and bitter curses against the enemies of their prophet. Even the Greeks, who were present, testified their anger, by similar imprecations. One of them, turning to me, and shrugging his shoulders, said, with a countenance of contempt and indignation, Σκύθαι! SCYTHIANS! which I found, afterwards, to be a common term of reproach; for, though the Greeks profess the same religion as the Russians, they detest the latter as cordially as do the Turks, or Tartars. The most lamentable part of the injury thus sustained has been in the destruction of the conduits and publick fountains, which conveyed, together with the purest water from distant mountains, a source of health and comfort to the people. They first carry off the leaden pipes, in order to make bullets; then they take down all the marble slabs and large stones for building materials, which they employ in the construction of barracks; lastly, they blow up the channels which convey water, because they say the water porters cannot earn a livelihood where there are publick fountains. Some of those fountains were of great antiquity, and beautifully decorated with marble reservoirs, as well as by bas-reliefs and inscriptions. In all Mahometan countries, it is considered as an act of piety, to preserve and to adorn the publick aqueducts. Works of that nature once appeared in almost every street of Caffa; some were publick washing-places; others poured out streams of water as clear as crystal, for allaying the thirst of the inhabitants, and for ablutions prior to going to the mosques. They were nearly all demolished when we arrived.

"The sculptured marbles of its ancient Grecian inhabitants had not shared a better fate. All that even Mahometans had spared of bas-reliefs, of inscriptions, or architectural pillars, were broken by the Russians, and sold as materials to construct their miserable barracks. We found the identical marbles, described by Oderico, broken and exposed for sale in the ruins of the old Genoese fortress. These were of peculiar interest, because they related to the history of the town. It was in vain that we solicited to become purchasers; the request was immediately denied by the general officer. 'Strangers,' he said, 'are not permitted to take any thing out of the country.' In a short time, nothing will remain in Caffa but the traces of desolation which its Russian conquerors may leave behind them." p. 445. 448.

The testimony of professor Pallas may be added; though it is evidently restrained by the delicacy of his situation.

"The mild and amiable Pallas, notwithstanding the awe under which he was kept by the Russian government, could not pass in silence the destruction of these beautiful buildings. It is interesting to remark the caution with which he suppresses his indignation, while he communicates the fact. 'When I caused,' says he, 'the prospect of this town [Caffa] to be drawn from the side next the bay, there were two minarets, sixteen fathoms high, and furnished with serpentine staircases, leading to the top; though *both structures have since been demolished.*' Trav. vol. II. p. 267.—Had the professor ventured two syllables further, if he had merely added the word *alas!* his gray hairs would not have saved him from what the archbishop of Moscow [p. 153, of this volume] so emphatically styled '*The free air of Siberia.*' Indeed, few would have ventured even to mention the circumstance." p. 447.

The appropriate commentary on all this is to be found in the following passage, with which we close these extracts:

"It may be asked: Why so little has been hitherto made publick concerning the real character of this very profligate people? to which the answer is, that there is no country where such pains have been employed to prevent it. There is nothing in which the late Catherine employed so much artifice, as in keeping secret the true history of her own people, and the wretched state of her empire. This is evident in all her correspondence with Voltaire; in all her instructions to her ministers; in the

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glaring falsehoods published by her hired writers, but particularly in the work she, with her agents, put together, in answer to the writings of the abbé de la Chappe. A party of her *scavans* were engaged to accompany her in a voyage down the Volga. As they sailed along, she caused that work to be read, every one present being called upon to contribute something, either of smart criticism, or contradictory remark; and the notes so collected, being afterwards put together by the celebrated Mushin Puskin, constituted the work which bears the title of *The Antidote*. I received this information from one of the persons who was present with her upon that occasion, and who, also, added his share to the undertaking. Nothing can be more deceitful than the glare which played about the court of Petersburgh in the time of Catherine. Pompous plans of improvement seemed to be the subject of daily conversation, and were industriously propagated in foreign countries, not one of which were carried into effect. They existed only upon paper, like the troops which Russia often affects to muster upon her frontiers; or, like the numerous governments and garrisons, whose names serve to occupy the void spaces upon the maps of her desolate territories." p. 434, 435.

Such is the picture presented to us, of the Russian empire, under the most enlightened and renowned of its sovereigns; and such are the deeds of the people, from whose interference in the concerns of civilized nations, so mighty a check has been more than once looked for, to the progress of French injustice and oppression. It is melancholy to reflect on the prevalence of this grand delusion; still more painful to think, over what superiour minds it has, at different times, born sway. Mr. Fox, eminently gifted as he was, and distinguished, above other statesmen, by sound and enlightened views of continental policy, fell into the grievous errour of placing his confidence in cabinets of Muscovites, and forming expectations of opposing, by means of that barbarous state, a resistance to the power of France. We do not say that his conduct was, on any material occasion, swayed by this bias, so as to injure the soundness of his counsels. Too much weight was, perhaps, allowed to our Russian alliance, in managing the last negotiations at Paris; but the fatal impolicy of the preceding year, the third coalition, in which our union with the Tartar power was intimate and effective, hampered the proceedings of the late ministry, who succeeded in this, as in so many other respects, to the consequences of errours not imputable to themselves. The leaning of Mr. Fox's mind on this subject, which we at present have in view, was rather in his speeches while in opposition, and in the anxiety which he showed to regard Russia, rather than Austria, as the rallying point of the English interest against France. It is with the utmost humility that we presume to hint at such subjects, and to offer an opinion so utterly repugnant to the tenets of that illustrious statesman. But it would be a want of honesty not to speak out against errours, which we conscientiously believe to have been of the most dangerous nature, and which derive, from the countenance of his high authority, a power and influence that do not naturally belong to them. We ventured to express the same sentiments both during the life of that great man, and during the government of his party; and we now repeat them, upon more full consideration and more ample proofs, with less scruple, and less fear of our motives being misrepresented.

The importance of the discussion in which we have been engaged, has occupied us so long, that we are compelled to confine what remains of our remarks on Dr. Clarke's book within very narrow limits. We shall follow him rapidly through the remainder of his journey, and merely refer our readers to the points on which he deserves to be more minutely consulted. With respect to the size and population of Moscow, he gives, from Mr. Heber's MS. journal, a very accurate statement.

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The population is, as usual, greatly exaggerated. The intendant of police reckoned it at only 250,000 fixed inhabitants, and 30,000 retainers and servants of the nobles, who only reside in it during winter. The circuit of the town, including many vacant spaces, is about twenty six miles; being twelve times as large as St. Petersburgh. The account which our author gives of the old archbishop, Plato, to whom he paid a visit, is extremely interesting, though, if published during Paul's reign, it would, infallibly have sent that prelate to Siberia; and, therefore, it had better not have been printed, even at the present time; as we have no notice of his being dead, and the emperour Alexander, or the archduke Constantine, may one day prove somewhat capricious, for any thing our author can possibly tell. We must add, however, in justice to Dr. Clarke, that he has very great merit in having, generally, avoided the vice of most travellers—that of publishing what may injure individuals.

From Moscow (where the tyranny of Paul made their residence almost as uncomfortable as in the capital, so false is the idea, that despotism relaxes at a distance from its centre!) our travellers proceeded to the Crimea, and took a circuitous route through the country of the Don Cossacks, and made also an excursion into Kuban Tartary and Circassia. This, including the accounts of the Crimea, which we have already noticed, forms by far the most interesting part of the work before us. The route is novel, and we know of no modern traveller who describes it. The author's progress was more full of adventures, and attended with greater dangers, than in the other parts of his journey; though, certainly, he shows much goodness, as well as honesty, in contradicting the accounts so prevalent in Russia, of the risks to which strangers are exposed from the natives of those remote provinces. The botanical collections, which are judiciously thrown into the notes, must prove interesting to the cultivators of that science; and the antiquary will find much curious matter in various pages of this branch of the work. But we chiefly prize the accounts which it contains of the nations whom our travellers visited, and the new light in which it places the character and manners of some them. Very copious and interesting sketches are given of the Don Cossacks, the Kuban Tartars, the Circassians, and the Crim Tartars. Of these sketches, we purpose saying a few words.

The account given of the Don Cossacks, places that people in a perfectly new point of view. Instead of a horde of savages, nay, of the very worst of savages, as they are represented all over Europe, entirely from the habits of those whom the Russians have in their armies, and from the studious calumnies of the Russians, our author found them an innocent and daily improving race of men; infinitely less barbarous than the best of the Russians, and living among themselves in peace, comfort, and even wealth. Were we to add, that he describes them as a civilized and a highly polished people, it might be suspected that we were misled either by our own enthusiasm, or by that which we had imbibed from our author; yet, so it is; and we own, we conceive the author to have been somewhat misled, by finding the reality so very different from the anticipation, and suspect him of having been a little too rapturous in his picture of the Cossacks, from finding them so much superiour both to the Russians, and to the Russian accounts of them. However, he gives facts, and speaks from his own observation; and, therefore, has a right to be heard somewhat more at length. We shall give one passage, from many, which might be selected, to the same purpose.

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"In Tscherchaskoy they live an amicable and pleasant life. Sometimes they have publick amusements, such as balls and parties of pleasure. Once they had a theatre, but it was prohibited. In some of their apartments we observed mahogany bookcases, with glass doors, containing a small library. They are, in every respect, entitled to praise for their cleanliness, whether of their persons or their houses There is no nation (I will not even except my own) more cleanly in their apparel than the Cossacks. The dress of their women is singular. It differs from all the costumes of Russia; and its magnificence is vested in the ornaments of a cap, somewhat resembling the mitre of a Greek bishop. The hair of married women is tucked under this cap, which is covered with pearls and gold, or adorned with flowers. The dress of a Cossack girl is elegant; a silk tunick, with trowsers fastened by a girdle of solid silver, yellow boots, and an Indian handkerchief round the head. A proof of their riches was afforded in the instance of the mistress of the house where we lodged. This woman walked about the apartments, without shoes or stockings; and, being asked for some needles to secure the insects we had collected, opened a box, in which she showed us pearls to the value of ten thousand roubles. Her cupboard, at the same time was filled with plate and costly porcelain The common dress of the men in Tscherchaskoy was a blue jacket, with a waistcoat and trowsers of white dimity; the latter so white and spotless, that they seemed always new. The tattered state of a traveller's wardrobe, but ill fitted us to do credit to our country in this respect. I never saw a Cossack in a dirty suit of clothes. Their hands, moreover, are always clean; their hair free from vermin; their teeth white; and their skin has a healthy and cleanly appearance. Polished in their manners, instructed in their minds, hospitable, generous, disinterested in their hearts, humane and tender to the poor, good husbands, good fathers, good wives, good mothers, virtuous daughters, valiant and dutiful sons; such are the natives of Tscherchaskoy. In conversation, the Cossack is a gentleman; for, he is well informed, free from prejudice, open, sincere, and upright." P. 292—294.

He then gives an anecdote as follows:

"Perhaps an anecdote, which I shall now relate, may render the preceding contrast between the Cossacks and Russians more striking. The truth of it, on account of its notoriety, will not be disputed by either party. Whenever a quarrel among the Cossacks causes them to combat each other, they fight, as in England, with their fists, and never with knives, daggers, or any sharp instrument. This practice is so established a characteristick of their people, that it gave rise to a very remarkable wager. Teplof and Gelagin, two of the late empress Catherine's privy counsellors, happened to be in her presence, when it was told her, that a Cossack priest, then a monk in the convent of St. Alexander Nevski, had been arrested for cutting the throat of a young woman, whom he had made pregnant, and with whom he had quarrelled; upon which Teplof offered to wager with Gelagin, that the monk was not a Cossack. The bet was made, and won by Teplof; the monk proving to be a Russian. Being questioned how he could possibly divine the probable success of his wager: 'Because,' said he, 'no Cossack would strike a woman: if he did, he would use his hand, and not his knife." P. 295, 296.

The author visited different persons of this nation; and, in short, lived amongst them. Nor does any part of the narrative, during his stay, at all affect the accuracy of the above highly coloured picture. Nor does Mr. Heber's journal, who saw the same people a few years afterwards, leave it at all doubtful that he had formed, in general, a similar opinion, although somewhat less rapturously stated than that of Dr. Clarke. His testimony is important, as confirming, to a certain extent, the above account. "The manners," says Mr. Heber, "of the people struck us, from their superiority to the Russians, in honour and dignity. A lieutenant at Petersburgh, who once begged alms of us, bowed himself to the ground, and knocked his head on the floor. A lieutenant here" [Tscherchaskoy, the capital of the Don Cossacks] "who was imprisoned, and also begged, made the request in a manly and dignified manner, and thanked us, as if we had been his comrades." In a billiard-room, belonging to a very good inn, Mr. Heber observed a number of German priests, and, conversing

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with one of them, found the Cossacks quite well acquainted with the history of Alexander and Darius. "Education," he adds, "among the Cossacks, is not so low as is generally thought, and it improves daily. All the children of officers are sent to the academy of Tscherchaskoy, and learn French, German, &c. It was holyday time when we were there; but their progress was well spoken of." Other passages might be produced from the same MS. Journal, in which similar testimony is born to the superiority of the Cossacks over the Russians: but, we would rather refer our readers to the narrative of Dr. Clarke's residence among this people, than to any formal character, or set description of their manners. The great excellence of a book of travels is, that if it only contains a tolerably faithful register of occurrences, we can correct any errours in the author's general remarks, and can gain good information on a variety of points, which he may either have misunderstood, or not turned his attention to.

The account which our travellers give of the Circassians presents a remarkable contrast, in almost every particular, to the foregoing sketch of the Cossacks. With the exception of the ferocious valour which the men, like all savages, possess, and the singular beauty of form which distinguishes the women, no one estimable quality is to be traced in either the description or the occurrences relating to this barbarous tribe. The Circassians are separated from the Russian dominions by the Kuban; on the Russian side of which river, the Tchernomorski Cossacks have their settlements. They received from Catherine a district of country conquered from the Kuban Tartars; and removed thither about the year 1792, nine years before our author visited the country. Originally they inhabited the marshes of the Dnieper, where the population was composed of an assemblage of refugees from all nations; insomuch that there was scarcely a European language that might not be found among this horde. In their new country, they have the same privileges with the Don Cossacks; are much less refined and wealthy; but, as far as the observations of Dr. Clarke and Mr. Heber went, extremely well disposed and honest; and even hospitable, according to their scanty means. It is needless to add, that they live in constant hostility with their savage neighbours, the Circassians; and it appears by no means the plan of the Russian government to check these animosities. Here, again, we must refer to the work of Dr. Clarke, enriched by the notes of Mr. Heber, for more ample details on this curious subject. Our travellers had the advantage of being in the country during a campaign between the two nations; and, after witnessing part of their military operations, were present also at the conclusion of the peace. The war began from the same cause, was carried on with the spirit, and terminated in the kind of accommodation which usually marks the rise and progress of barbarous warfare.

Referring our readers, likewise, to the work itself for accounts of the Crim Tartars, as well as of the Jews, Armenians and Greeks, in the Crimea (particularly to pages 416, 482 and 518) we can scarcely afford room to do more than name the interesting particulars respecting professor Pallas, and the residence of our travellers in his hospitable and elegant retirement. From thence they journeyed by Perecop, to Kerson, or Cherson, where they collected many circumstances relating to the justly celebrated Howard's latter illness and death. Could we spare room for this extract, it would afford us real satisfaction, as the mind can surely never be more profitably or pleasingly employed, than in meditating on the character

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of that most amiable and singular person.* We cannot help noticing, however, an amusing, were it not rather a melancholy piece of Sclavonian *virtú*, in a certain count Potocki, who has, it seems, conspired with his lady, a person of a romantick turn of mind, to have the body of the philanthropist removed to some proper place in his pleasure-grounds, where temples may be erected, and *fêtes* given, in honour of Benevolence. Howard himself desired that he might be laid in a spot of earth, which he chose, and only a sun-dial erected over his grave, without any inscription. The neighbouring people, who, with a pious veneration for so pure a mind, flocked in thousands to pay the last duties to his remains, have, instead of the dial, raised a rude pyramid, surrounded with posts and chains; nor can we avoid wishing, with Dr. Clarke, that the well-meant, but most absurd intentions of the count and countess, may be defeated; that his honoured ashes may remain undisturbed, to bestow an interest upon that bleak and barren spot where they now rest; and preserve, in the wild tribes among whom his last days were spent, a recollection of the only deeds of kindness ever done amongst them.

After leaving the Crimea, the route of our travellers lay across the Bog, to Odessa, on the Black Sea. There they embarked, having made their escape, with much difficulty, from the scrutinizing police of the emperour Paul; and, after a most dangerous and tempestuous voyage, as the passage of that stormy sea generally is, were forced to put into the harbour of Ineada; from whence they afterwards reached Constantinople. The description given of the scenery during this voyage, particularly of the magnificent prospects on entering the canal, and arriving at the city, do great credit to Dr. Clarke's powers in this department of writing.

Here the present work breaks off; and, whatever our author has to relate of Turkey and Greece, of the Greek islands and Egypt, where he extended his travels, is reserved for another volume. While we express our anxiety for its appearance, and repeat once more the obligations under which he has already laid us, we shall conclude an article, already too long, but protracted by the more than ordinary importance of some of the topicks, by submitting to our author a few notices of faults and trifling slips into which he has been betrayed.

Dr. Clarke is extremely free from the sins of affectation, and attempting fine writing, either where he is unequal to it, or where it would be out of place. Yet, we do not at all approve of the meteorological similie which runs through p. 100. Speaking of the tyranny of Paul, he says, "A *bon mot*, an epigram, the sparks and ebullitions of inventive genius, like sudden flashes of lightning in the darkness of a nocturnal tempest, rendered, as they vanished," &c. And then, speaking of Catherine's reign, it is a very fine day, a northern summer contrasted with the night of winter, and so forth. The misery of all which is,

* The praise so universally bestowed, in his own country, on Howard, and so loudly echoed in every part of the civilized world, almost proves, that, to be famous even in his own day, a man need not deal by wholesale in the misery of his fellow creatures. But it was well remarked by one of the ablest and best men of our times (sir S. Romilly) in the debates upon some of those measures of legislative reform, to which, under every possible disadvantage from the neglect of some, and the pitiable bigotry of others, he perseveres in applying the powers of his enlightened mind, that with all our tributes of praise to Howard, we have never yet taken one step towards erecting the fittest monument to his memory, by adopting any of his wise and salutary plans.

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that the subject forces him to minute particulars; and in five lines after the above sublime passage, we come to pug-dogs, ivory-headed canes, waistcoat flaps, and shoestrings. The sensations of the author in his voyage to Azof [p. 314] seem also uncalled for; because something quite akin, and innowise inferiour to "the reflections, very interesting at the moment," which were excited by "the consciousness of sailing with all Europe on his right hand, and all Asia on his left," might have been procured by a walk on the west coast of Ireland or Cornwall. We do not think, either, that Russia is, "morally considered," very "like an enormous toad," notwithstanding the reasons given in support of this idea [p. 404.] Why will he talk of the pictures of "*Zamptieri*," in p. 87, instead of *Dominichino*, especially as, in the same line, he speaks of *Michael Angelo*, and in the next of *Correggio?* We like still less the violent abuse of Voltaire, which our author is given to; because it can prove nothing, at least nothing against that great man. Had it been his infidel or licentious writings which he attacked, we could have easily excused it; but we certainly are not aware that his histories are "*drivellings*," [preface, p. iii.] nor did a pretty competent judge of the subject think so, when he, in his History of Charles V. bore, perhaps, the highest testimony that has ever been brought to his wonderful powers. But, were we to admit him a *driveller*, why talk of his "*grand climacterick*." [p. 125] when it turns out, that he means to say, not 63, but 77? By the way, the mention of Dr. Clarke's zeal against Voltaire, brings to mind rather an inadvertent remark of his own, in p. 325. It seems the violence of the wind at Taganrock frequently drives back the sea to such a distance, that the people can travel over the sand to the opposite coast, a distance of twenty versts; and this our author cites as a "very forcible proof of the veracity [truth] of the sacred scriptures." Assuredly, the scriptures want no such proof; but Dr. Clarke forgets that the passage of the Red Sea was not effected by natural means. In p. 315, we are told, that the etymology of "*Inverness*" (in Scotland) may be traced by means of the same name being given to a village, similarly situated, in Tartary; and there it comes from Inverness, or, "in the turning." This derivation is somewhat farfetched; and is, moreover, wrong; for, the Scottish town is indubitably so called from the river *Ness*, at the mouth of which it stands.

These, and a few other venial oversights, we are obliged to mention; and should scarcely subjoin any apology to Dr. Clarke, if we did not well know, that there is but one way of pleasing an author, viz. ample, excessive, and *wholly* unmingled praise. Our apology must be found in the preceding part of this article.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The Secret History of the Cabinet of Buonaparte; including his Private Life, Character, Domestick Administration, &c. &c. &c. With two Appendices, by Lewis Goldsmith, Notary Publick. 8vo. pp. 640. Price 16s. London. 1810.—To be republished by I. Riley, New York.

WHENEVER political sentiments, diametrically opposite to each other, are maintained by considerable numbers of persons, and the publick mind is in a state of suspense, or vacillation, nothing can be more acceptable than the testimony of a witness, qualified to speak from

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his own knowledge, on facts that have been deemed questionable, or doubtful. No evidence can be so convincing, as the deposition of one who was himself a participator in what he narrates. If he be a man of veracity, a man to whose affirmation credit may be given; what he declares must and will have its weight with the judicious and impartial. Waving all investigation of his motives, and placing due, but not undue confidence in his opinions, if he be a man of honour and honesty, of sound mind and sedate judgment, his statement of facts, as he saw them, and his opinions of persons, as he found them by experience, may claim, and will justify our attention.

Mr. Goldsmith professes to speak from observation. He also relates incidents which were communicated to him in confidence, by publick persons who were deeply inculpated in them; and he describes himself as having maintained an intimacy, for a considerable time, with statesmen who possessed the best means of knowing the real motives for many proceedings of the French government; events which have distressed and terrified the nations of Europe. It cannot be denied, that from the nature of the stations he has filled in France, Mr. Goldsmith was likely to associate with those persons whose characters he describes. He could scarcely avoid contracting an intimacy with them; and they, though guarded and secret on some points, yet, on others, might diminish or dismiss their reserve. He was, when in England, one of the *dissatisfied* with the British government. In search of a theoretical superiority, if not absolute perfection, he settled in France: and he found, as all will find who take French professions *literally*, that the boasted liberty of that blissful paradise was little other than the terrour of the house of bondage; a *department* at least of purgatory, if not absolutely an *arrondissement* of hell. Mr. G. was formerly a reformer; he now professes to be reformed himself. He has seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears. He has been deluded and abused, by the governours of the great nation; and he proposes to make the *amende honourable* to his country, by endeavouring to undeceive such of his countrymen, as have been, or may be misled by fascinations similar to those from which he is happily delivered. Whether his publication will obtain like salutary influence over those infected with the *mania* of admiration for the character of the emperour and king, we dare not venture to affirm; we know the obstinacy of some, and the imbecility of others. In addition, Mr. G. assures us, that *he knows* the distribution of French gold, in support of French principles, and is aware of its effect among our population.

This author was the original editor, appointed by the French government, to conduct *The Argus*, a famous English newspaper, printed in Paris. That he should imagine he might be allowed to preserve either liberty or liberality of sentiment, in his editorial office, is proof enough to us that he was completely ignorant of the persons who protected him, and of the purposes his labours were destined to subserve. We wonder at this, from so much of his previous history, as has come to our knowledge; and nothing less than his distinct affirmation of the fact, is necessary to establish it. Mr. G. however, being installed in this office, it naturally led to intercourse with the minister; and, he affirms, that not a day passed in fifteen months, in which he was not in company with M. Talleyrand. Disgusted at the offensive nature of the paragraphs he was forced to insert, he abandoned this undertaking, and acted as agent in law proceedings. This also became a source of intelligence, and he was hereby enabled to obtain those official proofs of the

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despotism prevalent in France, of which he adduced many instances in a publication lately under our review. We may be allowed to add, that in various instances of Gallick profligacy, stated by our author, we can vouch, from our own knowledge, for his general correctness. He mentions very truly, many names of persons, not publickly known; and he describes places and things with an accuracy, which, in our opinion, justifies a confidence in his affirmations respecting others, on which we have not equal means of tracing him.

The opinion of the Panorama, on the causes and consequences of the French revolution, needs no repetition. The oppressions attendant on that convulsion, were of a nature to appear incredible, as they were utterly inconceivable to those who had not witnessed them; and we can almost forgive the incredulity of our countrymen,* who deny the possibility of their perpetration. May they never be convinced by the horrours of experience! This is all the notice we shall take of the earlier divisions of Mr. Goldsmith's volume, which contains anecdotes of the constituent and legislative assemblies, of the convention, and the directory. Then follow similar communications on the life and character of Napoleon Buonaparte, and his government; these introduce his conduct to foreign powers, particularly to Great Britain, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Sweden; his preparations for invading England; his wars on the continent, &c. The two appendices contain, the first, publick papers; the second, characters of the imperial court, and its grandees. Private scandal is not to our purpose; we prefer to direct attention to such articles as more immediately concern our country; or have excited, or still excite, a lively interest among our countrymen. Remarks, at large, from us (though we could make many additions) would be altogether superfluous to our readers.

Britons, being themselves incapable of practising those arts of seduction, which are the most dangerous weapons in the hands of our enemy, are, with difficulty, convinced of the true engines by which they themselves are moved. When the ruling philosophers sent their propagandists in swarms to London, very few, indeed, of our sober citizens, so much as suspected that they kept company with agents in French pay. When they assembled by knots of half dozens at the corners of the streets, or in publick houses, the honest, misled auditors never detected the spy in the *speechifier*. Yet it is notorious, that such means were taken to *enlighten* the publick, and to promote *reform*. They have been resorted to since, though not so extensively. "I know *from authority*," says Mr. Goldsmith, "that no less than *five hundred military emissaries were sent to this country and to Ireland*, independently of many secret agents." He further asserts, that

"The mission to this country of colonel Beauvoisin, was of a more serious nature than any. He was sent here to engage persons to assassinate his majesty; and to organize a plan for the destruction of our naval arsenals at Portsmouth and Plymouth. He was also sent to "*Surveiller*" the Comte D'Artois, who then resided at Edinburgh.

"That colonel Beauvoisin had frequent

* Who, for instance, will believe that count Buffon's descendant was guillotined by Robespierre in 1793, expressly because he was the son of that great naturalist? Yet that was the fact. "Citizens! remember my name is *Buffon!*" were his last words.—Had Robespierre reigned three months longer, scarcely a publick literary character would have been left in France.—Again, who can credit that *thirty four* newspapers were suppressed by the Directory in one day, and that not only the editors and proprietors, but that the journeymen printers, also, were transported to Cayenne, and all their presses destroyed? At one period there were near one hundred printing presses in safe custody in one building at Paris, supposed to be brought from the provinces, as well as seized in the metropolis!

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conferences with Despard, I am convinced; he told it to Tallien in my presence. And that Despard was *urged to commit the crime of rigicide* by Buonaparte, in times of profound peace, will never be doubted, after some facts which I can communicate on that subject.

"About three months before Despard was apprehended, I was sitting in a coffee-room with two English gentlemen, *one* of whom is now in London, and at any time ready to confirm this statement; the other is still in France, and, therefore, I cannot refer to him; a Frenchman came up and told me in the presence of those two gentlemen, 'that the French government had laid a plan *to have the king of England assassinated, and that he was to be shot in the park!*'"

Can we now wonder at the complained of severity in the sentence executed on Despard? for, certainly, our government knew his instigators and their connexions, by the same means as they procured *original papers*, from Paris, containing correspondence of disaffected jacobins, British and Irish.

The reasons of state for sending away Chauvelin, the French ambassadour, very much to the regret of the liberty-boys, have been guessed at by only a few. The following proof of stage effect, produced by French money, may be included among those reasons.

"A work appeared in this country some time ago, entitled, *The Memoirs of Talleyrand*, in which the author says, 'that the French government paid the expenses of the English deputies, who were sent from this country to France, in 1792, to congratulate the convention on the abolition of royalty, and also for the 6,000 pairs of shoes which were sent from this country to the *brave sans-culottes* of the French army.'

"Talleyrand who was the agent, and who paid the money for this farce, *has assured me that this statement is true.*——————

"But not content with these political agents, he sent persons over here to entice mechanicks to go to France. A great many went. *They have met with the punishment due to them*, though not merited from those who inflicted it; for, when the war broke out, *they were all of them made prisoners of war, and sent to Verdun.*

"But the great measure of Buonaparte was to effect a rebellion in Ireland. General Russell was employed on this occasion, and Mr. Emmett, brother of the barrister. I know that the latter denied this at his trial; but I also know that Russell, Emmett, and a Mr. H——l——n, a nephew of the former, were paid by France. A person of the name of L——, was employed as the travelling agent."

Mr. Goldsmith mentions several names as implicated in this plot; such as the notorious Arthur O'Connor, Napper Tandy, Dr. Watson, and others.

Buonaparte was justified in saying that he "had more friends in England than was known or suspected."* Nevertheless, we believe that his party was but weak, and would not have proved efficacious in the moment of necessity. The delusion soon wore off from the publick; and the enthusiasm of animated concurrence in "the sacred duty of insurrection," was felt only by those into whose hands *weighty arguments* had been committed. We incline to think that Buonaparte was aware of this fact; and that as his preparations for invading England advanced, he learned, to his vexation, that the pulse of the British nation beat high to meet him. The particulars of his plan for the conquest of this little island, deserve to be recorded; and especially, if there be any man who has not duly appreciated the Heaven-directed, the protecting battle of Trafalgar, for him, more peculiarly, we insert Mr. G's account of the scheme and expectations of Buonaparte on that occasion.

"One of Buonaparte's great advantages is, that there are a great number of unfortunate men in France, who, having been obliged to quit their country on account of their political opinions, are harnassed to the car of that universal usurper. It is from a person of this description, a native of this country, that I am enabled to give

* In a conversation with count Markoff.

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the following statement of what passed in the camp at Boulogne, just before its object was changed from England to Germany.

"There can be no doubt but that Buonaparte never intended the invasion of England, without having a large fleet of men of war to cover his flotilla. This fleet was daily expected about May, or June, 1805. It was that commanded by Villeneuve, and which was sent on purpose to the West Indies, with no other object in view, than to induce our fleets to go after them.

"That fleet was to return to Brest, where there were *twenty-five* sail of the line. It has been well ascertained, that the combined squadrons of France and Spain, under the admirals Villeneuve and Gravina, would have amounted to *forty-six* sail of the line, exclusively of the Brest fleet, thus making, together, *seventy sail* of the line, besides a Dutch fleet at the Texel, of *eight sail* of the line, and two fifty gun ships.

"At this period, already, *negotiations had commenced with Denmark*, FOR THE SURRENDER OF HER FLEET TO FRANCE, which was to have gone to Cuxhaven, from whence Bernadotte's army, then in Hanover, would have been embarked in it.

"However, the combined fleets of France and Spain did not arrive in Europe, until a month after Buonaparte had received the intelligence from Russia, respecting the triple alliance; and his squadron was defeated by admiral Calder.

"I am persuaded, that from that moment, which was in July 1805, he had not the remotest idea of making the boasted descent.

"The news of admiral Calder having met with, and defeated the combined squadrons, reached him when he was still at Paris; and *before* he went to Boulogne, *pour faire la descente!* His rage against Villeneuve* may be conceived; but it is difficult to be expressed. The orders given to the admiral had been, that he should return to Europe in May. Had this taken place, and had Buonaparte been able to collect his fleet in the straits of Dover, he certainly would have attempted the invasion.

"The naval officers at Boulogne, always declared it to be almost impossible to reach the English shores; for, it would have required four days for all the vessels there to work out of the harbour, and to form a line; which would have been fifty miles; extending from Etaples to Calais.

"During that time, our different squadrons would have joined; the army on the English shore would have been prepared; and there can be no doubt, but that if the fleet and flotilla had sailed from the different points, more than half would have been destroyed on that element, which has always proved favourable to the arms of Britain.

"The army and flotilla, were, nevertheless, very formidable. The former was upwards of 200,000 strong, and was to be disposed of as follows. There were to embark at Boulogne, 100,000 men; at Calais, 10,000; at Etaples, 20,000; at Ambleteuse, 20,000: about 50,000 men were to be left in and about Boulogne, as a *corps de réserve;* but a stronger *corps de réserve*, of more than 150,000 men, was posted *en echelon* all the way back to Metz, which, no doubt, was intended more as an advanced guard against Austria.

"The flotilla consisted of about 3,000 vessels, of three different descriptions. The first were the *praames:* of these there were only 40; they had each three masts, and lay very low on the water; they carried six thirty-six pounders on each side, besides one in the bow and stern. About 100 men could go in each of these *praames*.

"Of the second description were the *canoniers*, likewise of three masts, with decks; but not of the same formidable size as the *praames;* they carried six six-pounders each side; they could carry about eighty men each; of this description of boats, the amount was 1500.

"The remainder was the *bateaux plats*, which could contain about 50 men each; they had, of cousse, no deck, and only four small swivels on each side.

"There were, besides, a great many

* Admiral Villeneuve, when he returned to France from this country, was assassinated, by order of Buonaparte, at *Morlaix*. Four Mamelukes, dressed like *gens d'armes*, were sent to that place. The admiral had dined with the prefect, and went home to dress to go to the play. When he entered his apartment, these four assassins rushed upon him, and strangled him. A report was industriously circulated, that Villeneuve destroyed himself, from dread of the vengeance, which he was informed had been expressed against him by the tyrant. This is void of all probability, as he could depend on protection from madame Joseph Buonaparte, who was his first cousin.

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Dutch boys, smacks, and skuits, to convey cavalry, forage, and stores. The general opinion at Boulogne was, that the *catumarans* would have done a great deal of mischief, if ever the mad tyrant had sent his cockle shells out to sea.

"There were also 30,000 men in the Texel, under the command of general Marmont; and the Irish legion, consisting of about 4,000 renegados, thieves, and vagabonds, from all nations, were to be embarked at Brest, with 10,000 French troops, under the command of general Augereau. The Irish officers felt hurt at being placed in such a disagreeable situation, as to be obliged to conduct, into their own country, such a motley band.

"There was also attached to the army at Boulogne, a corps of guides, to act as military interpreters.

"*Buonaparte was furnished with the names of all our officers in the army and militia*, which he obtained from a Scotchman, whom he sent to this country in 1804; and who was then, and is now, a general of division in the French army.

"It may be depended upon, that Buonaparte is as well acquainted with our coast, and with every creek and rivulet, as if he had been a Kent smuggler all his life.

"Men of every description, conversant in English affairs, or who could speak English, were ordered to Boulogne, to assist him in his farce.

"A great number of *savans*, men of letters, &c. were ordered also to proceed to Boulogne.

"An English printing press, with the stamps [types] were also attached to this expedition.

"Those who were not in Buonaparte's secret, were so confident of success, that several persons went down to Boulogne, for the purpose of passing with the army, to establish banking and commercial houses in London; and the French government encouraged them in these ideas.

"That an active correspondence was kept up from the camp at Boulogne with persons in England, cannot be denied. Boats, with letters and parcels, were constantly arriving there from the English coast.

"It was known, that a special bureau was about that time established, at the French office for foreign affairs, to keep up a direct correspondence with certain persons in England. The chief of that establishment, is an old member of the Constitutional Society; and a great friend of our leading English reformers. He was one of those, indicted for attempting to rescue his friend, Arthur O'Connor, at Maidstone."

"I beg to call the reader's particular attention to this most important *fact*."

Elsewhere, Mr. G. repeats this assertion.

"I have reason to believe, that there are some persons in this country, who have a *direct* communication with Buonaparte, through his *bureau spécial*, established at Paris, for the purpose of maintaining a correspondence with the disaffected in this country."

As is well known, the French chief quitted the shore of the British channel for the banks of the Rhine and the Danube.

We should fill our columns with references, were we to mark those numerous places in our work, in which we have pointed out the mischief produced by French connexions. From the description of Gallick spies employed in other countries, our readers will infer the characters of *some* employed in Britain. Mr. G. says, very truly:

"The *primary* and most *efficient* cause of the subjugation of the continent of Europe, was *the predilection of the higher classes at every court for every thing that was French;* and the politick measure of Buonaparte, is, to foster and promote that predilection. The spy is to be found in the garb of a FEMALE DANCER, a SINGER, or a *painter*, or even in a *friseur;* who pretend to have had reason to quit their country; *who insinuate themselves*, in the humble situation of persons of low condition or menial servants, *into the confidence of persons of high rank*, and sometimes prove more useful to their missionars, than the most respectable accredited agent."

In like manner, says Mr. G. in Russia:

"The emperour Paul was beset with French courtezans [madame Chevalier, an actress, and a madame Bonneuil] and guided by ministers in the pay of France.

"Knowing Alexander to be very different from the Macedonian hero of that name, Buonaparte made him a present of

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a plentiful importation of French actresses, dancers, composers, daubing painters, singers, mendicant authors, milliners, &c. &c.

"The Russian noblesse, being in an extraordinary degree attached to French fopperies, and frivolities, were not backward in adding to the stock of imperial importation."

Those only who have never had information on the interiour of courts, will despise the hint contained in these extracts. Could such as disregard them suffer, *alone*, we would not so incessantly reecho this "warning voice!"

Mr. G. names, without reserve, those pensionaries of Buonaparte, in the cabinets of Prussia and Russia, by whom their sovereigns respectively were betrayed. The wily Corsican knew, before he quitted Paris, that he had organized treachery, and that he should triumph! What can we think of such sovereigns! What can they think of the duties attached to the office of supreme head of a nation!

Of the Austrian ministers, he says:

"Count Philip Cobentzel, as I have already observed, was more the minister of Buonaparte than of Francis. His treasons were even known to his own uncle, count Louis Cobentzel.* Nevertheless, he was allowed to remain in that situation. Had count Philip been an honest man, he would not have pressed his government to attack France before the arrival of the Russians. He should also have known, and made his government acquainted, that Buonaparte, being kept at Boulogne with an army in such an unsettled state, their impatience producing continual symptoms of mutiny, must have been much embarrassed how to act.

"The officers and men had, in fact, begun to turn him into ridicule, and consider him as a *Charlatan*, who pretended to things beyond his reach, in attempting the conquest of England——

"Well might general Mack, when informed of the approach of Buonaparte's army to Ulm, exclaim: 'The Austrian cabinet is sold to Buonaparte!—We are all betrayed!'

"The despatch, from which the above is an abstract, was absolutely *dictated by Buonaparte at Boulogne*, and sent to Talleyrand, in Paris, to be given to Cobentzel, by him to be forwarded to Vienna.

"But that Buonaparte might be assured of the devotion of Cobentzel to his interest, *gens d'armes*, in disguise, were sent after the bearer of the despatch, who happened to be a secretary of the Austrian legation. His papers were opened and examined, and he was allowed to proceed, the robbers contenting themselves with his purse and his watch."†

On this ministerial treason, Mr. Goldsmith founds an exculpation of general Mack, who was, he thinks, rather betrayed, than a traitor himself.

Of the Neapolitan minister at Paris, the marquis de Gallo, Mr. G. says:

"This vile traitor had been for some years, one of Buonaparte's spies in Paris. His business was, to report to him what passed at the diplomatick dinners, &c. For this honourable service he received 6,000 livres per month, from the *cassette* of Buonaparte. In further reward for his treason, when Joseph Napoleon Buonaparte became king of Naples, he was appointed minister for foreign affairs; and he now holds the same situation under Murat."

Mr. G. asserts that count Haugwitz, the Prussian minister, with his secretary, M. Lombard, was long in Buonaparte's pay. It is well known that the king of Prussia received from France a subsidy of *one million* of rix-dollars [200,000*l.*] as the price of his neutrality. Buonaparte and Talleyrand have said that he, also, received money from the allies, as payment for his remaining neuter. So that he plundered both parties—to what purpose? To be plundered infinitely more severely; and to en-

* Shortly before the last Austrian war, count Louis, then minister for foreign affairs, died of poison. No doubt it was effected by French agents.

† This is a very convenient thing for the French gens d'armes employed upon such errands; for, to make it appear that the diplomatick robbery was effected by ordinary thieves, they are always ordered to plunder those they stop. Our messenger, Wagstaff, was robbed of his watch and 200 louis d'ors.

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dure the loss, unpitied; for, who can pity him? The fear of losing this subsidy, and when it was suspended, the hope of regaining it, acted but too powerfully on the imagination of the successour of the *wise* Frederick. How bitterly does he now regret his tergiversation! From a subsidized king, a bribed minister of state, a corrupt secretary, French jacobin maxims current among the army, and infidel principles triumphant in the palace, what could be expected, but what our eyes behold?

The craft employed by Buonaparte, in pensioning the post-masters in Germany, the thieves, robbers, and house-breakers, found and associated in his schemes, or sent and employed under his directions; the forgeries, the assaults, the murders, perpetrated by his authority and orders, are detailed in part by Mr. G. He knows but a small portion of them; and he has not told all he knows. We hope, that what he has said will have due influence on his countrymen; for, we again repeat it, such barbarities being unheard of in our island, they will obtain but a limited credence among us.—These we must pass; yet, an instance in which a British plenipotentiary was concerned, may demand insertion. The truth of the fact, we suppose, may be undeniably ascertained by evidence now obtainable at home.

"One day, when lord Lauderdale was dining at Mr. Champagny's, the police went to his lodgings, and examined his drawers and papers!!*

"Shortly before his lordship *left* Paris, it was the intention of Buonaparte to have him arrested; and, in order to ascertain what effect such a proceeding would have on the Parisians, he ordered an article to be inserted in the *Gazette de France*, stating, that lord Lauderdale was going to reside at the country house of the governour of Paris, *Junot*, for the benefit of his health!

"Every creature in Paris, concluded that this was the *avant coureur* of the arrest of the English ambassadour. Some asked Junot, whether the fact announced was true? others asked him, whether he was to become the jailor of lord Lauderdale? The thing became the subject of much conversation in Paris, and it was not thought prudent to carry it immediately into execution: but when his lordship *left* Paris, orders were received from Buonaparte, who had then already set off for Germany, to arrest his lordship and his suite. Fouche contrived, that the orders to be sent to Boulogne for that purpose, by the telegraph, should not be communicated till lord Lauderdale had already embarked. Thus, Fouche, on this occasion, saved his master's reputation."

Nor was this the only instance in which the reputation of the emperour and king has been beholden to his instrument Fouche. (Now exiled from his post and in disgrace.)

"Not long since, Buonaparte, in one of his paroxysms, declared the Prussian minister, De Stein, to be outlawed, and ordered him to be shot, if ever he should be met by French troops. In this insane decree were included, Messrs. Louis Cobentzel and De Stadion, the Austrian ministers; M. De Marcoff, the ex Russian ambassador; and Mr. Canning. Whoever should kill the latter, the decree said, would deserve well of humanity, and that he should be rewarded by an estate in France! However, Fouche combated, with all his might, against such mad and unheard of proceedings; therefore, when his imperial majesty's anger was abated, M. De Stein remained the *only* outlaw. The decree against the others was never promulgated."

The secret treaty of Tilsit has been the subject of much political speculation. Scarcely any *complete copies* of it are abroad. The purport of it, with its intentions and its effects, are understood; but the terms in which they are expressed have been obtained by few. As Panoramists, we know by what person, and by what means, and at what price *one* copy of this instrument was obtained; but, we never saw a transcript of the

* A person, who was employed on that business, told it to me, in the presence of Mr. Paul Benfield, after lord Lauderdale left Paris.

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treaty, purporting to be entire. Mr. G. gives the following, as its contents. We incline to think, that he also, has seen an incomplete transcript.

" In addition to this *publick* treaty, a separate treaty was signed between France and Russia, which is very little known, and which I now communicate as an authentick *state paper*.*

" *Secret Treaty of Tilsit.*

" Article 1. Russia to take possession of Turkey in Europe, and to pursue her conquests in Asia as far as she thinks proper.

" 2. The *dynasty of the Bourbons in Spain*, and of *the Braganza family in Portugal*, shall cease to exist; a prince of the blood of Buonaparte's family shall be invested with the crown of those kingdoms.

" 3. The temporal authority of the pope to cease, and Rome and her dependencies to be annexed to the kingdom of Italy.

" 4. Russia engages to assist France with her marine for the conquest of Gibraltar.

" 5. The towns in Africa, such as Tunis, Algiers, &c. to be taken possession of by the French, and at a general peace, all conquests which might have been made by the French in Africa during the war, are to be given as indemnities to the kings of Sardinia and Sicily.

" 6. Malta to be possessed by the French, and no peace ever to be made with England, unless *that island be ceded to France.*

" 7. Egypt also to be occupied by the French.

" 8. Vessels belonging to the following powers *only*, shall be permitted to navigate in the Mediterranean, viz. French, Russian, Spanish and Italian; all others to be excluded.

" 9. Denmark to be indemnified in the North of Germany, and by the Hanse Towns, provided she consents to give up her fleet to France.†

" 10. Their *majesties* of *Russia* and *France* will endeavour to come to some arrangement, that no power shall in future be permitted to send merchant ships to sea, unless they have a certain number of ships of war.‡

" This treaty was signed by prince Kourakin, and *prince* Talleyrand."

Mr. Goldsmith seems to excuse, and even to pity Ferdinand VII. of Spain, for his venturing himself into the power of Buonaparte. Now *we know*, that his sister, the princess of Brazil, sent him expressly, and in the most confidential manner, a copy of this treaty, with particular observations on that part of it, which announced the impending destruction of the Spanish and Portuguese sovereigns. He ought to have been convinced, as effectually as that family was, which deluded the agents of Buonaparte, and in spite of their utmost efforts of fraud and force, found safety in flight.

But, the intention of dethroning the royal family of Spain, was no new conception. It was, in all probability, meditated from the time when Buonaparte proposed to found a new dynasty; and the first overt act to that purpose, was, if we rightly conjecture, the offer made to Louis XVIII. to resign his claim to the crown of France.

" I was particularly intimate with Mr. Esquerdo,§ who was the *grand faiseur* of that unnatural affair, and who signed, on the part of Spain, the treaty of the par-

* The *publick* cannot expect from me, that I should inform them *how*, and by *what means* I was put in possession of that important document; however, in that quarter where it was necessary to substantiate my assertion by *proof*, I have found no hesitation in doing it.

† See my last publication, in which there are some facts relating to the intentions of France, with respect to the Danish fleet; and I must here observe, that whilst Buonaparte was thus holding out to Denmark indemnities in the North of Germany, Murat was sent on a mission to the king of Sweden, who was then in Pomerania, offering Norway to his Swedish majesty, if he would make a peace with France!

‡ By such an arrangement, the ports of Prussia, Mecklenburgh, Oldenburgh, the Hanse Towns, and several others, must be governed by some of the leading maritime powers in Europe.

§ Mr. D'Esquerdo was the son of a hair-dresser in Saragossa; his father was much liked in the family of the count Fuentes, of that town, who also bore the Neapolitan

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tition of Portugal. From that gentleman I learned, that the dethronement of the king of Spain had been long meditated by Buonaparte; that it was at first communicated to the Spanish minister at Paris, le chevalier d'Azara, who *immediately* rejected all kind of further communication on this subject. The consequence was, that, in twenty-four hours after, Mr. d'Azara was poisoned, in time to prevent him from informing his court what had been intimated to him by Buonaparte.——

"Buonaparte, however, became, latterly, very much dissatisfied with him [Esquerdo] and told him, about eighteen months ago, in the presence of all his ministers, *that he deserved to be hanged for the false statement which he had made about the publick opinion in Spain*, which Esquerdo had represented as favourable to the French. Since I have been in England, I have seen an account in the newspapers, that Mr. Esquerdo was brought to Paris, in irons, from Madrid, accused of high treason."

From these specimens our readers will easily form an opinion on Mr. Goldsmith's book. We purposely refrain from noticing much that many will deem interesting. If it be asked what is the situation of France under this man's government? Mr. G. replies, commerce there is none; manufactures are very limited; the grapes rot on the vines, yet excise duty is paid for the wine they *should* make; *espionnage* is multiplied *ad infinitum;* prisons are more numerous than ever; *moutons* are still employed; the torture is still used; conscripts are demanded in greater numbers than the law allows; there are no wounded, or mutilated soldiers in France; if rendered unserviceable, they are slain outright. Such is the *profitable* exchange made by France, of the Bourbons for the Buonapartes! at the expense of ———, but who can calculate at what expense?

A word on the appendix, containing Mr. G.'s opinions on the *imperial* family, must conclude this article. The *princes*, and *princesses*, are bad enough, and *too bad;* but are closely followed by the *great officers of honour*, who compose the court. Nevertheless, Mr. G. acknowledges exceptions. He even, somewhat to our surprise, has relieved the character of Fouche from *some* of the dark shades in which it is usually drawn; and he finds, here and there, a marshal, or a general, not void of good qualities. Even among the Buonapartes, he describes Joseph, king of Spain, "the eldest of the family, as being of a very peaceable, mild disposition. He is a very domestick man, a good father, a good husband, and the poor man's friend." Lucien is a man of considerable talents, has read much, and has cultivated his mind. He is of a very independent mind, and will not implicitly receive a command from his brother. Napoleon knows that Lucien does not entertain any high opinion of his talents;" we add, nor of "his star:" for, we know from good authority, that Lucien has foretold him his doom; and *will not* be exalted, dreading the contingent fall. "Louis Buonaparte," says Mr. G. "is a good, honest, well-meaning young man." He affirms also, that he was highly approved of, as a sovereign, in Holland. We all know the consequence. As to the *ladies* of the family, Mr. G. calls them in plain terms ———. But, we promised to avoid *personalities:* and therefore, refer to the volume, those who are curious on the *general attractions* of these *publick personages*. We are happy to have it in our power, to escape from closer contemplation of this den of *imperial* banditti; this sink of *Corsican* corruption.

title of prince Pignatelli. That nobleman gave young Esquerdo a good education, and he certainly proved to be a man of talents. In the course of time, he was introduced to court, where he became a great favourite, not only with the king and queen, but with the prince of peace.

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FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Hermit, with other Poems. By Richard Hatt. 12mo. Price 5*s*. 1810.

WHY will young men waste their time, money, pen, ink, and paper, in writing and printing such verses as these which follow. It were absurd to call them poetry.

"SONG. TO THE NEW YEAR. [1810].

"Now the blithe and buxom year,
Comes lightly tripping once again,
Enubilous, and free from rain;
Doubly welcome *doth* appear."

Has this youth no parent, no tutor, no friend! The following is intended for wit—alas! alas!

"Says a pin to a needle,
You'r blessed with an eye,
Chloe's charms to descry,
And pressed by her fingers you fly.
To the pin, says the needle,
Its true that I'm blessed with an eye,
Chloe's charms to descry,
And pressed by her fingers I fly.
But happier you
With a *head* on her *bosom* to lie."

The young gentleman's name, forsooth, is *Hat*.—Where is the *Head?*

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Soirées d'Automne, &c. *i. e.* Autumnal Evenings, or Vice punished and Virtue rewarded. For the Instruction of Youth and the Use of Schools. By Mlle. G. Bertholet. 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*. boards. 1810.

THE introductory dialogues, with which this work commences, are rather dull and superfluous, and seem to be written merely in imitation of madame de Genlis's *Veillées du Chateau;* but Mlle. Bertholet has told the history of Joseph and his brethren, in a very animated and interesting manner. She appears, however, to think that a love story is indispensable to the effect of a tale; and she has accordingly, heightened the picture of Joseph's grief at his banishment from his father, by describing him as being torn also from the amiable Semira, at the very moment when Hymen prepared to crown their mutual love. Perhaps, in strict critical severity, we should object to the mention of *Hymen's* pagan name among these pious Israelites. At any rate, this introduction of a fictitious fair one, causes improbabilities, while it lessens Joseph's merit in resisting the blandishments of Zora; so that, instead of appearing as the triumphant servant of God, he becomes a mere faithful Corydon to the amiable Semira. A story, which has already been related in history, or in holy writ, should not be altered, even if it may be amplified; and, therefore, we hesitate in commending the writer for having softened the character of Potiphar's wife. Instead of the recorded *entreaty*, the Zora of the present performance only takes hold of Joseph's garment, in order to tell him that he is made free; while he is so fearful of temptation that he will not stay to hear her. *His coat of many colours* is also changed into a wedding robe, woven by Semira.

We must have been, "like Niobe, all tears," to have sympathized in the numerous weepings of Joseph and his brethren; and we suspect that the writer has fallen into this sentimental errour, by endeavouring to copy the style of Gesner, instead of trusting to her own. Her language, however, is pure and elegant; the incidents which she imagines are, generally, probable and pleasing; and the whole composition seems to be judiciously adapted to its professed end—"the amusement and instruction of youth."

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

ON SHAKSPEARE'S CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

"I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff.—*Henry* IV. *Part* 1, *Act* 2, *Scene* 4.

IF ever genius "held the mirror up to nature," it surely was in the production of this character. He is a personage the best known, the most conspicuous, and the most original in all the compositions of Shakspeare, or of any of our other dramatick writers. The critick who delights in the motes that trouble the mind's eye, and in the search after difficulties which admit not of a solution, may find a wide field for his lucubrations in that important question: "What gave rise to that admirable character?" and to him we leave the decision of a point equally important, namely: Whether the name of Oldcastle was that which was first assigned to him by his illustrious godfather, the poet? For my own part, "Davus sum, non Œdipus." Heaven avert such disquisitions from an epistolary quill! Those who are not thorough-bred black letter dogs, may content themselves with the account left us by the profound and erudite "Master Robert Shallow, justice of the peace and coram," that he had been page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk; but as we believe little to be known of his birth, parentage, and education, we may, without regret, leave such considerations to the descendants of Aristarchus.

To reduce the conduct of mankind to some fixed principles, and to bring the thousand shades of human character to one standard, has long since occupied men of speculative habits and confined experience. Every one, however, who has examined his own actions, and their respective motives, can readily perceive that the aim of such theorists is a shadow of their own creating; and that they are, as Falstaff himself expresses it, "essentially mad without seeming so." Can it be any thing but infatuation, to endeavour to prescribe limits to that which is ever changing, and to fix the most volatile of all things? What naturalists affirm of a certain species of shells, that there are not two alike, may be, in an unqualified manner, asserted of the characters of men. The reason of this must be, that the infinite number of impressions from contingent and external circumstances, which tend more immediately to constitute individual character, cannot be the same in any two possible instances.

These remarks are fully illustrated in the character before us. Shakspeare, whose knowledge was derived from that infallible source, the page of Nature, had not studied it so much in vain, as to be ignorant of the principal feature in it—that "foolish, compounded clay, man." Falstaff is represented by him, as teeming with the striking and prevalent imperfections of his fellow creatures; though they are so well

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adjusted and proportioned, as not to "outstep the modesty of nature," or to injure the whole. It is this combination of features, this composition of parts, which in poetry, as well as in the other fine arts, displays the talents of a master. Where there exists in the character some leading trait, or passion, to which all other affections are subordinate, the task is far less difficult to execute; since we have, as it were, a centre given to which inferiour principles of action converge. Hence, the hero of a play, to whom the poet has assigned some simple object, which must affect every source of conduct, may be a character really much easier to delineate, than one whose part appears to be of secondary consequence. Iago evinces more labour and genius than Othello; and Shylock than Antonio. In the same manner, Falstaff exhibits the talents of the poet more than any other personage introduced. It may here be observed, that history, unless very remote and obscure, must cramp the faculties of the poet, and confine his range of invention. As it was often the fate of Shakspeare, to have no other model than the stiff forms afforded by the pencil of the historian, or frequently the bare outline of the annalist, so he ever considered them, (as, to the poet, they certainly should be) as the basis on which imagination is at liberty to raise a splendid superstructure. It is from this consideration that we learn to estimate the merit of Shakspeare in his historical plays; some of which show how much may be done by the poet, even where the subject and its particulars are neither distant nor obscure.

"An Account of King Charles II.d's Escape from the Battle of Worcester, till his landing in France, dictated to Samuel Pepys, esq. (Secretary of the Admiralty) by the King himself; at the request of the Duke of York, taken down in short Hand by Mr. Pepys, on Sunday, October 3d, and Tuesday, October 5th, 1680, and afterwards transcribed by him at length."

[The following Narrative is copied from one taken from the original manuscript, in Mr. Pepys's library, given to Magdalen college, in Cambridge.]

AFTER that the battle was so absolutely lost as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving myself; and the first thought that came into my head, was, that if I possibly could, I would get to London as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get there: and it being near dark, I talked with some, especially with my lord Rochester (then Wilmot) about their opinions; which would be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought, to get back into Scotland. I found them mightily distracted, and their opinions different very much of the possibility of getting to Scotland, but not one agreeing with mine for going to London, saving my lord Wilmot; and the truth is, I did not impart my design of going to London to any but my lord Wilmot. But we had such a number of beaten men with us (of the horse) that I strove, as soon as ever it was dark, to get from them; and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them, now I had a mind to it.

So we (that is my l'd duke of Buck^{m}, Luderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blake, duke Darcy, and several others of my servants) went along northward towards Scotland; and at last we got about sixty that were gentlemen and officers, and slipt away out of the high road that goes to Lancashire, and kept on to the right hand, letting all the beaten men go along the great road. And ourselves not knowing very well

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which way to go, for it was then too late for us to get to London on horseback, riding then directly for it, nor could we do it, because there was yet many people of quality with us, that I could not get rid of. So we rode through a town short of Woolverhampton, between that and Worcester, and went through. There being a troop of the enemy's there that night, we rode very quietly through the town, they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us no more than we did them, which I learnt afterwards from a country fellow. We went that night about twenty-five miles, to a place called White Lady, hard by Tong Castle, by the advice of Mr. Gifford, where we stopt and got some little refreshment of bread and cheese, such as we could get, it being just beginning to be day. This White Lady's was a private house that Mr. Gifford, who was a Shropshire man, had told me belonged to honest people that lived thereabouts, and just as we came thither, there came in a country fellow that told us, there was 3000 of our horse hard by Tong Castle, upon the heath, all in disorder, under David Lesely, and some other of the general officers; upon which, some of the people of quality that were with me, were very anxious that I should go to him, and endeavour to get into Scotland, which I thought was absolutely impossible, knowing very well that the country would all rise upon us, and that the men who had deserted me, when they were in good order, w^ould not stand to me when they had been beaten. This made me take the resolution of puting myself into disguise, and endeavouring to get on foot to London in a country fellow's habbit, with a pair of ordinary gray cloth breeches, and lethern doublet, and a green jerkin, which I took in the house of White Ladies. I also cut my hair very short, and flung my cloths into a privy house, that nobody might see that any body had been stripping themselves. I acquainted none with my resolution of going to London but my l^d Wilmot, they all desireing me not to acquaint them what I intended to do, because they knew not what they might be forced to confess; on which consideration, they all with one voice beg'd me not to tell them what I intended to do; (so all the persons of quality, and officers, who were with me, except my l^d Wilmot, with whom a place was agreed upon for metting at London, if we escap'd, and who endeavoured to go on horseback, in regard, as I think, of his being too big to go on foot) were resolved to go and join the 3000 horse, thinking to get away with them to Scottland. But as I did before believe, they were not marched more than six, after they got to them, but they were routed by a single troop of horse, which shews my opinion was not wrong in not sticking to men who had run away. As soon as I was disguised, I took with me a country fellow, whose name was Rich'd Penderell, whom Mr. Gifford had undertaken to answer for to be an honest man; he was a Roman Catholick, and I chose to trust them, because I knew they had hiding holes for priests, that I thought I might make use of in case of need. I was no sooner gone (but the next morning after the battle, and broad day) out of ye house with this country fellow, but being in a great wood, I set myself at the edge of the wood, near the highway, that was there the better to see who came after us, and wether they made any search after the runaways; I immediately saw a troop of horse coming by, which I conceived to be the same troop that broak our 3000 horse. But it did not look like a troop of the army's but of the militia, for the fellow before it did not look at all like a soldier. In the wood I stayed all day, without meat or drink, and by great good fortune it rained all

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the time, which hindered them, as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither; and one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoke of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say, that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was, this contributing to my safety. As I was in the wood, I talked with the fellow about going to London, and asking him many questions about what gentlemen he knew, I did not find that he knew any one of quality in the way towards London; and ye truth is, my mind changed as I lay in the wood, as I resolv'd to think of another way of making my escape, which was to get over the Severn, into Wales, and get either to Swansea, or some other of the sea-port towns, that I knew had commerce with France, to the end that I might get over that way, as being a way that I thought none would suspect my taking; besides that, I remember several honest gentlemen that were of my acquaintance in Wales. So that night, as soon as it was dark, Rich'd Penderell and I took our journey on foot towards the Severn, intending to pass over at a ferry half way between Shrewsberry and Bridnorth; but as we were going in the night, we came by a mill, where I heard some people talking (mem'd that I had got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderell's houses, I not going in) and as we conceived it was about twelve or one o'clock at night, and the country fellow desired me not to answer if any body should ask me any questions, because I had not got the accent of the country, but as we came to the mill, we c'd see the miller, as I believe, sitting at the mill-door, he being in white cloths; it being a very dark night, he call'd out: Who goes there, upon which R'd Penderell answered, Neighbours going home, or some such like words; whereupon the miller cried out, If you be neighbours stand, or else I'll knock you down; upon which, we believing there was company in the house, ye fellow bid me follow him close, and he run to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opening the gate, the miller cried out, Rogues, rogues, and thereupon some men came out of the mill after us who I believe were soldiers. So we fell a running, both of us up the lane, as long as we c'd run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bid him leap over a hedge and lye still, to hear if any body followed us, which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when hearing nobody come, we continued our way over to the village upon the Severn, where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman, one Mr. Woolf lived in that town, where I might be in great safety, for that he had hiding holes for priests. But I c'd not go on till I knew a little of his mind, wether he w'd receive so dangerous a guest as me, and therefore stayed in a field under a hedge, by a great tree, commanding him not to say it was I, but only to ask Mr. Woolf wether he w'd receive an English gentleman, a person of quality, to hide him all the next day, till we c'd travel again by night, for I durst not go but by night, Mr. Woolf, when the country fellow had told him that it was one that had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said, that for his part it was so dangerous a thing to harbour any body that was known, that he w'd not venture his neck for any man, unless it was for the king himself; upon which R'd Penderell very indiscreetly, and without my leave, told him it was I, upon which Mr. Woolf reply'd, he sh'd be very glad to venture all he had in the world to secure me. Upon which R^d^ Penderell came and told me what he had done, at which I was a

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little troubled, but then there was no remedy, the day being just coming on, and I must either venture that, or run some greater danger. So I came into the house a back way, where I found Mr. Woolf, an old gentleman, who told me he was very sorry to see me there, because there was two company's of the militia foot at that time in arms in the town, and keept a guard at the ferry, to examine every body that came that way, in expectation of catching some that might be making their escape that way, and that he durst not put me into any of the hiding holes of his house, because they had been discovered, and consequently if any search sh'd be made, they w'd certainly repair to those holes; and that therefore, I had no other way of security, but to go into his barn, and there lye behind his corn and hay. So after he had given us some cold meat, that was ready, we, without making any bustle in the house, went and lay in the barn all the next day; when, towards evening, his son, who had been a prisoner at Shrewsberry, an honest man, who had been released and came home to his father's house, and as soon as ever it began to be a little darkish, Mr. Woolf and his son brought us some meat into the barn, and there we discoursed with them wether we might safely get over the Severn into Wales, which they advised me by no means to venture upon, because of the strict guards that were kept all along the Severn, where any passage c'd be found, for preventing any body's escaping that way into Wales. Upon which, I took a resolution of going that night the same way back again to Penderell's house, where I knew I sh'd hear some news what was become of my l'd Wilmot, and resolved again upon going to London. So we set out as soon as it was dark, but as we came by the mill again, we had no mind to be questioned a second time there, and therefore asking R'd Penderell if he could swim or no, and how deep the river was, he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places, and that he co'd not swim. So I told him that y'e river, being but a little one, I w'd undertake to help him over, upon which we went over some closes to the river side, and entering the river first to see wether I myself c'd go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle, and thereupon taking Rich'd Penderell by the hand, I helped him over. Which being done, we went on our way to one of the Penderells brother's (his house being not far from White Ladies) who had been guide to my l'd Wilmot, and we believed by that time might be come back again. For my l'd Wilmot intended to go to London upon his own horse. When I came to this house, I inquired where my l'd Wilmot was, it being now towards morning, and having traveled these two nights on foot. Penderell's brother told me, he had conducted him to a very honest gentleman's house, one Mr. Whitgrave's, not far from Woolverhampton, a Roman Catholick; I asked him what news, he told me there was one major Carles in the house, who was that country man, whom I knowing, he having been a major in our army, and having made his escape thither, a Roman Catholick also, I sent for him into the room were I was, and consulting him what we sh'd do the next day, he told me, that it w'd be dangerous for me either to stay in that house, or to go into the wood (there being a great wood hard by Boscobell) that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was, to get up into a great oak in a pretty plain place, where we might see round about us, for the enemy w'd certainly search all the wood for people that had made their escape. Which proposition of his, I approving, we

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(that is to say Carles and I went and carried up some victualls, for the whole day, viz. some bread, cheese, and small beer, and nothing else) and got up into a great oak that had been lopt some three or four years ago, and being grown out again very bushy and thick, co'd not be seen thro', and here we stay'd all the day; and I having in the mean time sent Penderell's brother to Mr. Whitgrave's, to know wether my l'd Wilmot was there or no, and had word bro't me that night that my l'd was there; that there was a very secure hiding hole in Mr. Whitgrave's house, and that he desired me to come thither to him. (Memorandum) that whilst we were in the tree we saw soldiers going up and down in the thickest of the wood, searching for persons that had escaped, we seeing them now and then peep out of the wood. That night, Rich'd Penderell and I went to Mr. Whitgrave's, about seven miles off, where I found the gentleman of the house and an old grandmother of his, and father Hudleston, who had then the care of bringing up two young gentlemen, who I think were sir John Preston and his brother, they being boys. Here I spoke with my l'd Wilmot, and sent him away to Col. Lanes, about five or six miles off, to see what means c'd be found for my escaping towards London; who told my l'd, after some consultation thereon, that he had a sister that had a very fair pretence for going hard by Bristol to a cousin of her's, that was married to one Mr. Norton, who lived two or three miles beyond Bristol, on the Somersetshire side, and she might carry me there as her man, and from Bristol I might find shipping to get out of England. So the next night I went away to Col. Lanes, where I changed my cloths into a little better habbit, like a serving man, being a kind of gray cloth suit, and the next day Mrs. Lane and I took our journey towards Bristol, resolving to lye at a place called Long Marston, in the vale of Evesham. But we had not gone two hours on our way, but ye mare I rode on cast a shoe, so we were forced to ride to get another shoe at a scattering village whose name begins with something like Long——, and as I was holding my horses foot, I asked ye smith What news? he told me there was no news since that good news (that he knew of) of ye beating those rogues the Scots. I asked him Were there none of the English taken that joined with ye Scots? he answered, That he did not hear that that rogue Charles Stuart was taken, but some of the others were taken, but not Charles Stuart. I told him that if that rogue was taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said, I spoke like an honest man; and so we parted. Here it is to be noticed, that we had in company with us Mrs. Lane's sister, who was married to one Mr. ———, she being then going to my l'd Pagett's, hard by Windsor, so we were to part, as accordingly we did, at Stratford upon Avon.

But a mile before we came there, we espied upon ye way a troop of horse, whose riders were alighted, and their horses eating some grass by the way-side, straying there, as I thought, while their muster-master was providing their quarters. Mrs. Lane's sister's husband, who went along with us as far as Stratford, seeing this troop of horse just in our way, said, that for his part he would not go by them, for he had been once or twice beaten by some of the parlim^t^ soldiers, and he w'd not run the venture again; I hearing him say so, beg'd Mrs. Lane, softly in her ear, that we might not turn back but go on, for that the enemy w'd certainly send after us to inquire who we were, if they sh'd see us return. But all she c'd say in the

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world w'd not do, but her brother-in-law turn'd quite round, and went into Stratford another way, the troop of horse being just then getting on horseback, about twice twelve score off; and as I told her, we did meet y'e troop, just but in the town of Stratford. But then her brother and we parted, he going his way, and we our's towards Long Marston, where we lay at a kinsman's, I think, of Mrs. Lanes; neither the said kinsman, nor her brother-in-law, knowing who I was. The next night we lay at Cirencester, and so from thence to Mr. Norton's house, beyond Bristol, where, as soon as ever I came, Mrs. Lane call'd the buttler of the house (a very honest fellow, whose name was Pope, and serv'd Tom Germayne, a groom of my bed-chamber, when I was a boy at Richmond) and bad him take care of Wm Jackson, (for that was my name) as having been lately sick of an ague, whereof she said, I was still weak and not quite recovered; and the truth was, my late fatigues and want of meat had indeed made me look a little pale. Besides this, Pope had been a trooper in the king my father's army, but I was not to be known in y'e house for any thing but Mrs. Lanes serv^t^. Mem'd that one Mr. Lassels, a cousin of Mr. Lane's, went all the way with us to Col. Lane's on horseback, single, I riding before Mrs. Lane. Pope the buttler took great care of me that night (I not eating with the servants as I otherwise sh'd have done upon account of my not being well.) The next morning as we arose pretty early, having a pretty good stomach, and went to the buttery hatch to get my breakfast, where I found Pope and two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack, and as I was setting there, there was one that look'd like a country fellow, sat just by me, who talking, gave so particular an acc't of the battle of Worcester to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers; I asked him, How he came to give so good an acc^t^ of that battle; he told me he was in y'e king's regiment, by which I tho't he meant one Col. King's reg't; but questioning him further, I perceiv'd that he had been in my reg't of guards, in major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what kind of a man I was, to which he answered, by describing exactly both my cloths and my horse; and looking upon me, he told me that the king was at least three fingers taller than I, upon which I made what haste I c'd out of the buttery, for fear he sh'd indeed know me, as being more afraid when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemy's. So Pope and I went into the hall, and just as we came into it, Mrs. Norton was coming by thro' it. Upon which I, plucking of my hat, and standing with it in my hand as she passed by, I observ'd, just as I was putting it off, that Pope look'd very earnestly in my face. But I took no notice of it, but put on my hat again and went away, walking out of the house into the fields. I had not been out half an hour, but coming back I went up into the chamber where I lay, and just as I came thither, Mr. Lassels came to me, and in a little trouble said, What shall we do, I am afraid Pope knows you, for he says very positively to me, that it is you; but I have denied it. Upon which I presently without more ado, asked him wether he was an honest man or not, when he answered me, that he knew him to be so honest a fellow that he durst trust him with his life, as having been always on our side; I thought it better to trust him than go away leaving that suspicion upon him, and thereupon I sent for Pope, and told him that I was glad to meet him there, and

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would trust him with my life as an old acquaintance; upon which, being a discreet fellow, he asked what I intended do, for (says he) I am extremely happy I know you, otherwise you might run great danger in this house; for tho' my master and mistress are good people, yet there are at this time one or two in it that are very great rogues, and I think I can be usefull to you in any thing you will command me; upon which I told him my design of getting a ship (if possible) at Bristol, and to that end bade him go that very day immediately to Bristol, to see if there was any ships going either to Spain or France, that I might get a passage away in. I also told him that my l'd Wilmot was coming to meet me here, for he and I had agreed at Col. Lane's, and were to meet this very day at Norton's; upon which Pope told me, that it was most fortunate that he knew me, and had heard this from me, for if my l'd Wilmot sh'd have come thither, he would have been most certainly known to several people in the house, and therefore he w'd go, and accordingly went out to meet my l'd Wilmot, a mile or two from the house, carrying him to an ale-house not far off, where he lodged him till it was dark, and then brought him hither by a back-door into my chamber, I still passing for a serving man; and Lassel's and I lay in one chamber, he knowing all the way who I was: so after Pope had been at Bristol to inquire for a ship, but could hear of none ready to depart beyond sea sooner than above a month, which was too long for me to stay thereabouts, I betook myself to the advising afresh with my l'd Wilmot and Pope, what was to be done, and the latter telling me that there lived somewhere in that country upon the edge of Somersetshire, at Trent, within two miles of Sherbourne, Frank Windham, y'e knight marshall's brother, who being my old acquaintance and a very honest man, I resolved to get to his house; but the night before we were to go away, we had a misfortune that might have done us some prejudice; for Mrs. Norton, who was big with child, fell into labour and miscarried of a dead child, and was very ill, so that we could not tell how in the world to find an excuse for Mrs. Lane to leave her cousin in that condition; and indeed it was not safe to stay any longer there, where there was so great a resort of disaffected and idle people. At length consulting with Mr. Lasell's, I thought the best way would be to counterfeit a letter from her father's house, old Mr. Lane's, to tell her that her father was extremely ill, and commanded her to come away immediately, for fear she sh'd not find him alive, which letter Pope delivered so well while they were all at supper, and Mrs. Lane playing her part so dexterously, that all believed old Mr. Lane to be in great danger, and gave his daughter the excuse to go away with me the next morning early; accordingly the next morning we went directly to Trent, to Frank Windham's house, and lay that night at Castle Casey, and the next night came to Trent, where I had appointed my l'd Wilmot to meet me, whom I still took care not to keep with me, but sent him a little before, or left him to come after me. When we came to Trent, my l'd Wilmot advised with Frank Windham, wether he had any acquaintance at any sea-port town upon the coast of Dorset, or Devonshire, who told me he was very well acquainted with Giles Strangways, and that he would go directly to him, to inform himself wether he might not have some acquaintance at Weymouth, or Lyme, or some of those ports. But Giles Strangways proved not to have any, as having been long absent from all those parts, as not daring to stir abroad, being always faithfull to the

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king, but he desired Frank Windham what he could do therein himself, it being unsafe for him to be found busy upon the sea-coast. But withall, he sent me 300 broad pieces, which he knew were necessary for me in the condition I was now in, for I durst not carry any money about me in those mean cloths, and my hair cut short (but about 10 or 12 shillings in silver.) Frank Windham, upon this, went himself to Lyme, and spoke with a merchant there, to hire a ship for my transportation, being forced to acquaint him that it was I that was to be carried out. The merchant undertook it (his name being ———) and according hired a vessel for France, appointing a day for my coming to Lyme to embark; and accordingly we set out from Frank Windham's, and to cover the matter the better, I rode before a cousin of Frank Windham's, a Mrs. Judith Connesby, I still going by the name of W^m. Jackson: memb'd that one day during my stay at Trent, I hearing ye bells ring (ye church being close by Frank Windham's) and seeing a company got together in the church-yard, I sent down the maid of the house, who knew me, to inquire what was the matter; who turning, told me, that there was a rogue, a trooper, come out of Cromwell's army, that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he had then on. Upon which, most of the village being fanaticks, they were ringing the bells, and making a bon-fire for joy of it. This merchant having apointed us to come to Lyme, we, viz. myself, l^d Wilmot, Frank Windham, Mrs. Connesby, and a servant of Frank Windham's, whose name was Peter, were directed from him to a little village hard by Lyme, the vessel being to come out of the cobb at Lyme, and come to a little creek that was just by this village, wither we went, and to send their boat on shore to take us in at the said creek, and carry us over to France; the wind being then very good at north. So we sat up that night, expecting the ship to come out, but she failed us, upon which I sent Frank Windham's man, Peter, and my l^d. Wilmot, to Lyme, the next morning, to know the reason of it. But we were much troubled to know how to pass away our time the next day, till we c'd have an answer. At last we resolved to go to a place on the road to London called Bridport, about four miles from Lyme, and here stay till my l^d Wilmot sh'd bring us news wether ye vessel could be had the next night or not, and the reason of last night's failure. So Frank Windham, Mrs. Connesby, and I, went in the morning on horseback away to Bridport, and just as we came into the town, I could see the streets full of red coats (Cromwell's soldiers) being a reg't of Col. Haynes's, 1500 men, going to embark to take Jersey. At which F^k Windham was very much troubled, and asked me what I w'd do; I told him, we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done, because we sh'd otherwise miss my l^d. Wilmot, in case we went away any where else, and that w^d be very inconvenient both to him and me. So we rode directly into the best inn of the place, and found the yard full of soldiers. I alighted, and taking the horse, thought it the best way to go blundering in amongst them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable, which I did, and they were very angry with me for my rudness. As soon as I came into the stable, I took the bridles off the horses, and called the hostler to me to help me feed the horses. Sure, Sir, I know your face!—which was no very pleasant question, but I thought the best way was to ask him where he had lived, wether he had always lived there or no; he told me he was newly come

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thither, that he was born in Exeter, and had been hostler in an inn there hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant there, in whose house I had lay'd in the time of the war. So I thought it best to give the fellow no further occasion of thinking where he had seen me, for fear he should guess right at last; therefore I told him, friend, Certainly you have seen me at Mr. Potter's, for I served him a good while above a year: O! says he then, I remember you a boy there, and with that was put off from asking any more about it; but desired we might drink a pot of beer together, which I excused by saying, that I must go wait upon my master, and get his dinner ready for him, but told him my master was going to London, and w'd return about three weeks hence, when he would lay there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him. As soon as we had dined, my lord Wilmot came into the town from Lyme, but went to another inn. Upon which we rode out of the town, as if we had gone upon the road for London, and when we had got two miles off, my lord Wilmot overtook us, he having observed, while in town, where we were, and told us he believed the ship might be ready next night, but that there had been some mistake betwixt him and the master of the ship. Upon which, I thinking it not fitt to go back again to the same place where we had sat up the night before, we went to a village called ———, about four miles in the country, above Lyme, and sent Peter to know of the merchant wether the ship would be ready; but the master of the ship doubting that it was some dangerous employment he was hired upon, absolutely refused the merchant, and would not undertake to carry us over; whereupon we were forced to go back again to Frank Windham's, at Trent, where we might be in some safety till we had hired another vessel or ship; as soon as we came to F^k W's. I sent away presently to Col. Robt Phillips's, who then lived at Salisbury, to see what he c'd do for the getting me a ship, which he undertook very willingly, and had got one at Southampton, but by misfortune she was amongst others prest to transport their soldiers to Jersey, by which she failed us also; upon this I sent further into Sussex, where Robin Phillips knew one Col. Gunter, to see wether he could hire a ship any where upon that coast, and not thinking it convenient for me to stay any longer at F^k W's. wher I had been in or about a fortnight, and was become known to very many. I went away to a widdow gentlewoman's house, one Mrs. Hyde some four or five miles from Salisbury, wher I came into the house just as it was almost dark, with Robin Phillips only, not intending at first to make myself known. But just as I alighted at the door, Mrs. Hyde knew me, though she never had seen me but once in her life before, and that was with the king, my father, in the army, when we marched by Salisbury some years before in the time of the war; but she being a discreet woman, took no notice at that time of me; I passing only for a friend of Robin Phillips's, by whose advice I went thither. At supper there were with us, Frederick Hyde (since a judge) and his sister-in-law, a widdow; Robin Phillips, myself, and doct^r Henshaw, since bishop of London, whom I had appointed to meet me there. While we were at supper, I observed Mrs. Hyde and her brother Frederick, to look a little earnestly at me, which led me to believe they might know me. But I was not at all startled at it, it having been my purpose to let her know who I was; and accordingly immediately after supper, Mrs. Hyde came to me, and I discovered myself to her, who told me she had a very safe place to hide me in, till we knew wether our ship was ready or not, but she said, it was not safe to trust any body but

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herself and sister, and therefore advised me to take my horse the next morning, and make as if I quitted the house, and return again about night, for she would order it so that all her servants, and every body should be out of the house but herself and sister, whose name I remember not. So Robin Phillips and I took our horses, and went as far as Stonehenge, and there we stay'd looking upon the stones some time, and returned back again to Heale, the place where Mrs. Hyde lived, about the time appointed, wher I went up into the hiding hole, that was very convenient and safe, and stayed there all alone; Robert Phillips then going to Salisbury, some four or five days, sometimes Mrs. Hyde, and sometimes her sister, bringing me meat. After four or five days stay, Robin Phillips came to the house, and acquainted me that a ship was ready provided for me at Shoreham, by Colⁿ. Gunter, upon which, at two o'clock in the morning, I went out of the house by a back way, and with Robin Phillips met Col. Gunter and my lᵈ Wilmot together, some fourteen or fifteen miles off, on our way towards Shoreham, and were to lodge that night at a place called Hambleton, seven miles from Portsmouth, because it was too long a journey to go in one day to Shoreham; and here we lay at a house of a brothor in-law's of Colⁿ Gunter, one Mr. Symonds, where I was not to be known, I being still in the same gray cloth suit as a serving man, tho' the master of the house was a very honest poor man, who, while we were at supper came (he having been all the day playing the good-fellow at an ale-house in the town) and taking a stool, sat down with us, where his brother-in-law, Colⁿ Gunter, talking very fullingly concerning Cromwell and all his party, he went and whispered his brother-in-law in the ear, and asked wether I was not some round-headed rogue's son, for I looked very suspiciously. Upon which Colⁿ Gunter answering for me, that he might trust his life in my hands, he came and took me by the hand, and drinking a good glass of beer to me, called me brother round-head. About that time, my lᵈ Southampton, that was then at Titchfield, suspecting (for what reason I do not know) that it was possible I might be in the country, sent either to Robin Phillips, or Doct. Henshaw, to offer his services, if he cᵈ assist me in my escape, but being then provided with a ship, I wᵈ not put him to the danger of having any thing to do with it. The next day we went to a place called Brighton or Brighthelmstone, where we were to meet the master of the ship, as thinking it more convenient to meet there than just at Shoreham, where the ship was; so when we came to the inn at Brighthelmstone, we met with one Mr. ———, the merchant; who had hired the vessel, in company with her master, the merchant only knowing me, having hired her only to carry over a person of quality that was escaped from the battle of Worcester, without naming any body, and as we were all together, viz. Robin Phillips, my lᵈ Wilmot, the merchant, and the master of the vessel, and I; I observed that the master of the vessel looked very hard on me, and as soon as we had supped, called the merchant aside, and the master told him that he had not dealt fair with him, for tho' he had given him a very good price for the carrying over that gentleman, yet he had not been clear with him; for (says he) he is the king, as I very well know him to be so; upon which the merchant denying it, saying, that he was mistaken, the master answered, I know him very well, for he took my ship, together with other fishing vessels at Brighthelmstone, in the year 1648; which was when I commanded the king, my father's fleet, and I very kindly let them go again: but (says he) be not troubled at it,

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for I think I do God and my country good service in preserving the king, and by the grace of God I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safe on shore if I can in France. Upon which ye merchant came and told me what had passed between them, and therefore found myself under the necessity of trusting him, but I took no kind of notice of it presently to him, but thinking it convenient not to let him go home lest he should be asking advice of his wife, or any one else, we keept him in the inn, and sat up all night drinking beer, and taking tobacco with him: and here I run another very great danger, as being confident I was known by the master of the inn. For as I was standing after supper by the fire-side, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the family being gone into another room, the master of the house came in and fell a talking with me, and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he upon a sudden kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, God bless you, wheresoever you go. I doubt not before I die but to be a lord, and my wife a lady; so I laughed and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him, there being no remedy against my being known by him, and more discourse might have raised suspicion, on which consideration I thought it best to trust him in that matter, and he proved honest. About four o'clock in the morning, myself and the company before named, went towards Shoreham, taking the master of the ship with us on horseback, behind one of our company, and came to the vessell side, which was not above sixty tons; but it being low water, and the vessel lying dry, I and my lord Wilmot got up a ladder into her, and went and lay down in the little cabbin till the tide came to fetch us off; but I was no sooner got into the ship and lay down upon the bed, but the master came in to me, fell down upon his knees and kissed my hand, telling me, that he knew me very well, and that he would venture life and all that he had in the world, to set me down safe in France. So about seven o'clock in the morning, it being high water, we went out of the port, but ye master being bound for Pool, laden with sea-coal, because he wd not have it seen from Shoreham that he did not go his intended voyage, but stood all the day with a very easy sail towords the Isle of Wight, only my lord Wilmot and myself of my company on board, and as we were sailing, the master came to me, and desired me to persuade his men to use their endeavour (with me) to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from any suspicion thereof, upon which I sent to the men (which were four and a boy) and told them truly that we were two merchants that had had some misfortunes, and were a little in debt; that we had some money owing us at Rouen, in France, and were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they would perswaid the master (the wind being very fair) to give us a trip over to Dieppe, or one of the ports near Rouen, they would oblige us very much; and with that I gave e'm twenty shillings to drink, upon which they undertook to second me if I would propose it to their master. So I went to the master and told him our condition, and that if he would give us a trip over to France, we would give him a consideration for it; upon which he counterfeited a difficulty, saying it wd hinder his voiage, but his men, as they had promised, joined their perswaisions to our's, and at last he yielded to set us over. So about five o'clock in the afternoon as we were in sight of the Isle of Wight, we stood directly for the coast of France, the wind being then full north, and the next morning a little before day we saw the coast; but the tide failing us, and the wind coming about to the southwest, we were forced to

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come to an anchor within two miles of the shore, till the tide of flood was done: we found ourselves just before an harbour in France called Fechham, and just as the tide of ebb was made; espied a ship to leward of us, which by her nimble working, I suspected to be an Ostend privateer, upon which I went to my lord Wilmot, and telling him my opinion of that ship, proposed to him our going on shore in the little cock-boat, for fear they sh^{d} prove so, as not knowing, but finding us going into a port of France, there being then a war between France and Spain, they might plunder us, and might possibly carry us away, and set us ashore in England; the master also himself had the same opinion of her being an Ostender, and came to me to tell me so. Which tho' I made it my business to disswaid him from, for fear it sh^{d} tempt him to set sail back again with us for the coast of England, yet so sensible was I of it, that I and my l^{d} Wilmot went both on shore in the cock-boat, and going up into the town of Feckham, stayed there all day to provid horses for Rouen; the vessel which so affrighted us proved only a French sloop. The next day we got to Rouen, to an inn, one of the best in the town, in the fish-markett, where they mad a difficulty to receive us, taking us by our cloths to be some thieves, or persons that had been doing some very ill thing, untill Mr. Sanbourne, a merchant for whom I sent, came and answered for us. One particular more there is observable in relation to this our passage into France, that the vessel that brot us over had no sooner landed me, and I had given them a pass for fear of meeting with any of our Jersey frigates, that the wind turned so happely for her, as to carry her directly over to Pool, without it being known that she had ever been upon the coast of France. We stayed at Rouen one day, to provide ourselves better cloths, and give notice to the queen, my mother, who was then at Paris, of my being safely landed; after which, setting out in a hired coach, I was met by my mother with coaches, short of Paris, and by her conducted thither, where I safely arived.

A few short Notes of the King's relating to the foregoing Narrative.

There were six brothers of the Penderell's, who all of them knew the secret, and as I have since learnt from one of them, the man in whose house I changed my cloths, came to one of them about two days after, and asking where I was, told him he might get a 1000 pounds if they w^{d} tell, because there was that sum laid upon my head; but this Penderell was so honest, although he knew at that time where I was, he bid him have a care what he did, for that I being got out of all reach, if they sh^{d} now discover I had ever been there, they w^{d} get nothing but hanging for their pains.

It was Mr. Gifford that brought me acquainted with the White Ladies.

I would not change my cloths at any of the Penderell's houses, because I meant to make farther use of them, and they might be suspected, but rather chose to do it in a house where they were not papists, I neither knowing then, nor to this day, what the man's name was at whose house I did it. The Penderells' have since endeavoured to mitigate the business of their being tempted by their neighbours to discover me. But one of them did certainly declare it to me at that time.

I did not depend upon meeting my lord Wilmot, but sent only to know what was become of him; for he and I had agreed to meet at London, at the Three Cranes, in the Vintry, and to enquire for Will Ashburnham.

When I got to Trent, Mrs. Lane and Mr. Lassels went home.

I could never get my lord Wilmot to put on any disguise, he saying, that he sh'^{d} look frightfully in it, and therefore did not put on any.

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MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MR. WINDHAM.

MR. WINDHAM was descended from an ancient and highly respectable family in the county of Norfolk, where they had resided for several generations, and possessed a considerable property. His father, William Windham, was one of the most admired characters of his time; and, in 1756, soon after the plan of a national militia was formed by Mr. Pitt (afterwards earl of Chatham) this gentleman, in conjunction with the late marquis Townshend, was extremely zealous and active in promoting and carrying into execution that scheme, which has since proved so salutary to his country. On this subject he published one or two very excellent pamphlets. He died in 1761, leaving his only son, then eleven years old, under the care of the executors of his will, the rev. Dr. Dampier, then under master of Eton-school, and Mr. Garrick. Mr. Windham was born at Felbrigge-hall, the family-seat in Norfolk, in March 1750. He received the early part of his education at Eton, where he continued from 1762 to the autumn of 1766, when he removed to the university at Glasgow, where he resided for about a year in the house of Dr. Anderson, professor of natural philosophy, and diligently attended his lectures, and those of Dr. Robert Simson, professor of mathematicks, the well known author of a treatise on conick sections, and of other learned works. Here first, probably, he became fond of those studies, to which he was ever afterwards strongly addicted.* In September 1767, he became a gentleman commoner of University college in Oxford, Mr. (afterwards sir Robert) Chambers, being his tutor. During his academick course† [from 1767 to 1771] he was highly distinguished for his application to various studies, for his love of enterprise, for that frank and graceful address, and that honourable deportment, which gave a lustre to his character through every period of his life. In 1773, when he was but twenty-three years old, his love of adventure, and his thirst of knowledge, induced him to accompany his friend Constantine lord Mulgrave, in his voyage towards the north pole; but he was so harassed with sea-sickness, that he was under the necessity of being landed in Norway, and of wholly abandoning his purpose. In 1778, he became a major in the Norfolk militia, then quartered at Bury in Suffolk, where, by his intrepidity and personal exertion,‡ he quelled a dangerous mutiny, which had broken out; notwithstanding he was highly beloved by the regiment. On one of the mutineers laying hold of a part of his dress, he felled him to the ground, and put him into confinement; and, on his comrades afterwards surrounding him, and insisting on the release of the delinquent, he drew

* Mr. W. has left behind him three treatises on mathematical subjects, which he directed, by his will, should be put into the hands of the bishop of Rochester (Dr. Horsley) who was then living; adding, that if he should think them of any value, they might be published.

† In 1782, he was created M. A. and in 1793, D. C. L. at the installation of the duke of Portland; when so high was the admiration of his character, that on his entering the theatre, the whole assembly rose from their seats, and hailed him with loud applause.

‡ Of his dauntless courage many instances might be given. In May 1785, he ascended from Moulsey Hurst in a balloon, with Mr. Sadler; and in 1793, having visited the army engaged in the siege of Valenciennes, he surveyed all the works with the most minute attention, in company with captain (now colonel) Thornton, and approached so near the enemy, that he was often within the reach of their cannon.

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his sword, and kept them at bay, till a party of his own company joined and rescued him. Soon afterwards, in consequence of his being obliged to remain several hours in wet clothes, he was seized with a dangerous, billious fever, which nearly deprived him of his life. In the autumn of that year, partly with a view of restoring his health, he went abroad, and spent the two following years in Switzerland and Italy. Previously to his leaving England, he was chosen a member of the literary club, founded by sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson (who had the greatest esteem for Mr. Windham) and, notwithstanding his engagements in consequence of his parliamentary business, and the important offices which he filled, he was a very frequent attendant at the meetings of that respectable society (for which he always expressed the highest value) from 1781 to near the time of his death. So early as the year 1769, when he was at Oxford, and had not yet attained his twentieth year, the late marquis Townshend, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, whom he twice visited during his residence in that country, offered him the office of his principal secretary; but he declined it in a letter which is still extant, and which very forcibly displays that excellent sense, and those honourable sentiments, which afterwards uniformly regulated his conduct. In 1782 he came into parliament, where he sat for twenty-eight years, at first for Norwich, and afterwards for various boroughs; and he so early distinguished himself in the house of commons, that he was selected by Mr. Burke in June 1784, to second his motion for a representation to his majesty on the state of the nation. In the preceding year, he had been appointed principal secretary to the earl of Northington, then constituted lord lieutenant of Ireland; and in that capacity he visited Dublin in the spring of 1783, and intended to have accompanied his excellency when he afterwards opened the session of parliament there in October;* but being prevented by illness, he relinquished his office; and his friend the hon. Thomas Pelham (now earl of Chichester) was appointed secretary in his room From the time of his coming into parliament to the year 1793, he usually voted with the opposition of that day; but he never was what is called a thorough party man, frequently deviating from those to whom he was in general attached, when, in matters of importance, his conscience directed him to take a different course from them; on which account, his virtues and talents were never rightly appreciated by persons of that description, who frequently on this ground vainly attempted to undervalue him. After the rupture between Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke, in consequence of the French revolution, Mr. Windham attached himself wholly to the latter, with whom he had for many years lived in the closest intimacy; and of whose genius and virtues he had always the highest admiration. Being, with him, thoroughly convinced of the danger then impending over his country from the measures adopted by certain classes of Englishmen, in consequence of that tremendous

* When about to visit that country in his official capacity, he called on Dr. Johnson; and in the course of conversation, lamented that he should be under the necessity of sanctioning practises of which he could not approve. "Don't be afraid, sir," said the doctor, with a pleasant smile, "you will soon make a very pretty rascal."—Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Dr. Brocklesby, written at Ashbourne, in 1784, says: "Mr. Windham has been here to see me—he came, I think, forty miles out of his way, and staid about a day and a half; perhaps I make the time shorter than it was. Such conversation I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature, and there Windham is *inter stellas luna minores*."——EDIT.

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convulsion, he did not hesitate to unite with the duke of Portland, lord Spencer and others, in accepting offices under the administration in which Mr. Pitt then presided. On this arrangement Mr. Windham was appointed secretary at war, with a seat in the cabinet, an honourable distinction which had never before been annexed to that office. This station he continued to fill with the highest reputation from that time [1794] till 1801, when he, lord Spencer, lord Grenville, and Mr. Pitt, resigned their offices; and shortly afterwards Mr. Addington (now lord viscount Sidmouth) was appointed chancellor of the exchequer and first lord of the treasury. On the preliminaries of peace with France being acceded to by that statesman and his coadjutors in 1801, Mr. Windham made his celebrated speech in parliament, which was afterwards [April 1802] published, with an appendix, containing a character of the present usurper of the French throne, which will transmit to posterity the principal flagitious passages of his life up to that period, in the most lively colours. On Mr. Addington being driven from the helm, in 1805, principally by the battery of Mr. Windham's eloquence, a new administration was again formed by Mr. Pitt, which was dissolved by his death in 1806; and shortly afterwards, on lord Grenville's accepting the office of first lord of the treasury, Mr. Windham was appointed secretary of state for the war department, which he held till his majesty, in the following year, thought fit to constitute a new administration. During this period he carried into a law his bill for the limited service of those who enlist in our regular army; a measure which will ever endear his name to the English soldiery. The genius and talents of this illustrious statesman are well known and universally acknowledged. He was unquestionably the most distinguished man of the present time, and not inferiour, in many respects, to the most admired characters of the age that is just gone by. He had been, in his earlier years, a very diligent student, and was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. In his latter years, like Burke and Johnson, he was an excursive reader, but gathered a great variety of knowledge from different books, and from occasionally mixing, like them, with very various classes and descriptions of men. His memory was most tenacious. In his parliamentary speeches his principal object always was to convince the understanding by irrefragable argument, which he at the same time enlivened by a profusion of imagery, drawn sometimes from the most abstruse parts of science, but oftener from the most familiar objects of common life. But what gave a peculiar lustre to whatever he urged, was his known and uniform integrity, and a firm conviction in the breasts of his hearers, that he always uttered the genuine and disinterested sentiments of his heart. His language, both in writing and speaking, was always simple, and he was extremely fond of idiomatick phrases, which he thought greatly contributed to preserve the purity of our language. He surveyed every subject of importance with a philosophick eye, and was thence enabled to discover and detect latent mischief, concealed under the plausible appearance of publick advantage. Hence all the clamourers for undefined and imaginary liberty, and all those who meditate the subversion of the constitution under the pretext of reform, shrunk from his grasp; and persons of this description were his only enemies. But his dauntless intrepidity, and his noble disdain of vulgar popularity, held up a shield against their malice; and no fear of consequences ever drove him from that manly and honourable course, which the rectitude and purity of

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his mind induced him to pursue. As an orator, he was simple, elegant, prompt, and graceful. His genius was so fertile, and his reading so extensive, that there were few subjects on which he could not instruct, amuse, and persuade. He was frequently (as has justly been observed) "at once entertaining and abstruse, drawing illustrations promiscuously from familiar life and the recondite parts of science. Nor was it unusual to hear him through three adjoining sentences, in the first witty, in the second metaphysical, and in the last scholastick." But his eloquence derived its principal power from the quickness of his apprehension, and the philosophical profundity of his mind. Of this his speech on Mr. Curwen's bill [May 1809] is an eminent instance; for it unquestionably contains more moral and political wisdom than is found in any similar performance which has appeared since the death of Mr. Burke, and may be placed on the same platform with the most admired productions of that distinguished orator. In private life no man, perhaps, of any age had a greater number of zealous friends and admirers. In addition to his extraordinary talents and accomplishments, the grace and happiness of his address and manner gave an irresistible charm to his conversation; and few, it is believed, of either sex (for his address to ladies was inimitably elegant and graceful) ever partook of his society without pleasure and admiration, or quitted it without regret. His brilliant imagination, his various knowledge, his acuteness, his good taste, his wit, his dignity of sentiment, and his gentleness of manner (for he never was loud and intemperate) made him universally admired and respected. To crown all these virtues and accomplishments, it may be added, that he fulfilled all the duties of life, the lesser as well as the greatest, with the most scrupulous attention, and was always particularly ardent in vindicating the cause of oppressed merit. But his best eulogy is the general sentiment of sorrow which agitated every bosom on the sudden and unexpected stroke which terminated in his death. During the nineteen days of his sickness, his hall was daily visited by several hundred successive inquirers concerning the state of his health; and that part of Pall-mall in which his house was situated, was thronged with carriages filled with ladies, whom a similar anxiety brought to his door. Every morning, and also at a late hour every evening, when his physicians and surgeons attended, several apartments in his house were filled with friends, who anxiously waited to receive the latest and most accurate accounts of the progress or abatement of his disorder. This sympathetick feeling extended almost through every class, and even reached the throne, for his majesty frequently inquired concerning the state of his health, pronouncing on him this high eulogy, that "he was a genuine patriot, and a truly honest man." Of the fatal malady which put an end to his invaluable life, such erroneous accounts have been published in the newspapers, that it may not be improper to give an accurate statement of that most distressful event. An idle story has been propagated that the hon. Frederick North, on his last going abroad, left his library and MSS. in the care of Mr. Windham, and had requested him to remove his books to Mr. Windham's house in Pall-mall; that he had neglected this charge, and thence had the stronger inducement to exert himself to save them. In all this circumstantial detail there is not one word of truth. The fact is, that on the 8th of last July, Mr. Windham, returning on foot, at twelve o'clock at night, from the house of a friend, as he passed by the end of Conduit-street, saw a

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house on fire; and, with the same gallantry of spirit, which, on a former occasion, induced him to exert himself to save a part of the venerable abbey of Westminster from destruction, he instantly hastened to the spot, with a view to assist the sufferers; and soon observed that the house of Mr. North was not far distant from that which was then on fire. He therefore immediately undertook to save his friend's library, which he knew to be very valuable. With the most strenuous activity he exerted himself for four hours, in the midst of rain and the playing of the fire engines, with such effect, that, with the assistance of two or three persons whom he had selected from the crowd assembled on this occasion, he saved four parts out of five of the library; and before they could empty the fifth book-room, the house took fire. The books were immediately removed, not to Mr. Windham's house, but to the houses of the opposite neighbours, who took great care of them. In removing some heavy volumes he accidentally fell, and suffered a slight contusion on his hip; but it made so little impression on his mind, that, not being apt to complain of any distress belonging to himself, in giving an account of the transaction the next day, he did not even mention this circumstance, nor for some months did he take notice of it to any friend. When he afterwards did mention it, it was in so slight a manner, that it hardly attracted any attention from those who loved him best. By this accident, however, an indolent incisted, tumour was formed in the part affected. For several months it was attended with no pain whatsoever; yet even in that state he had medical advice, and some slight applications were employed with no great effect. At length, about the beginning of May, the tumour began to increase, and in certain positions of the body, to give him some little pain; and on mentioning these circumstances to a friend, he strongly exhorted him to have the best surgical advice. Accordingly, on the next day [the 6th of May] Mr. Cline, who had been consulted about two months before, was again called in, to view the part affected; and he then pronounced the tumour to be of such a nature, that Mr. Windham's life might be endangered, if it was not cut out. In consequence of this decision, Mr. Windham acted with the utmost prudence, propriety, and fortitude. He first consulted his own physician, Dr. Blane, who coincided in opinion with Mr. Cline. He then resolved, before he submitted to the operation, to consult six eminent surgeons separately, besides Mr. Cline. Dr. B. having previously given all of them (except one, who, it is believed, was consulted without his knowledge) an accurate account of his constitution and habit of body; and four out of the six thus consulted, were decidedly of the same opinion with Mr. Cline; that is, five were clearly for the operation, and two against it. Mr. Windham having taken these precautions, acted as every wise man would have done, and resolved to submit to the operation. And so far was he from rashness or precipitation, which have been most untruly imputed to him, that after these opinions were obtained, Dr. Bailie, whose great anatomical skill is universally acknowledged, was also consulted; and he too agreed in opinion with Dr. Blane and the five surgeons already alluded to. Here, therefore, was no choice, nor any time for that preparation, which it has been idly supposed was rashly neglected, "from the quickness and vivacity of his decisions." With that manly fortitude which distinguished him through life, he now prepared to submit to the requisite operation; and after making a codicil to his will, he visited his friend and contemporary at Oxford, the rev. Dr.

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Fisher, master of the charter-house; and as appears from one of his diaries, received the sacrament from his hands, Mrs. Fisher being the only other communicant. He bore the operation with the most heroick fortitude; and, even when the pain was most exquisite, exhibited a vivid proof of the strength of his mind, by a playful allusion to the language of the vulgar in similar situations. With the most kind and anxious tenderness he had taken care that Mrs. Windham, who was in the country at this time, should not have the slightest suspicion of what was going on; nor was she apprized of the operation, till, on her arrival in town, on the 18th of May, she was informed that it had been successfully performed on the preceding day. But, unhappily, very soon afterwards appearances were such as gave very little ground for hope A morbid ichor appeared, attended with a general inflammation, and with two abscesses; and the wound never suppurated. A fever ensued of course; but it was idle to suppose that this was the malady which proved fatal, it being merely symptomatick; and equally unfounded is the current opinion, that Mr. Windham's most valuable life was sacrificed to this operation; for the tumour itself was found to be of a schirrous nature, and fully justifies the decision that was made; and the state of his whole frame shows that his death was owing to a morbid habit, and not to the operation. Had it been deferred for a month longer, it would still have been necessary; it would have been performed at a less proper time, and have been attended, meanwhile, with the most distressful circumstances. Having never been guilty of excesses in his youth, and having all his life been extremely moderate both in eating and the use of wine, that his constitution should have been thus suddenly undermined, is most extraordinary. For several days previous to his death, he seemed to entertain little hope of life, submitting to divine Providence with perfect calmness and resignation. On the night preceding his decease, on the attending surgeon, Mr. Lynn, placing him in the most favourable situation for sleep, he said: "I thank you; this is the last trouble I shall give you." He then fell into a doze or stupor, and the next morning [June 4] he expired with so little pain, that it was scarcely perceived when he drew his last breath. Great as his loss is to his country and to his friends, it is some consolation that he died in the full maturity of his fame, and has left behind him an imperishable reputation. In 1798 Mr Windham married Cecilia, the third daughter of the late commodore Forrest,* a lady whose virtues are above all praise, and whose attainments, joined with the most amiable manners and sweetest disposition, rendered her a suitable companion for one of the most distinguished characters of his time. With what happiness their union was attended, may appear from his will, by which he has devised to Mrs. W. the whole of his estate for her life, amounting to above 6,000*l.* a year, with remainder to captain Lukin (the eldest son of the rev. Dr. Lukin, dean of Wells, and Mr. Windham's half brother) and the heirs male of his body. His remains were removed from his house in Pall-mall, June 8, for the family vault at Felbrigge, attended by his nephew, Robert Lukin, esq. and Edward Byng, esq. nephew to Mrs. W The ceremony was conducted in the most private and unostentatious manner, agreeably to Mr. Windham's express desire.

* Who, with the Dreadnought, Edinburgh, and Augusta, beat five sail of the line and three French frigates, off Cape-Francois, and who died May 24, 1770, whilst commander in chief at Jamaica.——EDIT.

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POETRY.

THE DEVILS WHO CATCH MEN.

A TALE.

[*By C. A. Elton.*]

IN a rock was his mansion beside the hoarse main
Whose dashings at distance were heard:
But the prince's soft limbs were ungalled by a chain,
He was served on the knee by the Paladin train,
And was gay as the cage-prisoned bird.

At his birth the physicians were met in debate,
And his horoscope earnestly read;
The planets were adverse; and sad they relate
Their fearful conjunction, whose menacing fate
Now glares o'er his infantine head.

"From his cradle three lustres must dark pass away,
And the sun must be hid from his eyes;
If, before, he encounter the splendour of day,
The clear orbs of vision, deprived of their ray,
Shall in vain seek the light of the skies."

A mountain was hollowed, a cavern delved wide
With arches and pillars of stone;
A fire, that with cedars blazed fragrant, defied
The damps that arose from the salt ocean tide,
And with far-streaming radiancy shone.

The ivory couches, with purple were dight,
The walls hung with arras around;
There hawks, hounds, and horses, were pictur'd to sight,
And woods waving green, and clear streams purling bright,
And huntsmen their horns seemed to sound.

Beaten gold all the ceiling's arched surface o'erlaid;
Birds warbled in cages of gold;
And as if by some minstrel's invisible aid,
With musical echo, soft instruments played
As the passing waves outwardly rolled.

The columns of stone, that encircled the cave,
Were fraught with philosophy's lore:
In letters of gold did a sage there engrave
The words of the wise, and the deeds of the brave,
The feats and the virtues of yore.

The prince with a lute the slow moments beguiled,
Or the target was pierced by his lance;
With silent observance the governour smiled
At the restless aspirings that wrought in the child,
And that flashed in the roll of his glance.

Hark! timbrels reecho and dulcimers ring;
Songs of triumph, float distant in air:
The Paladins enter: the queen and the king;
Their smiles, their embraces, their blessings they bring,
The prince to his people they bear.

The sun shines in gold; the broad heavens are blue;
The waves green as emerald roll;
The city's bright pinnacles dazzle his view,
The crowds thronging thick as the stars or the dew
Oppress and bewilder his soul.

O'er the vast, floating multitude, wanders his gaze,
O'er the banners, the shields, and the spears:
Recovered, at length, from his dazzled amaze,
The gifts, which his parents have brought, he surveys,
And perplexed in his rapture appears.

There vestments of silver, and vestments of gold,
Are gorgeously piled on the plain:
In heaps, pearls and rubies and sapphires are rolled,
And pictures, and statues of exquisite mould,
His choice with their beauties detain.

There stood guilded chariots, and coursers snow white
With trappings of crimson arrayed:
There mail, rich emblazed, glittered keen on his sight,
And helms in the pomp and resplendence of light,
Crested dark with the plume's nodding shade.

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Here lingered the youth; but he lifted his eyes
On the throng that assembled around:
When sudden he starts with a glance of surprise,
His blood circles fast, and his breath panting flies,
And the hollow helm clanks on the ground.

He whispers, confused, in the governour's ear,
"What creatures, I pray thee, are those?
More soft ev'n than boys their mild features appear,
They touch me with joy, yet they thrill me with fear,
And my blood with strange ardency glows."

His age-silver'd head then Ydronicus shook,
The youth's hand he earnestly pressed;
"Oh! fatal they are; shun the soul-thrilling look,
Which already thy gaze with its venom hath strook,
Lest the poison sink deep in thy breast.

"They with jewels are deck'd, and in scarlet are drest,
And their ringlets are wreathed like the vine:
Their shape is the fir-tree's; the swan's is their breast,
Full many a wretch have their eyes robbed of rest,
Oh let not that folly be thine!

"But, listen, my prince! I will tell thee their name,
And thy pulse will beat fearfully then;
Thyself shalt my wisdom and caution proclaim;
Oh! shun as the plague—as the sword—as the flame,
The DEVILS, the snarers of men!"

Adonias was mute—but his eyes lingered yet
On the damsels that smiling stood by:
Their enamouring glances with his frequent met;
His feet seemed entangled as 'twere with a net,
And his heart struggled soft with a sigh.

"My father! my father! the gems and the gold
Some other unenvied may bear:
But thus let the choice of my fancy be told;
Oh! give me the Devils whom there I behold,
Those Devils who men can ensnare!"

THE DUKE'S FEAST.

A TALE.

[*By C. A. Elton.*]

THE moon had sunk in clouds; a storm was nigh,
And eddy leaves came scattering on the blast;
The merchant round him turned an anxious eye,
As yet scarce half the forest length was past;
While mingling with the gloom a deeper dread,
The passing thunder rolled in murmurs o'er his head.

The steed shook wild his ruffled mane; around
The oak-trees old rocked roaring in the gale;
And pines their branches stooped with crashing sound;
Drear closed the darkness on the lightning pale;
When through the forest-breaks a light from high
Shone distant, as it seemed, a watch-tower in the sky.

With livelier cheer the traveller wound the glade,
Till climbing slow the dark hill's hanging steep;
Th' illuminated turrets he surveyed
Whose light had glimmered through the forests deep;
Beneath a stately castle's walls he stood,
That, flanked with lofty towers, o'ertopped th' inferiour wood.

Beside the gate was hung a brazen horn;
The pediment was graved with golden scroll;
"Here food and shelter wait the wretch forlorn,
Who owns the treasure of a grateful soul."
The merchant to his lips that horn applied,
The hollow mountain-glens reechoed far and wide.

Straight quivering streaks illume the granite walls,
From many a gliding torch reflected bright;
Shrill ring the gates; expand the tapestried halls,
And blooming pages guide his steps aright;
With busy hands disrobe the way-worn guest,
And lave in tepid streams, and clothe in downy vest.

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Thence o'er a smooth, mosaick floor he treads,
Of greenest marble is the vast saloon;
A chrystal lamp its checkering lustre sheds,
As o'er some valley shines the shadowy moon;
The figured arras waves, and on his sight
Sudden a presence-room bursts in a blaze of light.

His foot on cushion rais'd of cloth of gold,
One sate beneath a purple canopy:
His clustering locks in ravening blackness rolled,
Pale was his hollow cheek, like fire his eye;
In cloak of ermined crimson he was clad;
But rueful was his mien; his very smile was sad.

Knights in gay green appeared; and clad in rose
Sate ladies young with pearly-braided hair;
The duke Onulphus from his throne arose,
And placed the merchant in a golden chair.
Full opposite, the dutchess throned, was seen;
Soft was her pensive smile, and chaste her modest mien.

But oh! how tempting fair; her hazle eye
Swam dark in beaming languishment of hue;
Her smooth and jetty brows were arched on high,
Her shading lashes lengthened on the view;
The crimson of her cheek rose mantling warm,
A lucid robe scarce veiled her lightly rounded form.

None may that bosom's orbed luxuriance tell,
As marble firm, and dazzling as the snow;
The gazer's heart, while soft it rose and fell,
Beat with a like pulsation to and fro:
And oh! the moisture of the scarlet lip
That closed those pearly teeth, it had been heaven to sip.

Apart she sat, distinguished from the rest,
A violet mantle from her shoulders flowed;
A zone of diamonds grasped her throbbing breast,
And on her tapering fingers rubies glowed;
Gems quivered in her ears, and round her head
Gathered in braided gold the jetty tresses spread.

Here gazed Basilius; nor the lady's gaze
Disdained to melt and mingle with his own;
At once his blood was kindled in a blaze,
His pulses throbbed with tumults yet unknown;
Flushed was his cheek, and humid were his eyes,
And every nerve was thrilled with trembling ecstacies.

But still, whene'er he turned his eyes aside,
The duke's stern glance would seem to read his soul;
Then through his heart would icy terrours glide,
Till once again her gaze electrick stole
On his attracted gaze, and once again
The guilty flames were shot through every shivering vein.

Now to the trumpet's silver sound behold
The banquet served; the golden beakers shine;
The viand's rich are piled in massive gold,
Reddens in golden cups the sparkling wine;
The merchant swims in bliss; the duke demands
A health, and courteous gives the goblet to his hands.

Then smiling bends the guest his wishful eyes
To that fair dutchess, when the goblet falls
From his slack grasp; what sudden horrours rise!
What ghastly spectacle his sight appalls!
In her white hand she held a human skull,
A page stood by with wine, and fill'd it to the full.

She bows, and lifts it to her smiling lips,
But her smooth brow is ruffled by a frown;
Tears drop into the draught; and while she sips,
O'er her high heaving breast run trickling down.
The merchant on Onulphus turned his look;
Again that eagle eye his breast with lightning strook.

Ill fared the traveller through that horrid feast,

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Though perfumes breathed, and musick warbled round;
Full glad was he when all the banquet ceased,
Fain would he fly from that enchanted ground;
But now those blooming boys that torches bear,
And his reluctant steps ascend the jasper stair.

The plumes of ostrich nodded o'er the bed
That stood by silver eagles propped on high;
The velvet curtain glowed with deepest red;
And waved the walls with pictured tapestry;
Large as the life appeared those shadows bright,
Their stately forms moved slow to every breeze of night.

There from the book of Troy was wrought the tale,
Here Helen smiled at Menelaus' side:
There looked she back, while far the bellying sail
In flight conveyed her o'er the rolling tide:
Here her white arms enfold the adulterous boy,
And there she wailing sees the gathering flames of Troy.

There too the mighty Agamemnon bled
Within the marble bath, by ruffian sword;
Here was the feast by Clytemnestra spread,
The gay adulterer graced the regal board:
There his good blade the stern Orestes drew.
And o'er a mother's corse his veiling mantle threw.

His arms in musing thought the merchant folds,
And, touched with sadness, views the storied walls:
When sudden he a gilded niche beholds,
As with slant gleam the lamp reflected falls;
Within the niche two gloomy tapers burn,
Whose flickering light shows dim an alabaster urn.

Who may the stranger's shuddering anguish paint,
When in that vase he look'd and saw enclosed
A human heart!—with rising horrours faint
He sought his couch; and lay, but not reposed;
When clanged the doors; and lo! the duke—who led
That lovely dame, her locks dishevelled from her head.

That heart, with myrrh and cassia balmed he took,
And to her lips with courteous mockery raised;
That heart she kissed, while he with searching look
On her flushed cheek unalterably gazed:
Then, while her sobbing breast rose heaving fast,
The vase was closed, and they from forth the chamber passed.

Up sprang the trav'ller when the morning broke,
And left the chamber with a beating breast;
The duke encountering smiled, and gracious spoke,
And asked if sweet his fare, if soft his rest;
Basilius bowed the knee; but frankly said,
How that his breast was scared, and terrified his bed.

Stern smiled his host, and led him where a room
Was rich with painting, gold, and ebony:
Without the casements roses wreathed their bloom,
And woodbines drooped in clustered canopy:
Its blossomed boughs the myrtle green entwined,
And orange trees with sweets impregnated the wind.

Rare needle-work the coloured hangings wove,
The silken scene did loyal loves display:
Knights in their helmets wore the gage of love,
Or at the feet of damsels courteous lay:
But all was stilly gloom; what seemed a bed
Rose underneath an arch, with sable pall o'erspread.

Unseen the harp is touched; the whilst they taste
The luscious fruit, and drink metheglin sweet;
Slow to the merchant's thought the moments waste,

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Till rose the duke in silence from his seat;
That sable pall he raised, and pointing stood;
The azure couch blushed red—it was the stain of blood!

Then prayed the trembling merchant to depart,
The gorgeous misery sickened on his brain;
The mystick drinking-skull; the embalmed heart,
The purple horrour of the secret stain!
"Lo! here," Onulphus cried, "my bridal bower!
And here my consort clasped her guilty paramour.

"Like thee my guest, he caught the roving glance
Of Rosimund, and lured her to her shame;
I saw, I found them in their sinful trance,
And quenched in blood the barb'rous ingrate's flame;
It is the will of heav'n that I should be
The still-avenging scourge of her inconstancy.

"This carbuncle that on my finger glows
Was once a living serpent's precious eye:
Thus did an Arab sage his night's repose
Requite, of necromantick potency:
For still, when woman's faith would go astray,
This modest jewel pales its bright and sanguine ray.

"And still, whene'er her thoughts to vice incline,
That cup is brought to medicine her offence;
And tears of rage then mingle with her wine,
Would they were changed to tears of penitence!
I may not dare, till she be chaste and true,
So warned by holy dreams, remit the penance due.

"Now go in peace!" he said, and clasped him round
With courteous arms; the gates unfolding rang:
A barb with golden bit there pawed the ground,
The grateful merchant to the saddle sprang:
Pensive he left the castle walls; but thence
He bore a wiser heart, and firmer innocence.

ODE TO SELF.

Dearly as misers love their pelf,
Thousands love thee, charming Self!
And whether grave or mellow,
Thy humours do so well agree
With half the world's, that thou must be
A most engaging fellow.

The kindnesses which thou hast shown
To man (unasked for) I must own,
Have made him much thy debtor;
And while thy conduct I admire,
I cannot smother a desire,
Of knowing thee still better.

Friendship, I'm sure, I well may say,
Is but the phantom of a day;
An empty airy bubble!
Nor would I seek a friend in thee,
But that I very well can see,
Thou'lt pay me more than double!

By foolish fancies led astray,
Ne'er dreaming of a rainy day,
With heart both free and willing:
When mis'ry in my ear complained,
Too often I my purse have drained,
Nor kept a single shilling!

To serve a friend I, like a dunce,
Have got in limbo more than once;
And to my shame be't spoken,
By stepping in 'twixt two at blows,
I've sometimes got a bloody nose,
My head, at others, broken.

But thou, when a disabled tar,
With shattered limbs and many a scar
Chaunts forth his wo-worn ditty:
How to reject his plea will show,
Or tell me, if I must bestow,
To give the wretch——my pity!

If asked to be my neighbour's bail,
I know thou'lt warn me of a jail,
Or point out some disaster.
And, 'ere in broils I intercede,
Ask, if I get a broken head,
Where I'm to have a plaster!

While many who life's ocean skim,
And swore with me they'd sink or swim,
Now view me as a stranger;
Like my old dog, of faith long tried,
I know thou'lt scorn to quit my side,
However pressed by danger.

For thee, then, lo! I bid adieu,
For ever to the faithless crew
Who, while I can befriend 'em,
Are mine; but who will, to a man,
Forsake me, when they think I can
No more assistance lend 'em!

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SONNET,

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE ON SCOTTISH SCENERY.

[*By Mary Russell Milford.*]

Fair art thou, Scotia! the swift mountain stream
Gushes with deaf'ning war, and whitening spray,
From thy brown hills; where eagles seek their prey,
Or soar, undazzled, in the solar beam.

But dearer far to me, be thou my theme,
My native Hampshire! thy sweet valleys gay
Trees, spires, and cots, that in the brilliant ray
Confusedly glitter, like a morning dream.

And thou, fair Forest! lovely are thy shades,
Thy oaks majestick, o'er the billows pale,
High spreading their green arms: or the deep glades,
Where the dark holly, armed in prickly mail,
Shelters the yellow fern, and tufted blades,
That wave responsive to the nightingale.

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——Brevis esse laboro. *Hor.*

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